

Sex Tapes Tip
WHAT TURNS WOMEN ON

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Roll

FEBRUARY 1980 \$2.50

LONI ANDERSON

SMALL TALK WITH THE STAR OF

**WKRP
IN
CINCINNATI**

PLUS

**How
to Handle
WAKING UP
AT HER
PLACE**

**CABIN FEVER
SURVIVAL
GUIDE**

**SEXY GIFTS
FOR YOUR
LADY**

**PARTYING
WITH THE
LIBERTARIANS**

**THE LATEST
IN METAL
TAPE DECKS**

**DUDLEY MOORE
DEFINES
A "10"**

**HOW TO
BUY A
USED CAR**

**THE
CALIFORNIA
GIRL**



The new



Efficiency Experts

Before you go out and buy a pair of power-hungry, watt-guzzling speakers (and a monster amplifier to drive them) consider the intelligent solution: efficient speakers. The kind of speakers you can now get from the new Fisher.

The Fisher ST460 speaker system will accurately reproduce live concert hall sound levels

of 110 dB with only 30 watts of amplifier power. (Some acoustic suspension speakers need 400 watts for the same sound level!)

Suddenly, it becomes obvious that instead of a completely new audio system, all you may really need are new speakers — from the new Fisher.

Efficient speakers let even modest amplifiers

coast along within their operating limits. That means undistorted amplifier power delivering true-to-life music — which is what you're really after, right?

Building high efficiency into speaker systems isn't easy, which is why it isn't done so often. It takes a lot of engineering savvy. For example, take a look inside the ST460.

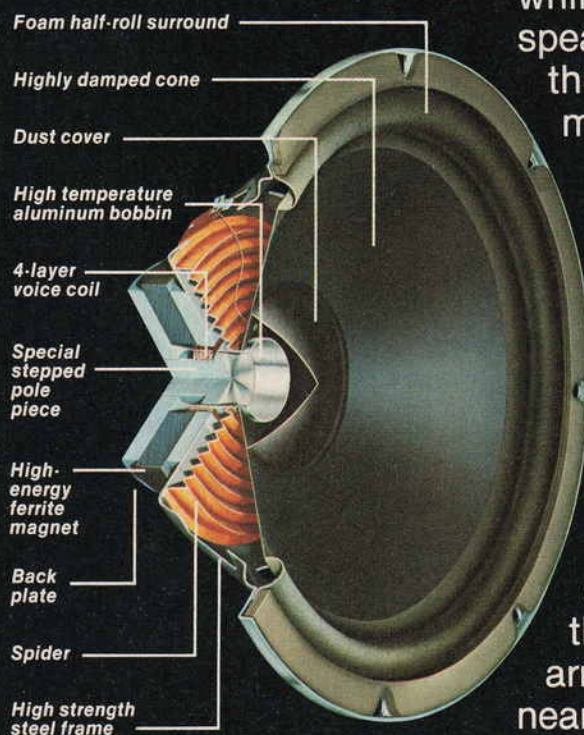
FISHER

We make the 15" woofer especially sensitive to low-power amplifier signals. To accomplish this we built a short-throw voice coil immersed in an intense magnetic field. This required a huge 40 ounce magnet with specially designed T-shaped pole-piece to focus the magnetic lines of force. Then we mated the woofer to a computer-designed vented enclosure that reinforces the bass output for an impressive low end response.

We make the woofer ourselves in our modern Milroy, Pennsylvania plant. And we follow the same design approach to enhance the efficiency of the ST460's midrange drivers and tweeter. To further increase efficiency without compromising performance we put special low-loss ferrite-core inductors and non-polarized capacitors in the crossover network. The result is a

circuit that minimizes phase shift distortion.

Then we added mid-range and treble controls on the ST460 to let you fine-tune the music to your liking. And because the ST460 can handle a



lot of power (130 watts) as well as a little, we incorporated a circuit breaker to prevent damage to the drivers under overload conditions.

More and more

audiophiles are coming to appreciate the distinct advantages of high efficiency speaker systems. Their demand for our products has made Fisher one of the world's largest speaker manufacturers. And while we build many speakers to keep up with this unprecedented demand, each and every one is made with the same care and craftsmanship that has made Fisher the premier name in high fidelity for over 40 years.

The best way for you to appreciate our high-efficiency speakers is to hear them. That can be arranged at your nearest Fisher dealer, where the ST460 and other fine Fisher speakers and high fidelity products await your audition.

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FISHER

The first name in high fidelity.®

Give any Manhattan the crowning touch.

Seagram's 7 Dry Manhattan.
To 1 part dry vermouth add 3 parts
Seagram's 7. Grace with
a twist of lemon.
Brilliant.



Seagram's 7 Classic Manhattan.
To 1 part sweet vermouth add
3 parts Seagram's 7 and a dash of
bitters. Top off with a cherry. Tops!

Seagram's 7 Perfect Manhattan.
To equal parts sweet and dry
vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7.
Bright idea!

Start out with the great taste of Seagram's 7 and
you'll always end up with a great Manhattan.
Any way you like them, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.
AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.



MELTING PLOT

Laurence Gonzales, a Mexican writer (*Jambeaux*, HBJ), and **Haruo Miyauchi**, an Oriental illustrator (*New York, Esquire, Rolling Stone*), produced our look at the North American phenomenon of *Cabin Fever* (p. 74). Alas, an hour after it snows, your hubcaps are missing.

The Last Remake of *Breakfast in America*

The classic Supertramp album cover was the inspiration for our piece *Booze for Breakfast* (p. 88). More accurately, the idea was shamelessly stolen by OUI Associate Art Director **Roger Carpenter** (left) and blatantly photographed and styled by **Stephen Harvey** and **Kate Manche**. Our waitress Beth, however, is a lot better looking than Supertramp's.



ANOTHER HAT JOB

OUI: Eric, why the hat?

ERIC GOODMAN: My new book is *High on the Energy Bridge*.

OUI: Eric, why the hat?

EG: I wore it when *Waking Up at Her Place* (p. 48).

OUI: Eric, it looks dumb.

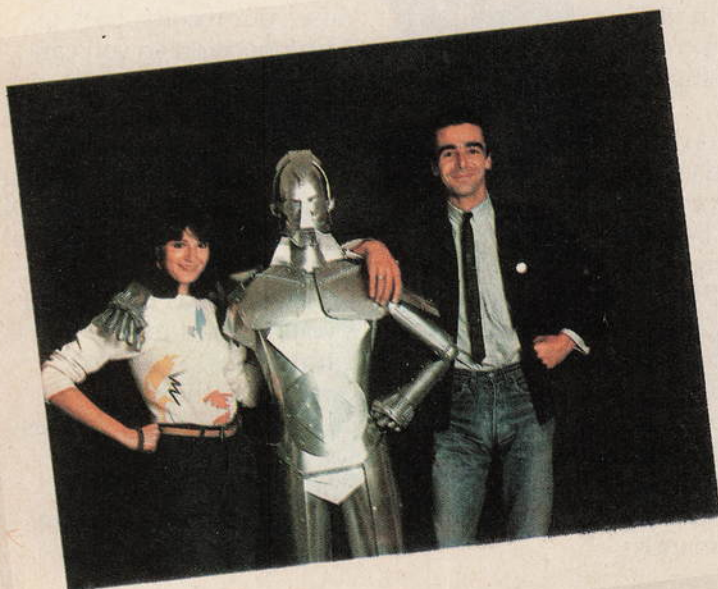
EG: It got me laid last night.

OUI: Oh . . .

EMPLOYEE

OF THE MONTH

The fox with the bird, OUI Assistant Editor Toy Gibson, is wearing one of the sexy gifts she recommends you buy your lady for Valentine's Day (p. 132). OUI bought this one for Toy.

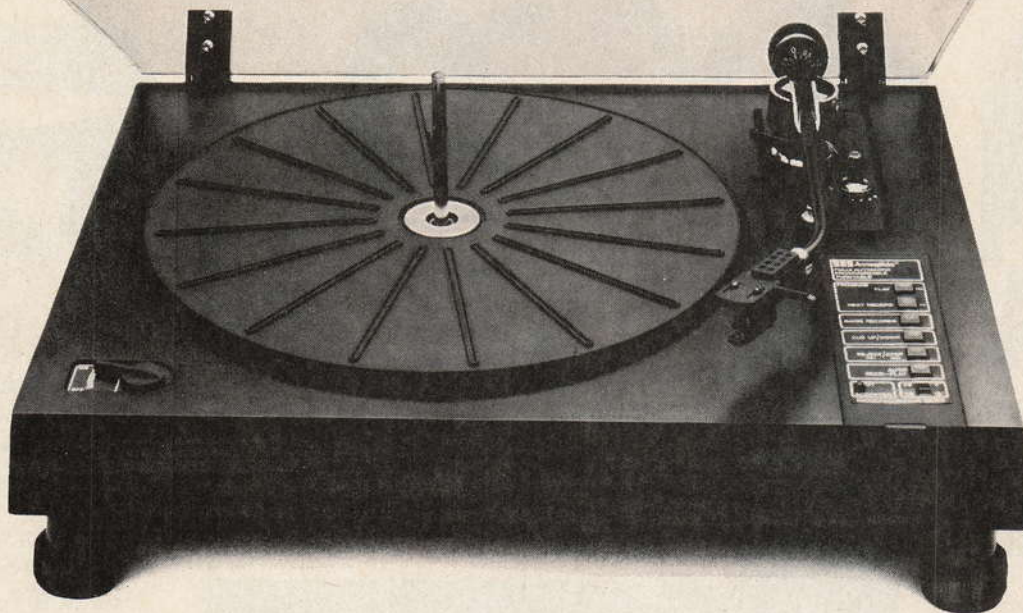


HEAVIER METAL
Pictured left to right are **Francie Moore**, **Frank Lee Metal** and **Timothy Eames**. Francie assisted Timothy in the creation of Frank Lee for our article about the new metal tape decks (p. 78). Frank Lee simply sat there at \$300 a day and got his nuts (and bolts) off.



Introducing Accuglide.™ The computerized remote control turntable.

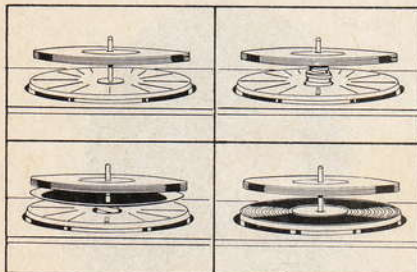
**It provides hours of viewing pleasure.
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)**



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide,™ you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

You'll see Accuglide's spindle rotate its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lower it, then gently place it onto the platter. Unlike other multiplay turntables, it doesn't drop them.



In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.



So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.

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NELIA One of our favorite cover girls goes Hawaiian (page 58)

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COVER

Rowena Michelle is from England, so what does she know from cowboys? "We used to see them all the time on TV, your American Westerns. My favorite was always *The Virginian*." Rowena, who recently modeled her underwear on the Johnny Carson show, says her ambition is "to be successful." And what does she look for in a man? "At the moment, love . . . and money."

When music is part of your life...TDK's a part of your music

Stevie Wonder's life revolves around music. Almost two decades of stardom have yielded a lifetime of experiences—reflected in the music through which Stevie Wonder contributes much happiness to our lives.

TDK hopes its quality cassettes also contribute to the richness of life. By faithfully recording music and enabling it to be enjoyed wherever people are listening. A TDK cassette means

quality...precision...reliability. Things that mean a lot at those moments you enjoy your music.

TDK's D cassette is made for those moments. It's surprisingly economical, yet it provides clean, beautiful music from any portable, car cassette or mid-priced home deck.

If music's as important to you as it is to Stevie Wonder, you'll record it on TDK cassettes.



TDK
The Amazing Music Machine

oui

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oui

PLAYBOY... The Name of the Game in Nassau!

Now there's one more reason to visit this island paradise.
The new Playboy Casino in the Ambassador Beach Hotel on
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Come for fun, for action, for blackjack, roulette, craps,
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the slots.

You'll find them all at the newest Casino in the Bahamas...
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It's better in the Bahamas. Especially now that Playboy is there!



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It's your best bet.

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A man with dark hair, wearing an orange jacket, is leaning over the side of a boat. He is holding a thick green rope with both hands. A cigarette is in his mouth. The background shows a blue sky with white clouds and a body of water with rocky islands in the distance.

No compromise
Winston Lights didn't compromise
on great taste to get low tar.
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good
like a light cigarette should.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

MAIL

MISSING MONA LISA

Congratulations on publishing Paul Whitehead's intriguing story in your October issue. *The Day They Stole the Mona Lisa* is one of those timeless pieces which will continue to spark interest in readers, no matter how often it is reread. Thus, I'm sure it will become the very same kind of museum piece it describes so eloquently.

Mr. Whitehead writes with the authority and relaxed precision of one who knows his subject intimately. There's only one thing that troubles me. You billed the story as fiction: Can you be sure?

M.A. KRUPNICK
The Mixmasters Studios
Los Angeles, California

What an interesting theory Paul Whitehead proposes about the Mona Lisa. Whether or not the story is true, the thought of the Mona Lisa being one of three fakes is quite fascinating. As an art-history student, I especially appreciated seeing such a piece in *OUI*. I may just do a little digging on my own about my favorite artist, Mondrian. One tends to forget that famous artists have lives outside the ones they create on canvas.

R. ELLIOT
Los Angeles, California

POISON IVY

I am a sophomore at Cornell University and an avid reader of your magazine. Rather, I was an avid reader. As a member of Cornell's football team, I was eager to read your article on college football (*OUI's Guide to College Football*, October). Needless to say, I was outraged! To give a "who cares?" evaluation to Ivy League football is an atrocity. True college spirit originated from the ancient eight's classic conflicts. Cornell's football team has produced such greats as Ed Marinaro and last year's Joe Holland. The Ivy League is a great American tradition, and for a league where academics is first and football second, I think we play damn good ball.

ROGER LAGUISIC
Elmira, New York

HEAD SHOTS

When my boyfriend brought home the October issue of *OUI*, I read through it and was immediately captivated by the story and pictures of Abby. You see, I was exactly like Abby until I moved to Florida. I had never given a man a blow job before, but I was soon initiated on the beach, under flow-



Abby: She's worldly, but still a virgin in some respects

ing palm trees. I can't remember the guy's name, but that experience continues to be my one moment of heaven on earth. So to Abby, I say try it . . . I guarantee that you'll like it.

MICHELE S.
Miami, Florida

How come I never get to meet girls like Abby? She's a once-in-a-lifetime lady . . . simply breathtaking! What I found particularly intriguing, believe it or not, was her face. She has one of those faces that looks different from every angle. And all her angles were marvelous!

L. PUCKETT
Atlanta, Georgia

As luck would have it, I finally managed to find a magazine that is consistently better than any other of its kind. Creative, quality photographs of the loveliest women in the world make for magic. Abby of your October issue illustrates my point beautifully. *OUI* remains unsurpassed.

PAT STEVENS
Northern Virginia, Virginia

GOOD VIBES

I read C.W. Metcalf's article, *Fail Soft* (October), with extreme interest. Coming from a background in which bodily functions were given numbers, and never seeing any form of nudity except when my parents took me to the beach, I remember my surprise when I saw my mother sitting in front of the television set one evening, holding a humming cylindrical object next to her head. I asked her what she was doing with the plastic whirring banana, and she calmly assured me that it helped relieve her frequent headaches. And that was that.

Years later, I met a theatrical agent and went mad with lust. One night, this man of my dreams gently placed a similar bananalike object on the bed and looked at me with dreamy eyes. I will never forget his face as I turned to him and nonchalantly said, "No, thanks, dear—I don't have a headache."

Alas, my story does not have the happy ending that Mr. Metcalf's did. Mr. Super Agent was able to overcome the male fear of flying but, although he promised me the world, in a strange twist of fate, he only

gave me 10 percent and took *our* vibrator when he left.

LINDA A. BLACK
Santa Monica, California

I can really empathize with C.W. Metcalf. Vibrators have always been little plastic foes to me. I'm glad he was able to overcome his dildo dread, but I haven't. No matter how long I go down on my wife, it doesn't seem to do the job that a vibrator can, and I resent that. But his article did give me one clue that may help me get over my hang-up: Next time my wife pulls out her vibrator, I'm going to insist that we use it *together*. Maybe if I didn't feel so much like a spectator when she uses it, I could get into it.

J. MILLS
Seattle, Washington

I found your article *Fail Soft* extremely interesting. Rarely do I read articles written by men about women that are as honest as Mr. Metcalf's. He seems not only sensitive to a woman's needs, but unafraid to analyze his own feelings. I'm impressed—not only by the article, but by the fact that *OUI* published it.

MARY GLOVER
St. Louis, Missouri

GREASY KID STUFF

When I saw *A Conversation with Lenny and Squiggy* (October), I thought, Damn, why didn't they get Laverne and Shirley? Who wants to read about two asinine greasers? Well, you guys have made a greaser out of me! Michael McKean and David Lander have more on the ball than I ever thought.

JOSEPH LA VESQUE
Hartford, Connecticut



A funnier interview I've never read! Lenny and Squiggy are just as crazy off-screen as they are on. To tell the truth, *Laverne and Shirley* would be unbearable to watch (as is most TV) without Lenny and Squiggy—or McKean and Lander (it seems there's little difference between their real and stage personas).

JACK JENKINS
Ft. Worth, Texas

MUSIC TO ASSAULT BY

I must agree with music therapist Adam Knieste when he says that "music is really a powerful drug" (*The Music Manipulators*, October). From my own personal experience, I've noticed that, depending on my mood, I play music that equals my feelings. It's not surprising, therefore, that there are people who try to manipulate others through music. Take my next-door neighbor, for example. I don't know what mood he's in when he plays disco music at four in the morning, but I do know that because I don't dance in my sleep, his mood doesn't correlate with mine. As a result, I get frustrated and resentful, and I do intend to punch his face in one day. And my defense will be that he manipulated me.

C. MCPHERSON
Atlanta, Georgia

DREADLOCKED

In response to your sniggering piece on the Rastafarian attitude toward masturbation ("Keeping It Down in Jamaica," *Openers*, October), I have a few comments to make. I can't speak for the men, but I can say that any female who does not feel emptiness and frustration for something better after masturbating is surely deceiving herself. I've found that frequent masturbation can desensitize a woman and dull her capacity for orgasm even with a loving partner.

Sex for a Rasta man or woman is an act of love, communication and, yes, of procreation. It is therefore often deferred until the person, place and opportunity are right. There is no lover like a Rasta man. I and I can make a bed-song last all night and sleep, fully satisfied, in one another's arms. I've been there, and will remain celibate till I get there again.

For the author of that article to poke fun at I and I is only an indication that he feels threatened or is insincere. If you cannot treat I and I with respect, then I humbly request you leave I and I alone.

I MARIE
Brooklyn, New York

HANDSELS TO GRETA

On seeing your special seventh-anniversary issue, I immediately became curious about your lovely cover girl. Quickly moving to the table of contents, I was happily surprised. Greta Blackburn is a high school acquaintance from some ten years ago. Boy, has she come a long way! Maybe, with a little luck, *OUI* could inform us about more of her miraculous achievements.

CHARLIE WALTEMATH
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

I just want to take a moment to say how much I enjoyed your October cover girl for your anniversary issue, Greta Blackburn. She is indeed a beautiful creature who certainly stands out amidst the black-and-white photos of the other gals. Her face is

really sensuous and alluring.

Could we possibly see more of this lovely lass?

RAY BOWIE, JR.
Somerville, Massachusetts



Sure. Turn to page 132, where Greta shows off more of her sexy gifts.

MACHO MANO

I'm writing this letter in reply to D. Keith Mano's September column, ("I'd Enjoy Being a Girl," *Man in the Street*). I do not like the feeling of animosity toward women that comes through in his writing. Not all women are like those he refers to. My female friends are exciting people, and not just by the virtue of their cup sizes. Obviously, Mano has not met any of them. I wonder what has soured him on women? His column reads like the scene in *Carnal Knowledge* where Jack Nicholson is narrating the slide show of ball-busters he has known.

Tsk, tsk. Such a shame! I've read everything Mano's written since his days at *Esquire*, and he was one of the reasons I buy *OUI*. Maybe I should introduce him to one of my friends.

K. KINCHEN-GRAVES
South Lake Tahoe, California

STRAIGHTEN UP!

In your September *Mail* column you printed a letter from a fan of Mr. Ron Jones which stated that Mr. Jones held the new world record for escaping from a strait-jacket while suspended in midair. Well, I would like to inform you that on August 18, 1977, Mr. Alphonse Curatolo performed a similar feat; only he escaped in 10.5 seconds. Mr. Curatolo's accomplishment was reported and well documented in several newspapers at the time, including the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, and as far as I know, he remains champion to this very day.

It would be appreciated if this correction were noted.

ANTHONY PELLICANO
Westchester, Illinois

SORELY NEEDED

Read your article on herpes with interest ("Herpes: The Mark of Excess-ness," *Sex* column, September) because my girlfriend

Nobody's perfect. But Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive Q-Series: the Q-2 semi-automatic and Q-3 fully automatic come incredibly close.

So close that many discos and FM stations choose Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive turntables over any other. It's no wonder, with speed accuracy of 0.002%, wow and flutter of only 0.025% WRMS and rumble of -78dB (DIN B). They're impressive specs.

What's just as impressive is Technics soft-touch in-line controls conveniently mounted on the front panel. You can operate every electronic function without ever lifting the dust cover.

Or Technics statically balanced S-shaped tonearm. With only 7 mg friction on both the vertical and horizontal planes, it's more than sensitive, it's sensational. Even the computer-designed headshell contacts are gold-plated for maximum conductivity.

To help protect against acoustic feedback, Technics Q-Series turntables are all mounted in a precision aluminum diecast base with a unique non-resonant compound, TNRC. It's so effective it resists feedback at the highest music levels.

By this time you might think you have to be rich to afford Technics Q-Series. You don't. Both models are surprisingly reasonable.

Technics Q-Series. We can't say they're perfect. You will.

Technics

We can't say the speed accuracy of our new quartz-locked turntables is 100%. Just 99.998%.



is a "carrier" of herpes simplex type I.

My doctor, who is into health foods and holistic medicine, suggested that she take at least one lysine tablet a day. They are available at any health-food store. Although my doctor says they are not a *cure*, they do prevent the sores from appearing.

So, I bought my girlfriend a bottle of the pills and had her take one immediately. Within 24 hours, about a half-dozen whitish spots appeared on her lips (like they always do), but *never* did they break out into those unsightly cold sores.

I hope this information will help some of your readers.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Valley Park, Missouri

FLAT-TERY

I'm glad to see that someone besides myself finds beauty in women who may not have gigantic breasts. If *Shelby* (September) were a little hairier, she would have been the greatest centerfold ever.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I took one look at your September centerfold, *Shelby*, and I just had to ask myself: Why is it that *OUI* always runs pictures of flat-chested women? I'm a breast man myself, and to me, the bigger, the better.

ROBERT HUTCHINS
Atlanta, Georgia

Is your "British Cover Girl *Shelby*" the same model who does the "and so on . . . and so on . . . and so on . . ." TV ads for Fabergé Organic Shampoo? They look exactly alike. Hope you can answer my question, since I'd feel better about purchasing that issue if it's true.

BARRY KEMELHOR
Rockville, Maryland



Sorry to disappoint you, Barry, but Shelby is not the Fabergé model. Still, you must admit that you've seen more of Shelby in our one issue than you'll ever see of the Fabergé girl in a hundred commercials.

THE SUGGESTION BOX

Why do American women shave their underarms and legs? Do they feel it's masculine to have body hair? I, for one, don't think it is. Many of your girls would look

much nicer if they didn't shave under their arms or trim their pubic hair. How about some real strong, athletic girls photographed *naturally*?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Kristianstad, Sweden

I'd like to compliment you on your fresh, open style. I find your magazine informative; humorous and sexy without being crass, irreverent without being silly or insulting. I really do read *OUI* from cover to cover!

I'm a new subscriber, and from what I've seen of *OUI* so far, I'm sure I'll renew. I only have a couple of requests, however. How about a layman's guide to matching stereo components? And I'd really like to see more minority women featured—not that I don't like blondes, mind you, but why not show more versatility in your ladies?

Thanks much and keep up the good work.

TERRENCE BAILEY
Oberlin, Ohio

We run articles about stereos and music in almost every issue. Back in our November 1978 issue, we did discuss how to match stereo components ("Changing the System from Within"). As for minority women, try Marana (August 1979) and Nelia (our center girl this issue). They're two of our favorites. And this is not a minority opinion.

MOONS OVER McCORMICK

Just read *The Gentlemanly Art of Dropping Trou* (October). The only point Pat McCormick failed to make is that no "gentleman" caught without his pants should be caught with short socks.

L. SIMON
Winter Park, Florida

I simply cannot understand why such a fine magazine as *OUI* must resort to such low, cheap shots on the character of Marie Osmond. Just because Marie has different morals is no reason to constantly pick on her. (I refer to your October article on dropping trou.)

I am quite sure that *OUI* would pay a pretty penny for a nude or even a seminude shot of Marie, and then publicize that shot to the fullest. Why not just leave her alone? I'm sure that if you did, your circulation would increase by 10 percent—that's just about the size of Marie's family.

ANDREW ORTH
New Orleans, Louisiana

VOGUELY FAMILIAR

When I read the *Mail* column of your September issue and saw Quinn again on page 11, it all came together for me. I knew I had seen that exquisite face before, other than in your May issue. She's been doing a lot of work recently in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. Her face is magnificent! Hope to see more of her soon.

KEN KEARNEY
Aptos, California

While turning the pages of your May issue—boom! There she was. Quinn, Mighty British. And pretty damn mighty she is!

I am currently serving a six-to-fifteen-year term in Dallas State Penitentiary. My favorite pastime is drawing what I love and miss most—beautiful women.

I saw Quinn and just had to draw her. Quinn is my prize picture. She's beautiful. Really. I mean, if I had met her, I may have even given up my life of crime.

So, I present this drawing to you, for her. Whether you all know it or not, Quinn has seen me through four months of my lonely venture. I thank you and look forward to many other issues of your magazine, although I doubt very much if you'll ever find another Quinn.

GEORGE W. MATZURAS
Dallas, Pennsylvania



No, George, we probably won't, which is why we unveil Quinn once again on page 93 of this issue. Enjoy!

BIRTHDAY SUITS

Just want you to know that I have two copies of every *OUI* you've published. Congratulations on your seventh year! I know it must have been hard to choose just seven ladies, since every *OUI* girl deserves the highest merit one could give, but I did disagree with your choices for your all-time best (*The Best*, October). Your December 1973 center girl was my favorite.

T. LENTT
Washington, D.C.

I'm a new reader of yours, so it was really nice to see your choices for the seven best girls of *OUI*'s history. Obviously, I've been missing a lot. Happy birthday!

ALTON JOHNSON
Dallas, Texas

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DR. OUI



Why not have her slip into something wet before dinner?

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions about sex, health, women, drugs, law and life in general. Write: *Dr. OUI*, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Q After four years together, my girl tells me she wants to take a separate vacation. She's planning to spend a week alone in Puerto Vallarta. I'm liberal about these things, but I wonder if she's trying to tell me something?

JACK R.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A Yes. She's trying to tell you that your presence for a week is not her idea of a vacation. In fact, you may be what she's taking a vacation *from*. This could be healthy independence, or it could represent the first steps down the road. Read a fascinating book entitled *Leavetaking: When and How to Say Goodbye*, by Gloria Feinberg, particularly the parts on "goodbye signals." Then sit down and take inventory of your relationship. When "fun" no longer includes you, it's probably shape-up-or-ship-out time. Check your watch.

Q Maybe I'm fastidious, or a hypochondriac, or just paranoid, but I'm ob-

sessed with cleanliness when it comes to sex. My lady's no slob, but I'd feel a lot better if I could get her to routinely wash up before balling. Is there a polite way to ask her?

MIKE C.
New York, New York

A There's a polite way, a candid way and a romantic way. "Excuse me, honey, but would you mind washing up before we start to wail?" is polite—and about as erotic as an army induction physical. The question presented to her just as you expressed it above is the candid way, and it's ultimately the best way if a serious, long-term relationship is your goal. If you can't handle this degree of honesty, the romantic way is: "Let's take a bath [or shower] first; it really turns me on, and I've got some great ideas for aquatic foreplay."

Q Friends have been telling me that you can get a stronger and spicier rush off cocaine by smoking it, but that it has to be specially processed somehow. Is this the truth or just another dealer's hustle?

ROBIN S.
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

A You can smoke cocaine in one of two forms. The acidic form—cocaine hy-

drochloride—is what we all buy, snort and call cocaine. The nonacidic form—in which coke occurs before it is hydrochlorized into its snortable form—is known in the trade as "free base." Getting your snort reconverted into base will cost you some hefty coin, but connoisseurs say that it's well worth the expense. Cocaine HCl melts at about 180°C—which is *hot*—and for the most part vaporizes before it can do anything for you. Dealers consider it a waste of good toot to smoke coke HCl. Base, however, melts at just 97°C and becomes an oily residue on your pipe screen that can be relit two or three times for more hits.

Base is extolled for its coca-psychedelic qualities, which coke HCl lacks; it is also said to produce a blend of coke rush and smacklike euphoria. The drawback is that base seems to be far more psychologically addictive than toot, turning out more coke junkies than does the entire snort market.

Q My girlfriend is pregnant and wants to get an abortion. The problem is that I feel it's time for fatherhood on my part, and I have serious moral reservations about abortion. Do I have any legal rights in this situation? If so, what are they?

NAME AND ADDRESS
WITHHELD BY REQUEST

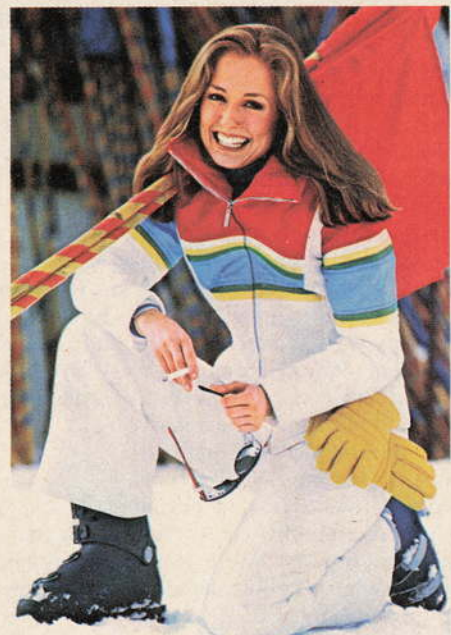
A Your rights range from negligible to none. In 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that any decision regarding abortion was the sole prerogative of the woman and her physician. Also, the California Supreme Court, known for its decidedly progressive stances, recently ruled that "agreements to conceive" made and admitted to by couples are no grounds for "forced" births. In some states, abortion does require the consent of the spouse (or parents, for minors), but that doesn't include lovers. Morally, it would be appropriate for your girlfriend to consider your feelings—but what are your feelings? You don't mention love or sharing, so don't expect much. And face it—you don't have the baby, *she* does.

While we're at it, how do you know that the baby is yours? Maybe that's why she wants to terminate. Be smart, be grown up and be reasonable. Wait for the child your woman wants to have.

Q I've always believed that a meaningful relationship must be based on mutual honesty. But I have a one-time-only homosexual incident in my past—which I'm not

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proud of—and I haven't mentioned it to my girlfriend. If she asks, should I admit it?

FENTON M.
San Francisco, California

A That depends. What are the chances that she'll learn the truth from another source? Is it worth the risk to lie? If she genuinely cares for you, a minor lapse from your past shouldn't matter. Check your own feelings: Lying could do as much harm as a frank admission, if it means you have to deal with feelings of guilt, paranoia or dishonesty. Put a burden on yourself, and you also put one on the relationship.

Q Three questions: 1. Do women, in general, prefer oral or manual stimulation of the clitoris? 2. Can I manually stimulate my woman so that we come together? 3. Do most partners come simultaneously?

JOHN CONOVER
Atlantic City, New Jersey

A Three answers: 1. Yes. 2. Maybe. During the first stages of sex, when the clitoris distends and increases markedly in size and in sensitivity, many women prefer gentle—or even indirect—clitoral stimulation, according to Masters and Johnson. At this point, indirect stimulation—of the mons, the thighs and the general labial area—is best. As the woman becomes more aroused, her clit withdraws against her pubis, and she may want or need more direct action. Manual stimulation might get you off in chorus, but it is more likely to distract you—or to put so much emphasis on what's *not* happening that you won't appreciate what *is*. 3. No. Some couples come together, but most don't. During heated coitus, most people are oblivious to their partners' reactions, anyway. Sex is a bus ride, and not everyone gets off at the same stop. Quit fretting and enjoy!

Q I've heard that cars run cleaner and better on gasohol, which is nine parts gasoline to one part alcohol. I'd like to try it, but not at the current stiff prices. Can I just buy nine gallons of gas and add a gallon of Everclear for the same result?

FRANK BIONDO
Detroit, Michigan

A We're talking about automotive *fuel*, not a Mazda martini. The only type of alcohol that mixes with gasoline is pure, 200-proof, anhydrous (water-free) ethyl alky. Even such high-voltage hooch as 190-proof Everclear falls short of the mark, since the water present therein will sink to the bottom of your gas tank and give your carburetor the trots. And even without this drawback, your homemade gasohol would cost more than gas itself. If you must persist, though, learn to denature alcohol with kerosene or other chemicals for purity. But take note: The private production of pure-grain alky is illegal in many states.

Q Which drugs go best with sex? Specifically, which drugs tend to increase desire and/or responsiveness without decreasing one's ability to perform?

BOB D.
Poughkeepsie, New York

A Perform? What are you, a man or a dancing bear? The answer to this question hinges on who you are, whom you're with and what your mutual likes and experiences are. If you're into S/M, for example, Methedrine and PCP are poor choices, especially given the thin line between sexual athletics and aggravated assault. LSD is tricky, but potentially nitro; just avoid it when you're using the top half of a bunk bed, or when you're attempting aerial maneuvers. Quaaludes tend to turn women into animals and men into plants. Coke whips some people into a passion, while others are reduced to a frenzy of unrequited ineptitude. Generally, stick to finer grades of weed or hash, whose effects are sensual, predictable, only mildly disorienting, and familiar. Remember—in this game, the adage "Never mix, never worry" is horseshit. Trial and error is the only approach.

Q I think I've contracted some kind of V.D., but I've been monogamous with a lady for months. Does this mean she brought it home, and did she necessarily get it from fucking? If so, how do I confront her with it? If she says she hasn't been screwing around, should I believe her?

PAT O'D.
Boston, Massachusetts

A Do you love her? You don't specify your symptoms, so it's impossible to say if they indicate V.D., let alone whether they came from your lady, a toilet seat or your hand—all of which are possible. Before making accusations, find out if you're actually a victim. Get a V.D. checkup; your "infection" could be anything, from anywhere. A doctor can tell you what (if anything) you've got, how you might have acquired it and how to get rid of it, which is far more important than dwelling on the source. If you really have V.D., tell your lady; she probably has it, too. Finally, if she's been fucking around, your question shouldn't be where or with whom, but why.

Q I'm about as hairy as a sidewalk, and that's my problem. You see, my current lady has this thing for really furry guys. Is there any way to stimulate the growth of body hair? I'm afraid if I stay smooth, she'll slide away from me.

JAMES K.
Phoenix, Arizona

A The only proven way to turn yourself into a lawn is by injections of the male hormone testosterone, but most M.D.s eschew such treatment unless you're actually

testosterone-deficient. If your hairlessness is genetic (i.e., you're part Indian or Asian) or age related (i.e., you're only 12), your body can convert testosterone to estrogen, the side effects of which include marked breast development. Unless she likes tits with her fur, this is counterproductive.

Body-hair transplants often cause scarring and/or an unattractive mosaic effect of differing hair textures. Body "toupees" are available, but cost more than root canals and, up close, are about as inconspicuous as a do-it-yourself nose job. In the final analysis, why hassle your body for a relationship that hinges on something as petty as a pelt?

Q The most gorgeous woman I've ever met has me completely frustrated. You see, her body makes my mouth water but, unfortunately, her brain makes my eyes glaze—with sheer frustration. A more boring, verbose and exasperatingly dull woman has never been created. In public, she embarrasses me! Is there a way to tell her to shut up without offending her?

PETER M.
Sherman Oaks, California

A Given your description, why not just belt her one in the mouth and then throw her some kibble while saying "Shhh"? You get what you pay for, schmuck, and you pay for what you get. You're not involved with a woman, but with your own two-dimensional, cardboard-cutout fantasy of a woman. The lady is clearly as dim-witted as you claim, or she'd have long since hit the road, given such a calculated insensitivity as yours.

Q I love my woman and enjoy being with her—but she becomes a dead fish during sex, just lying on the bed indifferently. How can I tell her I don't like the way she responds without blowing our relationship?

ART J.
Houston, Texas

A You could always try asking her what turns her on. Talk to her casually about sex in general sometime—away from the bed. How does she feel about it? Have her sexual upbringing and/or past experiences caused her to raise her shields during sex? Or is she just bored? Tell her she drives you wild in the sack and you want to reciprocate. *Be* an exciting fuck, and you're more likely to get one. Don't overlook foreplay, which is the starter fluid of erotica. Try massage, oils, a vibrator, booze, dope or whatever else works.

If you can't excite her, it's your problem. If nobody can, it's hers. Therapy may be a big favor to both of you. Problems to explore: She isn't naturally orgasmic; she feels like a sexual failure; she's afraid of sexual release; she doesn't completely trust you; she's repelled by sex or her body. Remember: most "dead fish" are killed by the fisherman.

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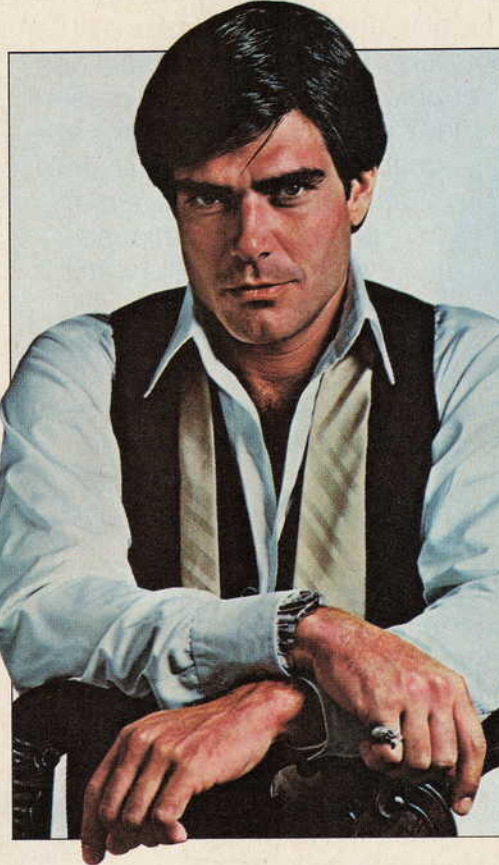
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Shown above are just a few of the many manufacturers using IHF measurement standards

OPENERS



NEWS FROM GENITAL ELECTRIC

Science scores again, literally. Now, in less time than it takes to ask, "Haven't we met before?" a commercially available microcomputer can tell you if your intended pickup will put out. Or whether you

should pull the plug on the whole notion.

It's called the Alter Ego "personal compatibility computer," and no calculating poonster should be without one. The lipstick-sized fast talker stores your own personal program of sexual needs, career ambitions, interests and religious beliefs—as defined by

your responses to 96 questions in the accompanying booklet—on 8000 tiny memory chips. When the owner of one of these bionic baubles spots a likely prospect dangling an Alter Ego between her own marvels of engineering, he merely asks if she minds pressing her equipment against his. (The otherwise proper instructions read, "The protrusion on the dot at the 'i' will fit into the recession of the other unit"!.) Battery-powered bullshit is exchanged by infrared optical communicators, and mutual compatibility in six categories is scored from 0 to 100. In the twinkling of an LED, you'll know whether things compute for a bit of the old input/output.

Computer wizard Edward White—he invented the Bowmar Brain—teamed up with compatibility expert C.M. Whipple to devise the Alter Ego for the Arizona Digital Corporation. At \$39.95 apiece, we think it's the greatest electronic aid to sex since the three-speed vibrator. Available from Warren Company, P.O. Box 14446, Phoenix, AZ 85063.

—BILL LAWREN

SPOOKIE NOOKIE

Tired of three-dimensional lovers who play dead in the sack? Expensive dates killing your finances? Perhaps you should contact—by means psychic or otherwise—a Cotati, California, service called Adopt-A-Ghost. For \$35 they'll provide you with a match made in heaven. Or thereabouts.

This eerie enterprise is the brainchild of very flesh-and-blood, 32-year-old Sande Marsolan, an ex-Playboy Bunny



SAUER LOSERS

Five Germans who lost all their clothes in a strip-poker game were arrested by police in Palma, Majorca, for chasing the winner through the crowded streets of that Spanish vacation town. The trouserless Teutons were charged with creating a public scandal and released after a police car brought their clothing from their hotel. Maybe the sneaky *Schwein* had been dealing from the bottom?

who told *Openers*, "I've lived with a ghost named Jeffrey for twelve years. And I want other people to share the experience."

Ms. Marsolan not only guarantees "a loving bond for the entire lifetime of the customer" but will also spend three full days calling out and "screening" potential ghosts on the customer's behalf. Applicants can choose from any of 20 past eras (e.g., Colonial America, Renaissance Italy, Roaring Twenties), pick a specific ghost (if it's not already



adopted) or ask Marsolan to come up with a little immaterial matchmaking of her own. According to Marsolan, William Shakespeare currently resides with a 37-year-old lady photographer who describes their relationship as "joyous." Another customer, who is serving a life sentence in San Quentin, now shares his cell with a young ghost named Courtney. And in what is history's strangest come-uppance, the notorious Marquis de Sade has been adopted by five women hair stylists in San Rafael who "wanted a male swinger with a good sense of humor."

So what about the, ah, carnal benefits of adopting a ghost? Explains Ms. Marsolan, "Anything's possible, but I don't encourage customers to use ghosts. I don't think you should use a friend like that." Aw, go on, Sande. What do you think keeps Casper so friendly?

—GARY HANAUER



New York designer Tom Lincoln provided us with this month's tribute to tight cotton, which incidentally features one of our favorite erotic delicacies. Just imagine treating your nose to that heady aroma, savoring that salty taste, nibbling those tender, wet nodules... And the caviar's not bad, either.

LOOK FOR THE UNION LABIA

Workers of the world undress!

A classroom class-struggle recently erupted in California's San Jose State University when 29 fulsome females and muscular males who pose nude for painting and sketching classes went on strike for an increase in wages and temperature. According to a South Bay Models Union spokesman, "Federally imposed temperature standards of sixty-seven degrees in the winter are simply too cold. It's hard to pose when you're underpaid, naked and shivering." With the assistance of a concerned art professor, the union convinced school regents that cold nudes are bad news. The result: San Jose State boosted models' paychecks 50 percent, to \$4 an hour, and turned up the thermostats. Remember, you have nothing to lose but your goose bumps.

—TED NEWSOM

SAUSSIE SENDOFF

Meet the girls voted Most Likely to Go Down Under. 'Ow's that, mate? Well, our

caught these dancing doxies at a recent "Party Till You Drop" thrown to honor a team of Australian lifeguards visiting California. A dozen curvaceous cuties shook their boomerangs in a wild Hot Legs contest, their aboriginal choreography judged by the Aussie beach brawn. Seventy-five dollars

and artificial respiration by the lifesaver of her choice went to the winner, plucky Renee DePrey (top), who showed lots of "cheek." Now, *that's* what we call waltzing, Matilda.





I'm in the isolation booth of a recording studio in Paris, with a mike in front of me, ear-phones on my head and a bottle of wine in lieu of the toot that didn't show. In just a second I'm going to sing the rhythm and lead vocal tracks on the title cut of the forthcoming Heldon album, *Crash Landing*. I'm about to make my debut as a rock star.

To fully understand how impossible this seems, you would have to hear me trying to sing in the shower. While I like to fancy myself something of a modern Renaissance Man, I'll never be able to sing.

However, Richard Pinhas has assured me this is going to work. Electronic wizard and majordomo of Heldon, Richard has recorded seven previous Heldon albums—the last of which has reached the French Hit Parade. He maybe knows more about studio stuff than anyone else in the world.

Richard and I go back a ways. Heldon, the mythical country which is the namesake of his group, is found in my 1972 novel, *The Iron Dream*. We tried to collaborate on an album once before, with him setting to music lyrics I wrote in another novel, *Passing through the Flame*, but that one never quite came together. So in a way this is a fulfillment of an old fantasy for both of us. He's given me the title, *Crash Landing*, and the situation, which is an airplane in the process of going down. I'm going to improvise lyrics to a prerecorded electronic track and then "sing" them through a vocoder.

Not to worry, he reassures. I don't have to have a bearable voice. I don't have to be able to carry a tune. The synthesizer, a vocoder, can spin straw into gold.

My mike feed runs into the magic black box, where it is translated by the electronic gear which Richard masters. He can alter the electronic analogue of my voice into just about anything he wants to. The sound that comes out the other end will be my voice reassembled, altered and epitified through the wonders of electronics. I can talk or chat off-key or whatever—merely supply the raw input—and out the other end will come a voice that is half me and half electronics, on key, in tune, synced with the music and . . . *something else*.

The vocoder is Richard's newest toy and, seven albums or not, he's never done a vocal track. While Kraftwerk and a few other groups have used electronics to make human voices sound mechanical, they've never really tried to make the vox ex machina sing, and certainly not with "input data" as raw as yours truly's. I've written science fiction; I've even written about rock stars recording; but now I'm about to live both at once.

Richard asks me to babble anything at all into the mike for tuning-up purposes. I hear electronic music with a heavy beat through my 'phones, and I start moving to it and chanting, "Walking . . . talking . . . walking . . . talking . . ." which, after all, is what I'm doing.

Then I hear my own voice in real time, transformed through the vocoder.

Holy shit!

I'm in time to the music. I'm in tune. That eerie, powerful voice is on key. And it's coming out of me.

As Richard plays with his controls, the voice leaps about through a huge dynamic range. And I can play with it, too. I can go way up into what would be an awful crackling falsetto without breaking, and I can go way down into an unearthly bass. I'm in a real-time feedback loop with the vocoder. I'm not exactly singing, but I can use my natural voice to play the thing like an instrument. Richard and I, not the vocoder, are in control. And we're using the vocoder to create a prosthetic voice, a cyborg singer, an electronic rock star in a whole new sense of the term.

We start laying down the backup vocal first, a man and a woman balling in the toilet as the plane goes down. Female voice: "Coffee, tea, or me . . ." Male voice: "In the lava-tory . . ." I'm chanting in two different voices and I sound so good to myself after a while that I start really singing them. I never know exactly what's going to come out, because we're playing a kind of duet on my voice . . . its voice . . . our voice.

After we finish the backup track, I go into the control room to smoke a joint, and then plug back into the machine to do the lead track. I deliberately craft a robotic voice to do the refrain: "Houston sixty-

nine, your wings are on fire, your tail is aflame, we are not to blame . . ." I start out just reciting this to the music, not exactly singing, but something weird is happening. I'm *really* singing now, I'm playing the vocoder playing me, and what this experience feels like inside makes an acid trip seem trivial indeed . . .

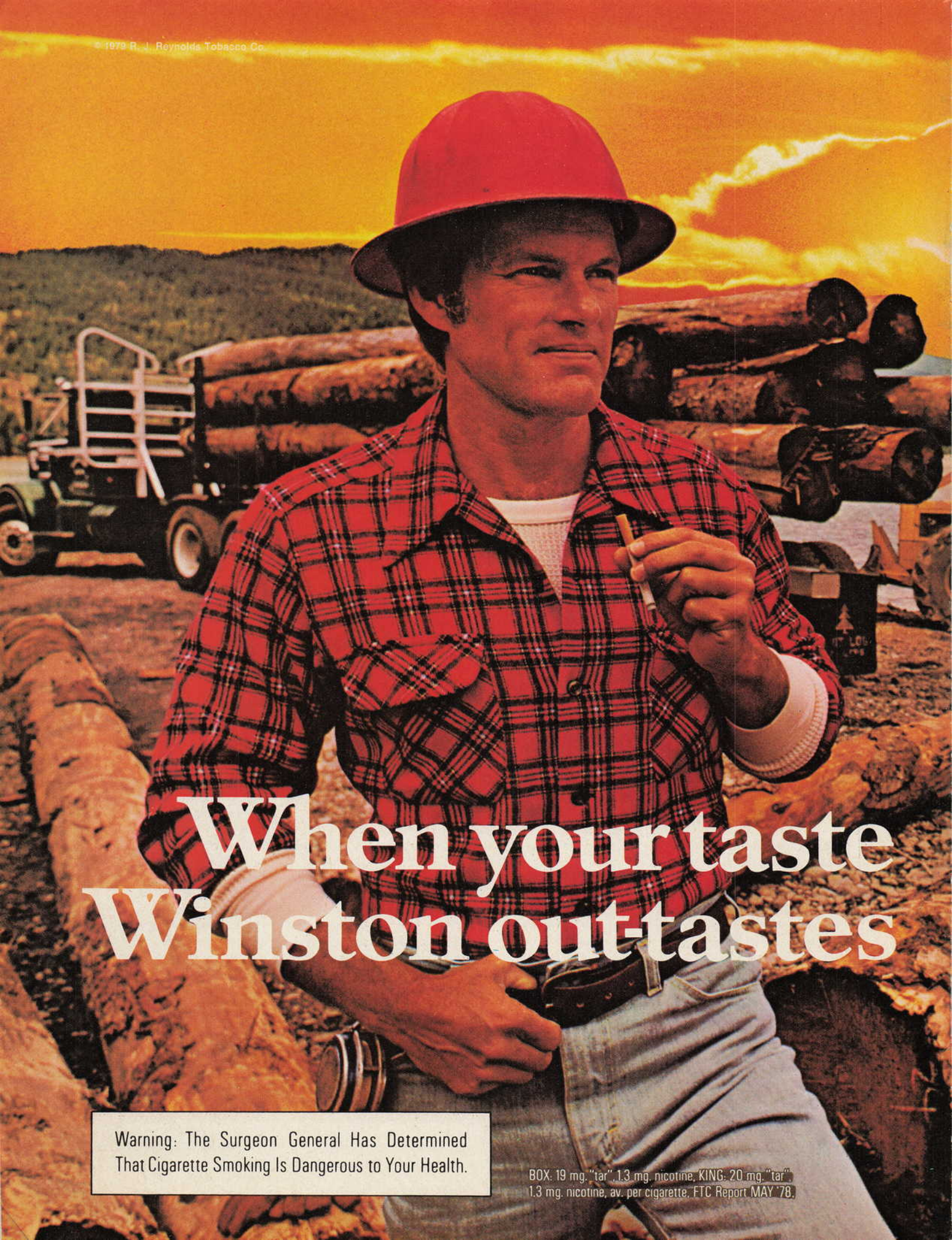
Richard shouts, "OK, that's it. Come on into the booth and listen to it!"

As I bound into the control room and look at the incredulous faces, at those eyes staring at me for chrissakes, I flash on what it must really be like to be a rock star. Andy Warhol's prophecy has been fulfilled. With the vocoder, everyone *can* be a rock star for 15 minutes.

One thing I know for sure is that something new and magical has happened, and who knows what it is the beginning of? Who could have projected the evolution and history of rock 'n' roll itself by listening to the first chords played on the first electric guitar? Who knows now what the application of the synthesizer to the human voice will eventually bring?

I don't know whether I'll ever do anything like that again, but I've got the feeling that years from now, when I'm old and gray, I'll be able to say: I was there, Charlie. I was the first. I was in on the invention of Cyborg Rock.

Norman Spinrad's voice is also heard in his latest novel, "A World Between" (Pocket Books).

A man wearing a red hard hat and a red and black plaid shirt is standing in a logging yard. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. In the background, there are large logs stacked on a trailer and a logging truck. The sky is a dramatic orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

When your taste Winston out-tastes

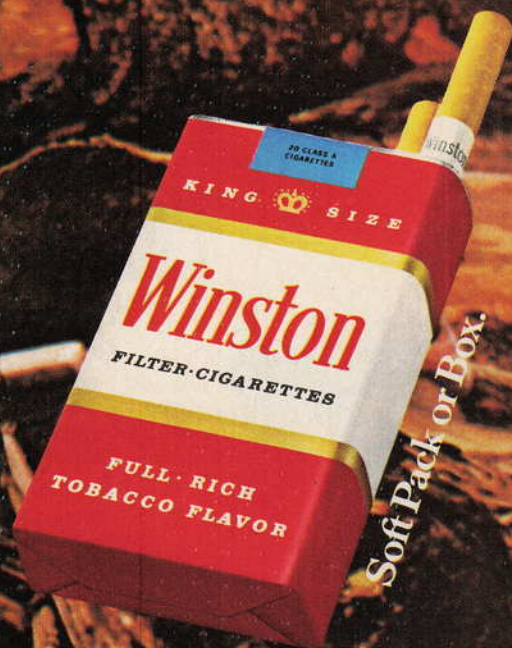
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ONE TIT OVER THE LINE

San Diego is world famous for, among other things, Sea-world. But the city's real animals are put on display every summer at the annual Over-the-Line Tournament.



This year, nearly 15,000 funk lovers gathered to watch the competition between three-man softball teams boasting foul monikers, and to watch a dozen daring, sun-kissed



damsels boasting very obvious qualifications for the title of Ms. Emerson 1979 (as in, "'em-are-some tits you have there"). A few years back, the sponsors of the tournament staunchly refused to bow to ABC's *Wide World of Sports*' demands to censor unabashed softball teams like the Pubic Intruders, Starship Enter-thighs, Peter Foreskin



and the One-Eyed Trouser Snakes, and My Face or Yours?

This year's raunchy roster was graced with such diamond dirties as Charlie's Anals, Lipstick on Our Dipsticks, Sweethearts of Smegma Pi, and a ladies' (?) entry, How Far Is Your Red Tip Inn. The real highlight of



the weekend wackiness, however, was the judging of Ms. Emerson at the Ms. Emerson pavilion behind Grant's Grill and Piano Bar. As these



on-the-spot photos display, the contest was poetry in motion indeed, as the eager entrants jiggled their way across the bounds of good taste and into the hearts and minds of the drooling crowd. Kinda gives a brand-new meaning to Ralph Waldo's line about shooting an arrow into the air, doesn't it?

—JOHN WOOD



MEET THE GIRL GROUPS, VOLUME 2

We take you now to the famous Whisky A Go Go to meet the Go-Go's: Belinda, 21, lead singer; Gina Schock, 21, drums; Charlotte Caffey, 24, lead guitar; Margot Go, 21, bass; and Jane Drano,

pint-sized punkettes. And, naturally, they hate the world, but given the "California touch," these single girls are out for a good time. Other songs, like *Fun with Ropes*, *Beatnik Beach*, *London Boys* (some real ones around these days), *Johnny Are You Queer?* and *Let's Have a Party*, bespeak their humor and the wild life they lead. Yes, Hollywood is the place to be a



21, rhythm guitar. Their songs, with titles like *Blades*, *Automatic* and *Screaming*, and their musical styling (influences—Buzzcocks, The Beatles, B-52's, reggae and rockabilly) are definitely punk. "Rock 'n' roll has more to do with sexuality in general than machismo," says Belinda. "That is why we can rock as hard as the boys without acting like them." Of course, there is no future for the

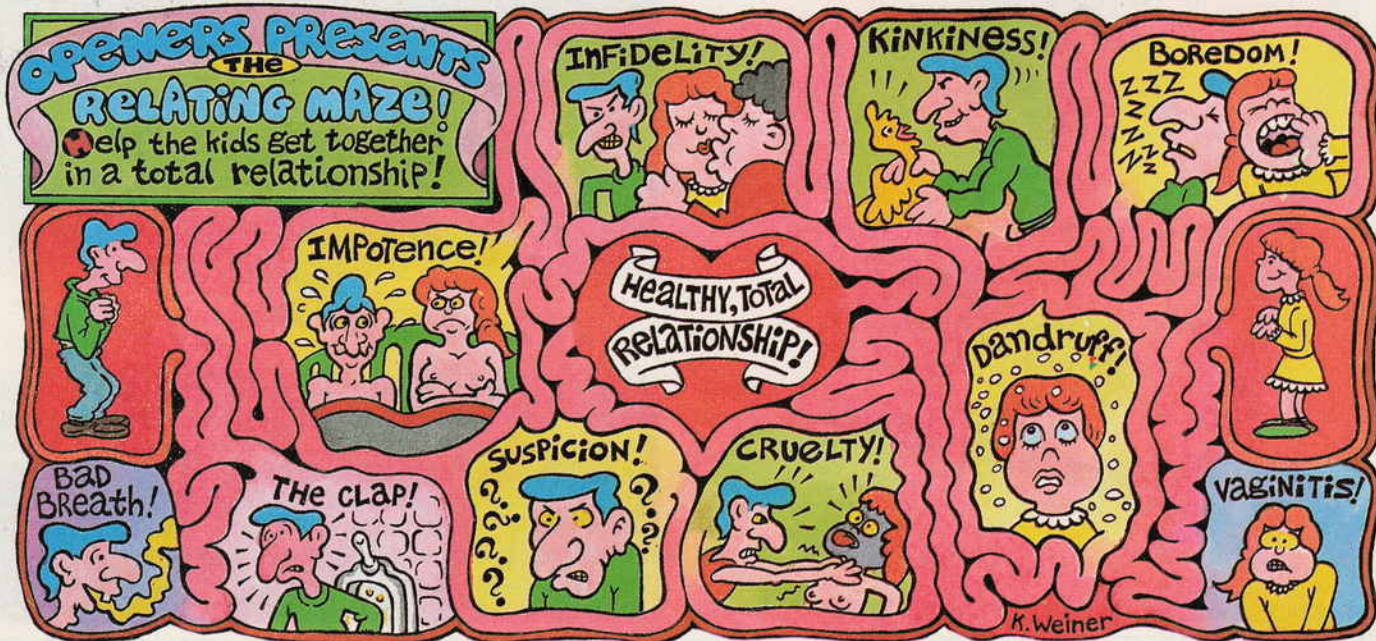
star, and the Go-Go's love it. They have "producers" who they send out for wine and who carry their equipment. There are photo sessions, personal appearances and groupies, and it's always packed when they play at the Kings Palace, at the Troubadour or at San Francisco's Mabuhay. All wrapped up in Day-Glo and covered with smiles, you just gotta love 'em.

—PHILIP MILLER

FORTUNATE COOKIES

The Oriental miss who baked these dirty dainties asked that we conceal her face for personal reasons. "I can only tell you that I have a family in China to protect. They are in the fortune-cookie business and would suffer disgrace if my identity were revealed." We can only say that it's enough to make Mao see tongue. Get it? Mao see tongue? Never mind, we know when we're licked.

—RICK ROSEN



FUTURE CONTRACEPTIVES

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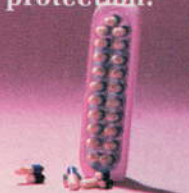
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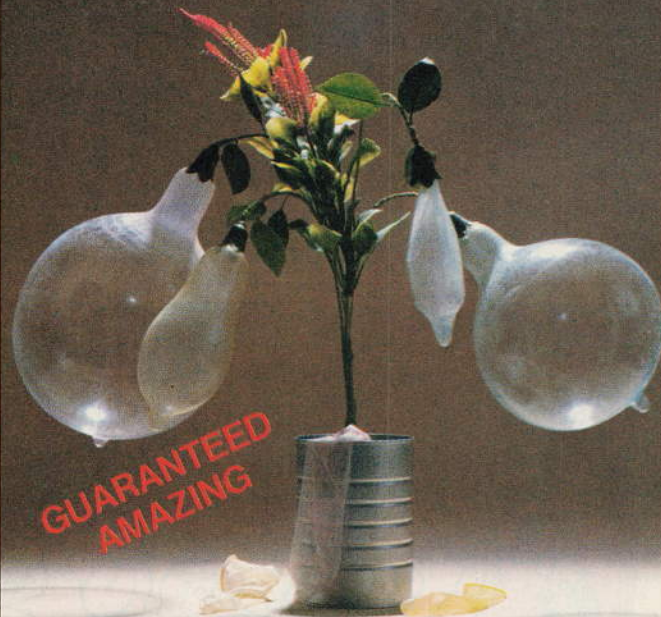
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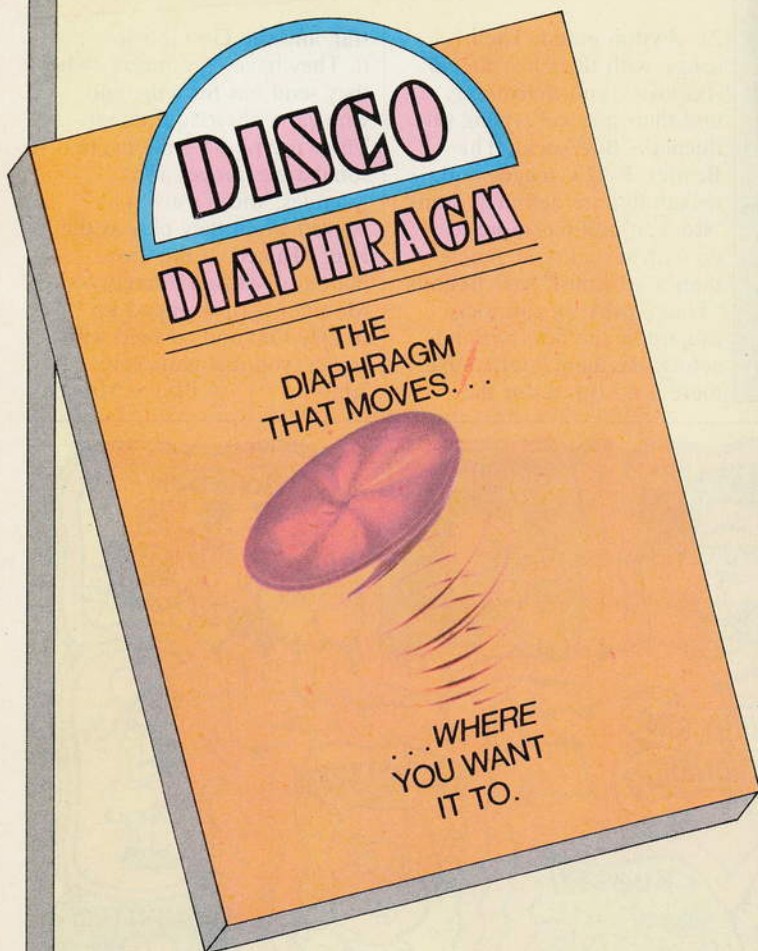


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PRODUCTS BY STEVE PERATT



A MINOR VICE

From the inscrutable folks who gave us geishas, ben-wa balls, and knotted silk handkerchiefs up the yin-yang, comes a kink that warms even our corrupt little hearts.

Like fellow lechers around the world, Japanese gentlemen harbor feelthy fantasies about young stuff. Rather than lose face (and risk 20 years) hanging around the local playground, the clever Nipponese indulge their dirty dreams in private, with the help of bootleg school uniforms. The navy-blue outfits worn by the country's nubile schoolgirls have become hot items in the sex shops of the Yashiwara (red-light) district. Reportedly, the regular uniform emporiums tightened their trade when a 92-year-old Buddhist monk tried to buy a dozen uniforms "for his daughter."

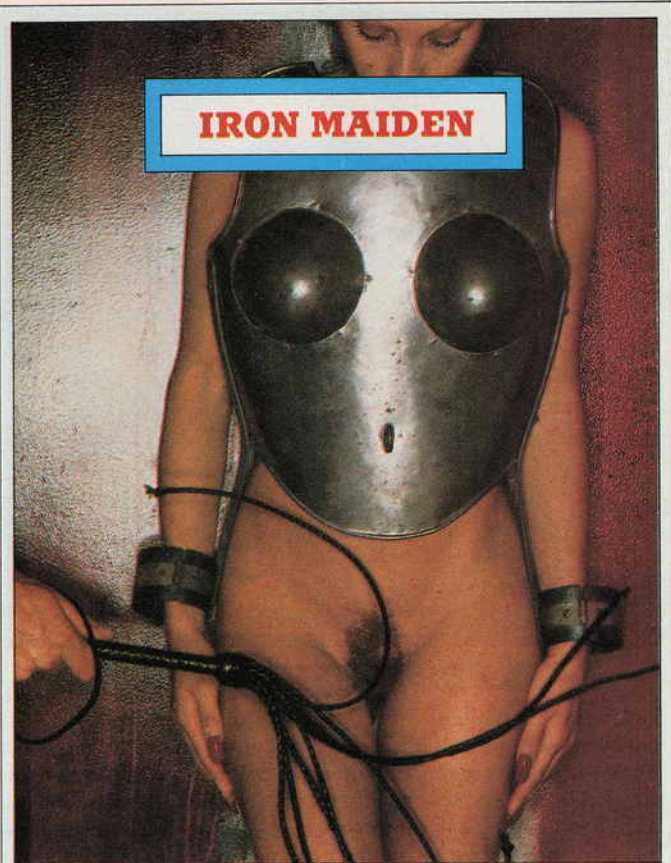
For those who prefer their

little-girl livery a bit more lively, Japan's exotic dancers now appear onstage dressed—and, ultimately, undressed—in schoolgirl gear. In fact, the popularity of the chaste costume is quickly outstripping old standard fetishes like nurse's uniforms and everybody's favorite, the nun's habit. *Banzai!*

AN IDEA FROM AMSTERDUMB

Next time you're in Amsterdam, you might want to stop into Le Boudoir for a quick drink . . . but make sure it's a quick one. This nudie bar in the heart of the city's famous red-light district boasts a unique way of settling your differences with the house. Instead of the standard pay-as-you-gulp affair, the doorman punches you in on a time card. From then on, you're charged one Dutch guilder (about half a buck) per minute as long as you stay. The management enforces a 15-minute minimum visit, so the price remains the same whether you nurse a Heineken or play chug-a-lug with a bottle of Janitor in a Drum. When you decide to stumble out, the doorman takes your time card and punches you out. A word to the wise: An acquaintance of ours tried slipping by the bruiser at the door without paying and *really* got punched out.

—JAMES WILSON



IRON MAIDEN

Angie keeps daring young men to punch her in the tits. And why not? Her half-suit of armor (available for \$100 from the Pleasure Chest, L.A.) provides the ultimate in feminine protection. Meanwhile, her submissive wimp of a boyfriend declares that Angie's put the greatest thing in tin cups since pencils. Anyone for a "clang bang"?

FANTASTIC PLAN-IT

Feeling jaded, boobie? Bored with run-of-the-mill perversity? Well, if you've got a fantasy that Ricardo Montalban wouldn't touch with Tattoo's cock, something so bizarre you wouldn't even dare tell your analyst about it . . . write it down, being as specific as possible, and send it to: Sir George, Fantasy Fulfillment Unlimited, P.O. Box 346, East Elmhurst, N.Y. 11369. Sir George tells us that if it's within the realm of possibility, he'll contact you with a price quote. If the price is agreeable, Sir George will arrange everything from travel plans to finding the participants.

"We're not interested in the guy who wants to screw six women at the same time," says Sir George. "He can go out and hire six whores. We're looking for people who

wouldn't possibly know how to go about setting up something they've dreamed about for years. Ideally, we'd like to match up people with fantasies in common."

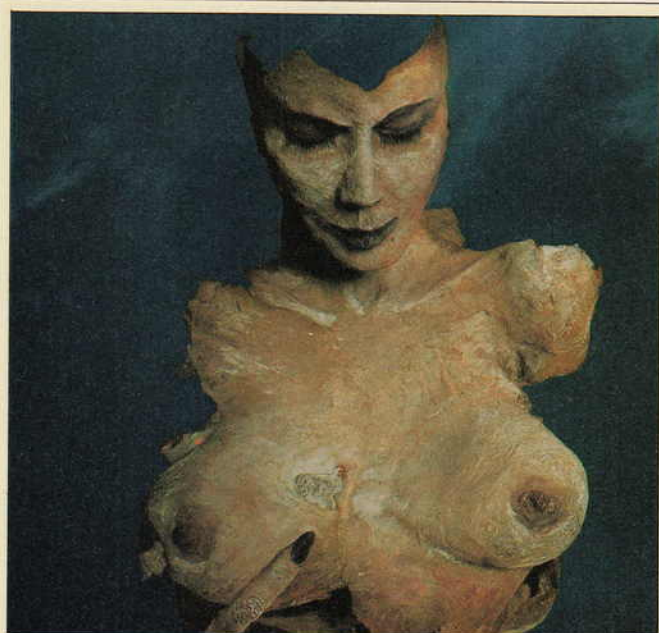
Some of the fantasies that have been fulfilled recently include that of a gentleman who wanted to go down on six race horses and then get bugged by them, and a fellow who wanted to be chased through the jungle, captured by cannibals and eaten alive. Sir George is presently at work phoning alligator farms in Florida for a young lady whose heart's desire is to be thrown into a pool full of alligators so she can hump a few of them.

It just goes to prove what we've known all along. Anything can be had for a price. Absolutely anything.

—COLETTE CONNOR



This earthy girl shows a lot of grit. Her neighbors upstream claimed her name would be mud if she posed for filthy pictures. They were wrong: Her name is still Sally. Though muckslingers tried to sully Sally and her gully dallies, our gal Sal continues her daily beauty treatments. She says her mudpack cleans all those inaccessible little nookies and crannies that mere water misses. We don't doubt her. After all, does Sally look like a dirty liar?



PAPER MESHUGANA

Pasadena conceptual artist Scott Fife told *Openers* that his bare-breasted bag lady here sells for upwards of \$100 apiece. Now, to us, that sounds like gourmet prices for ordinary sacks molded into stranger-than-life masks of his girlfriends. That is, until Scott explains that he creates only with used bags that he has personally obtained at the local market. "The price of food being what it is, I'm lucky to off a couple of these and still avoid being a starving artist. So I *always* ask the boy to double-bag it." Frankly, we suspect somebody packed Scott's brains on the bottom.

—LESLIE MORRISON

PHOTO STRIP

Penn State coed Ariel S. (for Smith) claims these shots are "proof positive that college girls make better strippers." It's easy to see Ariel's more than academically inclined.

Should your Photo Strip pass our examination, we'll pay \$150. Send entries to Photo Strip, OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Please include name and address for reply.

OUI recently interviewed the talented recluse—meaning Pollard—just to see if he's still strange after all these years. You can judge for yourselves.

OUI: What have you been doing during the last five years?
POLLARD: Well, not much, you know. Just lookin' out my window.

OUI: Describe a typical day in the life of Michael J. Pollard.

POLLARD: I lay in bed most of the day. Yeah. Then I might go out, maybe see a movie. Then I come back and lay around some more. That's about it. I don't do much.

OUI: How did the attention after *Bonnie and Clyde* affect you?

POLLARD: It wasn't fun but it wasn't too bad, either. I didn't want to go back to being a nobody. But being a nobody is OK, too.

OUI: Did you have any problems with women following you around?

POLLARD: Yeah. I've still got that problem.

OUI: Really?

POLLARD: Yeah. They follow me around wherever I go. There's thousands of them.

OUI: Anything come of it?

POLLARD: Well, no. [sigh] Not yet. But I hope something does.

OUI: What do you look for in a woman?

POLLARD: Red hair.

OUI: What else?

POLLARD: Just red hair. We could take it from there.

OUI: Is there any television character you'd like to play?

POLLARD: Yeah. Mrs. Columbo.

OUI: What part do you play in *Melvin and Howard*?

POLLARD: I'm Little Red. He



HEAVE IT TO BEAVER

The high cost of meat got you beat? Eat beaver! According to our Baton Rouge correspondent, the buck-toothed dam makers make damn good gumbo. We quote: "So many beavers run wild through the bayou hereabouts, it's perfectly legal to catch a critter for lunch without a license. Leaner than beef, tastier than pot roast and dripping with protein-rich juices, beaver stew may replace such time-honored Cajun dishes as crayfish *etoufee* and oysters jambalaya. And if you'd rather not chase the paddle-tailed entrées yourself, you can hire one of the area's famed critter catchers."

Watch yourself, though. Those crafty coon-asses try to double-talk unwitting Yankees with their hybrid Fran-*glaise*. If you want to eat a good beaver in Louisiana, you've got to be a cunning linguist.



A POLLARD JOKE

Old potato face is back.

Thirteen years after his Oscar-nominated performance as Warren Beatty's sidekick in *Bonnie and Clyde*, Michael J. Pollard returns to the big screen in a big way in *Melvin and Howard*, a comedy loosely based on the Howard Hughes-Melvin Dummar story.

was Melvin Dummar's friend. Melvin tells me Little Red had a drinking problem. Like, he'd be drunk at eight o'clock in the morning.
OUI: What do you think is the strangest thing about you?

POLLARD: There's nothing strange about me. Except I have two Pepsi-Colas in the morning.
OUI: If I had to meet you at the airport and I didn't know what you looked like, what

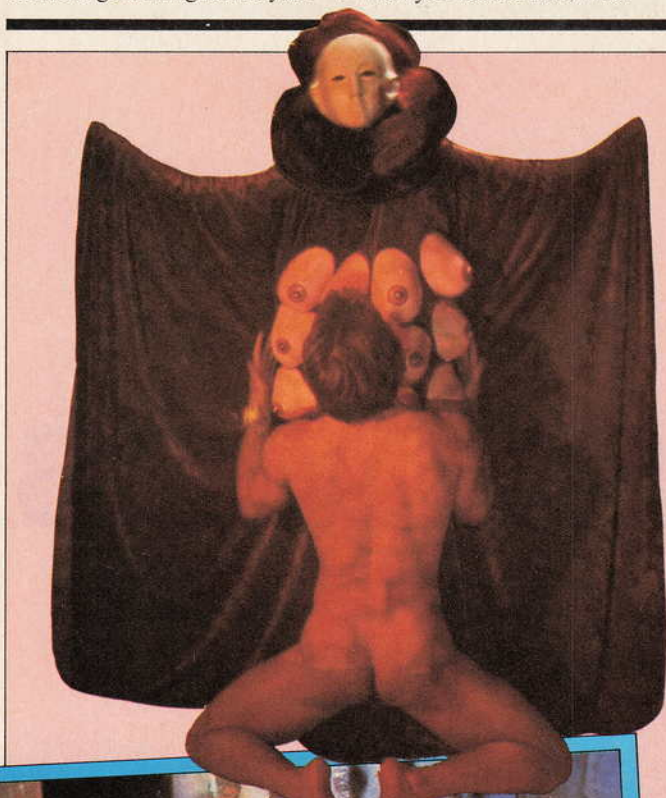
would you tell me to look for?

POLLARD: Look for the guy with the "D" on his sweater.

OUI: What's the "D" stand for?

POLLARD: Dunno.

—MARIE MONEYSMITH



TIT LE MONDE

There's more to life than news, weather and sports. *Certainement* . . . there are the strip shows of Paris. To prove this point, *Openers* recently received from our City of Light desk these two scenes from *Bombe Scandinave* (*Scandinavian Bomb*), the newest nude spectacular imported to Paris by Mssr. Milovan, whose *Rip Off* revue was reported in these pages last July. *Bombe Scandinave*—which is appearing at the Theatre 42—hails from Copenhagen. It tells the story of the Hero as he voyages through the lands of ice, mirrors, light and space, having to overcome the menaces of giant insects, an encounter with Medusa and a close call with the goddess of multiple breasts. All this isn't too clear, but who needs a great reason to see a cast of English and Danish dancers cavort through 19 erotic fantasies? Makes sense, *non*? —HALYA HRYNCHUK

CURRY ON, DOCTOR

From the mysterious subcontinent of India—source of the *Kama Sutra* and bad karma—comes good news: A genuine aphrodisiac has been discovered. But *sahib* is advised that there is bad news as well: The elixir is made from ingredients even more costly than such Western dork drugs as Quaaludes, cocaine or cham-

pagne. Appearing before a recent symposium on medieval medicines, one Dr. Gurdip Singh of New Delhi reported that he had devised a potion that sexually arouses both males and females, but declined to reveal his secret formula. According to Dr. Singh, modern physicians are skeptical about aphrodisiacs because the ingredients used to make the real article are exceedingly difficult to obtain. The rarities in his own brew include burnt pearl boiled in musk-oil broth, lizard eyes, crocodile eggs, a sprinkle of gold dust and a large elephant's turd. Who cares if it works, anyway? If you *swallowed* that stuff, you're a better man than we, Gurdip Singh.



MERCI

Fond Valentine's wishes and a sampler of cash to the following contributors. Editorial: sauer losers, Liam Sanford; minor vice, Donald Kirk; curry on, doctor and heave it to beaver, R.B. Curtiss. Art: genital electric, Jeff Lancaster; spookie nookie, Pearl Beach; minor vice, Fred Nelson; pollard joke, John Dearstyne. Photo: saussie sendoff, A. Ace Burgess; mud bather, Travis T. Amos; t-shirt of the month, paper meshugana, openers, merci, Richard Arrindell.

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MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.



16
MG. TAR
1.0 MG. NIC.



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MG. TAR
1.3 MG. NIC.



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Golden Lights.
The taste high tar smokers
want in a low tar.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Golden Lights: 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Centerfold Sandy Cagle is one very convincing reason why you won't want to miss this month's PLAYBOY. Others include a first look at William F. Buckley's new CIA spy novel, *Who's On First*. An in-depth discussion of the relationship, if any, between pornography and rape. And as election time rolls near, you'll learn about the current state of the political prognostication art from the top Government numbers man, Pat Caddell. Also, just in time for the winter Olympics: a package of features that'll make you an instant expert on the various events and contestants, including America's best hopes. You'll also meet the man behind the resurgence of Ku Klux Klanism. Fly off on a supersonic Concorde weekend. Review the *Year in Sex* and lots more. The February PLAYBOY. At newsstands everywhere.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Special Valentine Issue

SUZANNE SOMERS' NUDE PLAYMATE TEST
TEN GLORIOUS PAGES OF TV'S HOTTEST SEX STAR

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FINDING OUT ABOUT ORGASM

Masters and Johnson were the first researchers to analyze human orgasm in the laboratory, but they would be the first to admit that what brings on a climax in one individual might totally turn off another. Although women historically have had more trouble reaching orgasm than men, men are no less concerned with the quality of their orgasmic response. Our interviews indicate that a caring relationship between partners counts heavily toward a couple's ultimate enjoyment of sex, although, paradoxically, too much familiarity can also breed boredom and loss of sexual desire. Neither men nor women seemed to know what would turn them on under every condition, but one thing all our respondents agreed on was the need for passionate lust.

"I'm not just a throbbing clitoris," a young secretary told us. "I like a little romance with my sex. The power of the clit has been too hyped—I'll get off faster if you tell me that you simply adore my toes."

Our male interviewees agreed. "Women need to realize that men like to have their nipples nibbled, too," said one straightforward fellow, "and I for one like to hear 'God, you're sexy' from the woman I'm trying so hard to please."

(Twenty-three-year-old Libby is a graduate student in anthropol-



ogy. Janice, 22, is her cousin, and Cathy, 24, is her best friend and a fellow graduate student.)

OUI: When you go to bed with a guy, whether it's for the first or the hundredth time, what needs to happen for you to climax?

CATHY: I have to want to come.

OUI: Are you saying that there are times when you don't?

CATHY: Yes. For instance, if there are hard feelings—even slight ones—between me and my lover, I just get stubborn, and nothing he can do turns me on.

LIBBY: I'm the same way. If I'm not into sex for some reason, it

takes a hell of a lot of stimulation to get me excited, and usually a guy just can't provide it.

CATHY: Attitudes are pretty crucial.

OUI: If you have reservations, or an unwilling attitude, do you give up on sex?

CATHY: Sometimes. But sometimes I turn myself around by fantasizing; I pretend that my lover begins to say things to me, such as, "So you don't wanna come, huh? I can *make* you come, sweetheart; I can *make* you love it." Then, if he's doing the right things, I can start say-

ing, "Oh, yeah, that's it, that's it," and I come.

OUI: That brings us back to the original question: What are the right things?

JANICE: He has to pay attention to my breasts, never concentrating only on my clit and ignoring the rest of me. I hate it when a guy does something like go down on me, and then doesn't touch me anywhere else.

LIBBY: There's never one particular "right" thing. Different parts of my body are more sensitive at certain times than others. Sometimes my navel is a real erogenous zone; a guy touches it with his tongue or fingertip, and I feel like I want him to fuck me there. Other times—like Janice says—when he's giving me head, if his fingers just tap my nipples lightly, it's enough to send me off.

CATHY: I like his hands and mouth to be roaming all the time. There has to be a *lot* of foreplay, and most guys don't give me enough.

OUI: Is plenty of foreplay the major requirement for an orgasm? Or is something else needed, such as atmosphere, romantic whispers or a large penis?

JANICE: What's a large penis? I think that's just a male hang-up. I've never had a guy enter me and thought, "Wow, his penis is really *small*."

LIBBY: No, I don't think size matters. Lots of sensual stimulation does, though—gentle caresses, physical comfort—I could never get off if I were

cramped up in the backseat of a Toyota.

CATHY: Or if there were any pressure to hurry up and come, for Christ's sake. I've been with men who tell me—I don't know how; with their hands or something—that I'd better climax soon, because they're bored and they want to get their rocks off. One guy would kiss my breasts for thirty seconds, then finger my pussy for fifteen, then stick his finger in to see if I was wet enough for him. I could almost feel him sighing when he found me dry. I have to feel that the guy loves my body and loves to do things that feel good to me.

OUI: How would a partner convey that to you?

CATHY: Through slow, unhurried movements.

JANICE: When he brings me to the brink of coming and then stops. When he does that, I know he's listening to my body and he's pleasuring me for my sake; it's a turn-on for him.

(Frank, 26, is married and a welder. John, 24, is Frank's friend, a bartender, and is single.)

OUI: Have either of you found that anything in particular—a technique, for example, or a sex gadget—affects your ability to come?

FRANK: Sure. Anybody who's been fucking for a while knows pretty much what works and what doesn't. I know from experience that I'm not gonna get my rocks off if I've been drinking too much, but that I'll come like hell if my wife is squirming all over the bed and making sounds like she's in pain. Sometimes she'll kind of fight me, whimpering and moaning while I pump away, and I really get off on that. All her noise and struggling—they're like cheers that make me go faster and faster, coming closer and closer to the finish line.

JOHN: Noisy women make me horny. Some women don't make a sound while they're fucking, and you just can't tell if they're getting off on it or if they're gritting their teeth. But a chick who makes noise, who grunts and groans—I know where her head's at.

OUI: For good sex, is it important that you, rather than the woman, be the aggressor?

JOHN: Depends on what the

woman's like. If she comes on like a dyke, like she wants to prove that I'm an animal and a shithead, I'd rather go home and jerk off. Generally, if I don't know the chick, if I've just met her, I tend to be turned off if she's aggressive. It makes me think she might be putting out for anybody. If I'm in the mood for that, fine, but usually I like

FRANK: Well, once I tried to make it with this high school kid. It was just a year or so ago; I was married and probably ten years older than this chick. I more or less seduced her. We got in bed, and for a while I did all right, grooving on her little tits and the fact that she was so young and tight and not too hairy. But then my brain started

One of my
favorite plays is to take
a bath while
Mike's doing his own thing,
and then I put
on something sexy, light some
candles in the bedroom,
drink a glass of wine, grab Mike
and make long,
leisurely love to him

to think that women fuck me because they dig me.

FRANK: I think it's a turn-on if the woman starts things and runs the show. Maybe because it doesn't happen that often. Maybe because there's almost always a blow job in it. If a girl came up to me and said, "I like you; let's get it on," I'd practically come in my pants, because I'd think, here's a girl who likes cock.

JOHN: That's because you've never wound up in the sack with a woman's libber. When they say, "Let's get it on," they mean, "Eat me, you dumb cock."

OUI: In order for you to have an orgasm during sex, do you have to be with the right person?

JOHN: If I'm in a bad way, I'll take what I can get, and I usually get off. But for the coming to be really terrific—yeah, it's got to be with somebody I feel good about.

OUI: Even if you like your partner and find her sexually attractive, are there certain cases when you just can't come?

FRANK: Like I said, if I've had too many brews—no way. And if I feel guilty over something.

OUI: For instance?

guilt tripping on me. All I wanted was to fuck her, and that bugged me because she was a decent kid. Then I thought about Darlene and how I'd hate for her to find out. So, as sweet as that young thing was, I felt myself going soft and I had to call it quits.

JOHN: I guess I've never felt guilty enough, because I've never had that happen. Except when the woman is really gross to me, I can always come, one way or another. If I'm not too into it, I might have to ask the girl to go down on me, or try a different position.

OUI: Do some positions work better than others?

JOHN: If I'm not super horny to begin with, yeah. The other night, a semi-girlfriend and I were playing around, just for something to do. I was a little bored, so I told her to roll over on her stomach and stick her ass in the air. Then I just sat there and looked and got hornier and hornier, until I wound up giving it to her in the ass. I like to do that. A woman's ass is sexy to begin with, and there's enough of a taboo against fucking it—for me it's pretty kinky, and I love it.

(Mike, 25, is a law student. Linda, 23, does voice-overs for TV commercials. They have been living together for seven months.)

OUI: Is it easier or harder to come when you've had the same partner for a long period of time?

LINDA: I'd say that in certain aspects it's easier, but it's also harder. When you're intimate with somebody for a long time, you form habits—sex can get boring, predictable. The excitement wears off, and if you're not careful, you can find yourself thinking, "I've been here before." Nothing kills desire like monotony.

OUI: What do you do when the monotony sets in?

LINDA: Try something different, usually. Bring on the clowns.

MIKE: She's serious. When she gets tired of the same old thing, it's almost impossible to turn her on. So we have to get inventive. Most of the time, she's the one who comes up with the ideas, which is the way it should be—she's the one who has a problem getting off. She knows better than I do what might make her come.

OUI: What kinds of things do you try?

LINDA: Well, I've always had this curiosity about anal sex; so one night, when I wasn't very aroused, I asked Mike to do it. Just because it was out of the ordinary, I got excited enough to come. You know, variety is the spice of life and all that.

MIKE: I think that's the hardest thing for me to understand about women, and about Linda in particular—this need for a mystical thing called variety. I could go down on her a hundred times and get her off each time, and all of a sudden, the hundred and first time, she'll push me away and say it isn't working. I'm not like that. If the way she gives me a blow job gets me off, it'll always get me off.

LINDA: It goes back to the predictability thing. If I know what's going to happen next, if sex has become routine, then I can't get turned on.

OUI: Are there certain things that always turn you on?

LINDA: Making love with some clothes on. There's something really exciting about wondering when his hands are going to slip inside my blouse. It's a little like

high school dates: Does he dare touch my breasts? There are times when Mike treats me as if he's not sure how far I'll let him go . . . and I love it.

MIKE: Or when there's someone else in the house, if we have company sleeping in the next room. She's always horny if there's someone else around who might hear. We're both noisy when we come, and it's fun to try to stifle it.

LINDA: Naughtiness turns me on. Whether it's in the situation—like maybe ass-fucking—or in the way Mike talks to me, saying things about my cunt, for instance. I like being a “bad girl.”

MIKE: And when she's like that, she gets aggressive, and that always turns me on. I like her when she's a little whorish. I feel like my cock is all she wants—

it's a power trip. Even though Linda's dictating what we do, my mind tells my cock that he's kingpin.

OUI: Have you ever brought in a third partner?

MIKE: In my mind, I do a lot. Sometimes when we're fucking, I'll be fantasizing that it's one of her friends, and that Linda's just watching. When I think of her watching me fuck another woman, I come almost immediately.

LINDA: To answer your question: No, we've never had a threesome. We've been monogamous ever since we got together. But if you want to hear about fantasies, I have one that never fails to cause an orgasm. Usually, Mike diddles my clit for a long time before he enters me, and if I'm having trouble getting aroused, I just pretend that it's

my best friend's fingers doing a number on me. I have this conversation with her in my mind. She's telling me how beautiful my cunt is and how she wants this ultimate union with me, and I'm telling her how much I love her fingers, or her mouth—whichever Mike is using at the time. It takes maybe two minutes, and I just come and come.

OUI: Would you say that fantasy is a pretty important part of your sexual relationship?

LINDA: Of course. I can't climax until I reach a certain peak of arousal and, to be honest, Mike just can't get me there all the time. He's not a mind reader, and most of the time I don't feel like being a traffic director; so the most effective way of reaching that peak is to fantasize.

MIKE: I'd say that fantasy is more important to Linda than to

me. Usually, sensations are enough to get me off. I lie there with a blank mind and concentrate on the pull of her cunt on my cock or the warmth of her mouth. But say I had a few drinks beforehand: In that case, yes, pretending that I'm fucking her friend or a little Lolita helps me to come.

LINDA: Atmosphere is important, too. When I've been with someone for a while, setting up the right situation is a must. One of my favorites is to take a bath while Mike's doing his own thing, and then put on something sexy, light some candles in the bedroom, drink a glass of wine, grab Mike and make long, leisurely love to him.

MIKE: When she goes to the trouble of staging sex, of seducing me, I practically come in my pants. ■

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be tabulated and the results discussed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We'd just like to know how you really feel about having orgasms.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. I have a climax . . .
 - a. at least once every time I make love.
 - b. most of the time, unless I'm drunk.
 - c. several times a night.
 - d. only after I'm really aroused; I don't get off that easily.
7. If I'm tired or distracted during sex, I need . . .
 - a. nothing; I'm never too tired for sex.
 - b. to summon up a lot of fantasies.
 - c. some kind of drug, like _____.
 - d. specific stimulation, such as _____.
 - e. Other: _____.
8. I tell my lover how to please me . . .
 - a. only if we're having problems in bed.
 - b. only if we're really intimate.
 - c. whenever it occurs to me to try something new.
 - d. never.

9. My favorite way to get off is by . . .
 - a. my own hand.
 - b. fellatio.
 - c. regular intercourse.
 - d. making it with two girls at once.
10. If there's one thing that will prevent me from coming, it's . . .
 - a. criticism from my partner.
 - b. being too high.
 - c. being too aware of *her* orgasm problems.
 - d. pain of any sort.

FOR WOMEN:

11. I climax during intercourse . . .
 - a. always.
 - b. most of the time.
 - c. occasionally.
 - d. never.
12. My best orgasms always involve . . .
 - a. being in love with my partner.
 - b. cunnilingus.
 - c. long, sensuous foreplay.
 - d. much fantasizing on my part.
13. I tell my lover how to make me come . . .
 - a. only if he asks.
 - b. whenever I need to.
 - c. only if I know him well.
 - d. never—I'd rather fake it.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The best orgasm I ever had was the time when . . . (use separate page to explain):

Letters

The most interesting result of our October questionnaire on "Sex and Cheating" was that so many of our readers were afraid to answer the questions. Which means that either you are all involved in extremely faithful relationships or you're nervous about seeing those particular exploits in print. Whatever. Of our brave readers who did respond to the questionnaire, almost 60 percent felt that fooling around on one's mate is immoral, but more than 80 percent agreed that it's inevitable, sooner or later. It's a salient fact that these figures were about the same for both men and women. Some of our readers solved the cheating problem by inviting their mates to join in when caught in flagrante delicto. On the other hand...

My most memorable experience with cheating occurred when I was still married to my ex-wife. It wasn't her cheating per se that bothered me; it was the fact that I caught her in bed with her own father and brother. Her father was fucking her doggy-style while she was giving her brother a blow job. I was so amazed and angry that I took some pictures, although at the time I wasn't sure why. They didn't even realize I had seen them going at it, but I was so upset about the incident that I finally had to ask my wife about it. She denied it and said that I was crazy. I showed her the photographs to prove it and, man,

did the shit ever hit the fan! When her father and brother saw the pictures, they took them away and burned them, but they didn't know I'd made copies. To

each other.

It all started the first night I was to stay in Sabrina's room. I wandered around town that evening. I saw a delicious disco

**As anyone knows,
you can't help tossing and
turning to get into
a comfortable position on a
single bed. Well, our
tossing and turning ended up
in passionate embraces.**

this day, whenever I think about getting married again, I just take a look at those pictures and that sets me straight.

R.J.B.

Stephenville, Texas

I had an interesting experience cheating on my girlfriend during a recent school trip to London. It seemed that everyone in our group was making it with someone. Since my room was in a remote part of the building, away from everyone else, I asked a friend of mine, Sabrina, if I could stay with her in her room. She agreed, since we knew each other well and both her boyfriend and my girlfriend had asked us to keep an eye on each other while we were away. As it turned out, they shouldn't have been concerned about other people; we wound up playing hanky-panky with

dish shed her clothes on the dance floor. I also saw a good skin flick and I was propositioned by several prostitutes. All in all, it was a very horny evening.

Late that night (or very early that morning, I should say), I headed back to the school. Much to my surprise, I found Sabrina waiting up for me. We chatted a bit, and I told her about the prostitutes and the movie, and that led to talking about sex. I didn't want to get into trouble with her boyfriend; besides, Sabrina had also admitted to me that she was a virgin, so I decided not to make a move on her. We got into her narrow bed, but as anyone knows, you can't help tossing and turning to get into a comfortable position on a single bed. Well, our tossing and turning ended up in passionate embraces and kisses. Sa-

brina asked me if I wanted to make love. That shocked me, but I'm not one to let opportunities pass. After we kissed for a while, I moved down and licked her breasts. Then I began to massage her crotch, making sure she was very wet before pushing my finger into her vagina (she was, after all, a virgin). I was about to go down on her (one of my favorite pastimes) to ensure plenty of lubrication, but she stopped me. After more mutual kissing and fondling, I figured we were ready to begin. I entered her slowly, since she wasn't quite able to take all of it at once. She seemed to be in some pain, so I pumped gently and eventually brought her to several climaxes.

After I came, I showered and realized it was time for breakfast. I was beat, but Sabrina felt worse. She was sore for two or three days after that encounter. When I got back home, I told my girlfriend what had happened. She was mad at me, but what could she do?

RICHARD F.

Gunnison, Colorado

I'm a 24-year-old married lady and, even though my husband and I have somewhat of an open relationship, I've never really cheated on him. The closest I've come to cheating was not with another man, but with a woman.

See, this girl came to our house one day, and while I was showing her around upstairs we started messing around. She had never been with another

(Continued on page 119)



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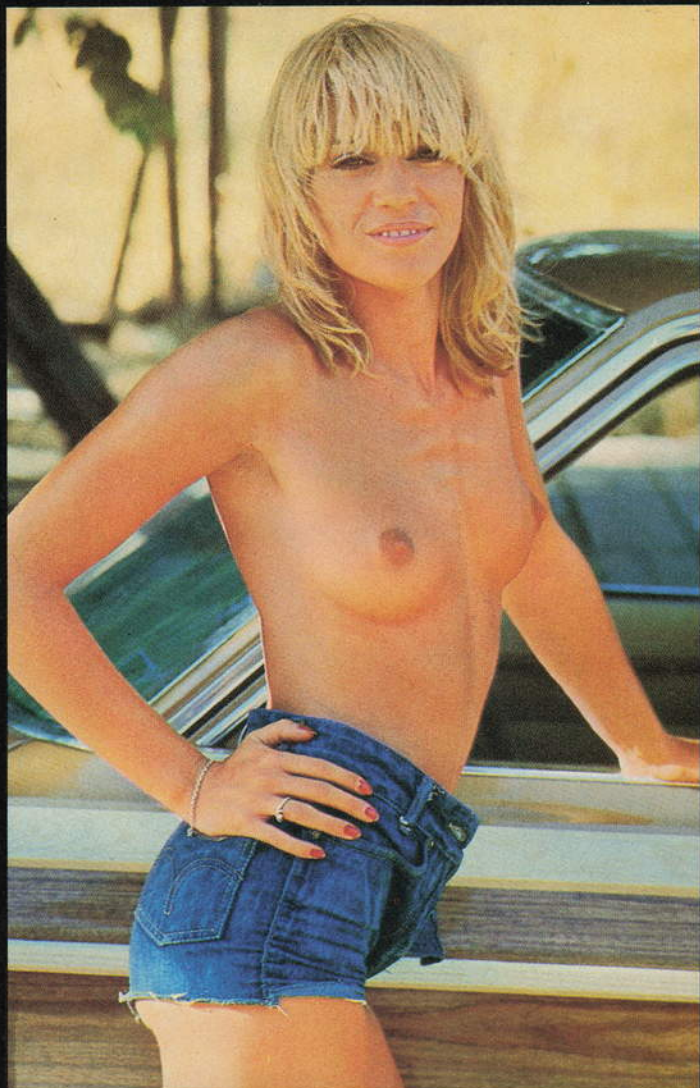
CALIFORNIA GIRL

Photography by John Kelly

CLEO BERGSSEN: HOLLYWOOD DANISH

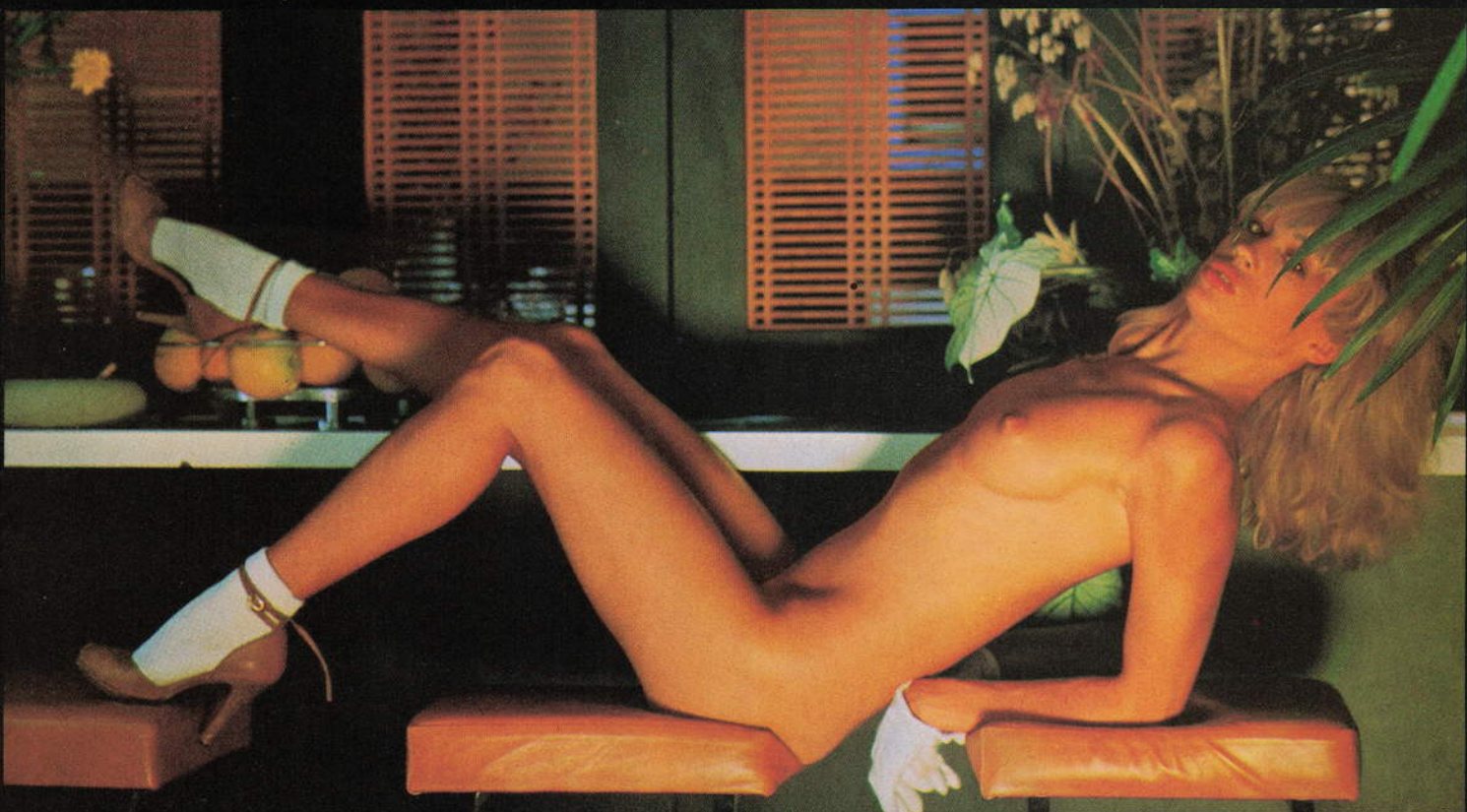
Cleo's not your ordinary California girl. Sure, she's blonde, but a surfer she's not. You won't find this girl in jogging shoes, signing up for est or standing in line for *Let's Make a Deal*. Actually, Cleo was born in Copenhagen 25 years ago. Her parents moved to Hollywood when she was 12: "They sent me to a private school in Switzerland for two years, but after much pleading they let me come to California. I hated the snow and the mountains and the puritanical Swiss people. In my heart I've been a California girl all along; I knew it the moment I saw the palm trees at the airport." Switching to an American public high school must have been difficult, we say. "Not really.





Learning English was difficult, especially American slang, but everyone was uncommonly helpful. By the time I was sixteen I had a skateboard, a VW and some crotchless panties from Frederick's." Do you want to be an actress? "Yes and no. I like the money

and the glamour and the excitement, but I hate taking lessons and making rounds and putting up with casting agents." Have any trouble with the casting couch? "Only from *women*. I swear, sometimes I think that every female in Los Angeles is a lesbian." You







get hit on that much? "I get hit on that much. Men wink and flirt, but something about me intimidates them; I've heard people talking behind my back." What do they say? "Oh, things like, 'She's probably a ball-breaker.' 'Watch out for her—she'll eat you alive.' Really dumb stuff, sometimes. Maybe it's my height." Which is? "Five-foot-eight." 36-24-36? "Give or take half an inch. I've only been measured once in my life and that was for a diet-cola commercial. I've always thought it funny how Americans are so obsessed

**"I've never
had a job for
longer than
six months"**



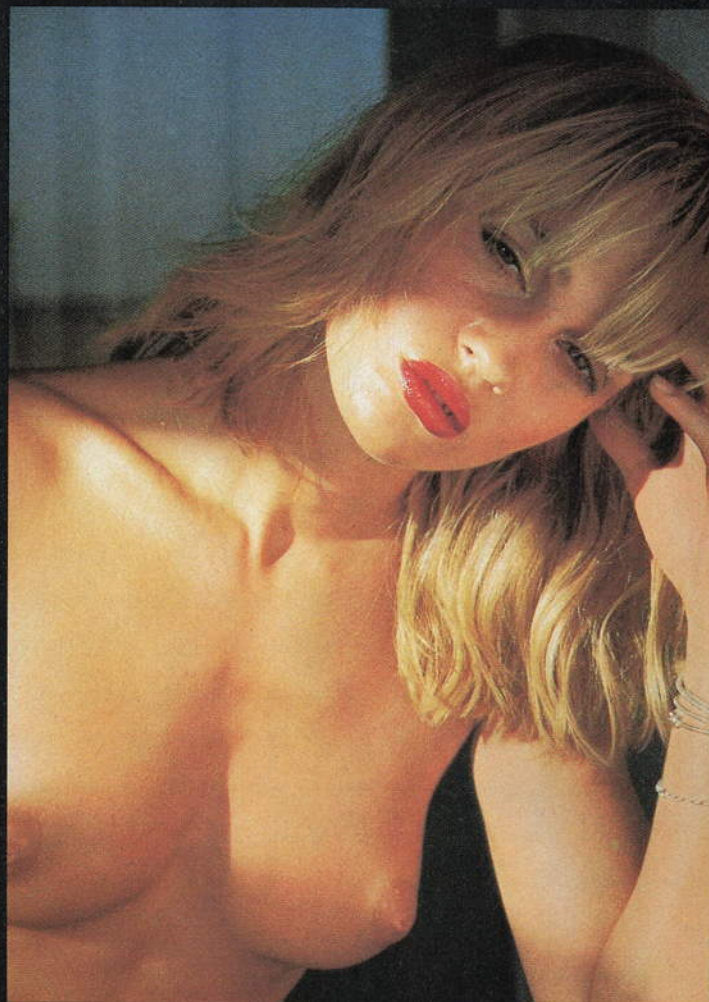




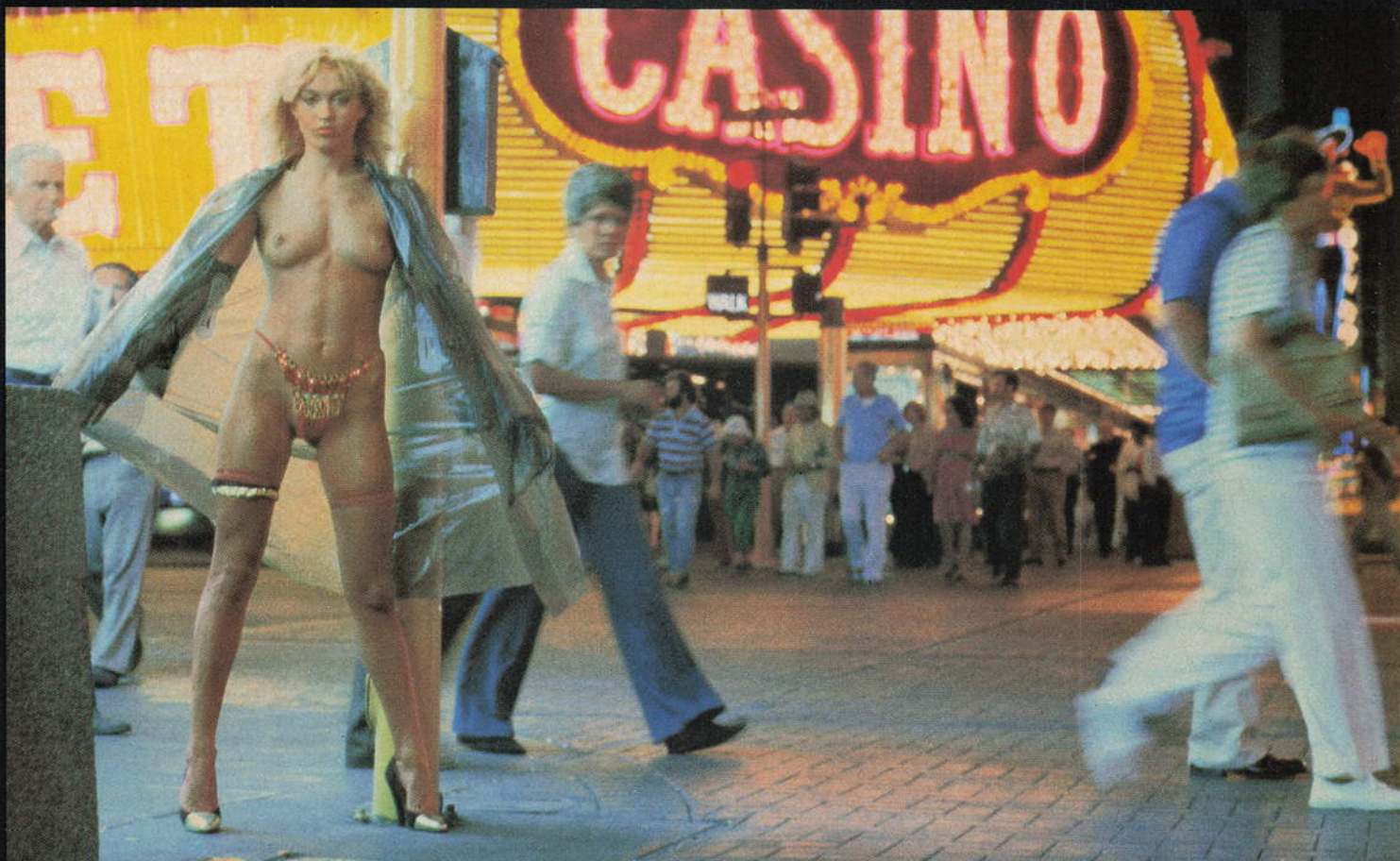
with measurements, as if girls go around with tape measures in their purses." OK, so what do you want to do when you grow up? "The same thing I'm doing now: nothing—and everything. I don't like any job that lasts longer than six months. Come to think of it, I've never had a man longer than six months, either. Let's see, I've been a waitress, a frozen-yogurt distributor, a magician's assistant, a blackjack

"The most beautiful men in the world are lumberjacks"

**"Next to
Hollywood,
Vegas is
my kind of
town"**



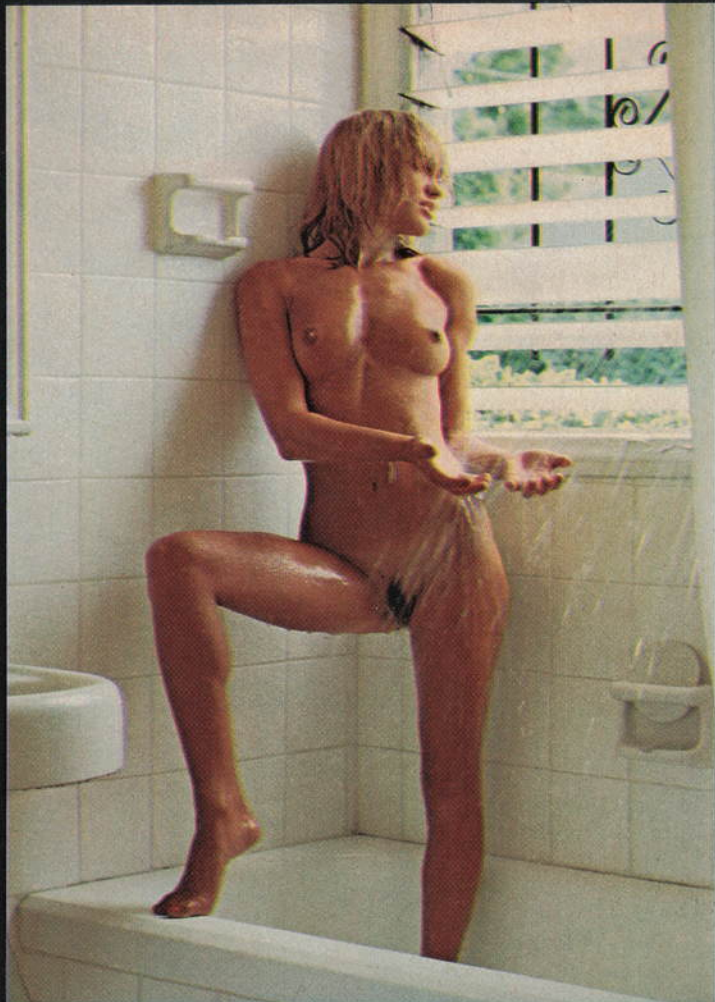
dealer—that was in Las Vegas. I love Las Vegas; next to Hollywood, it's my kind of town. And in Vegas there's a man for every mood, willing to indulge in any fantasy." So what is your type of guy? "Physically, I like them big. Bearlike. And bearded." Ah, yes, the three B's. "Five, actually. I also like them bad and beautiful. The most beautiful men in the world are lumberjacks—isn't that a wonderful word? Sounds so romantic. I also like sailors, the kind who own their own boats. Forest rangers. Motorcycle





cops. Big-game hunters." We get the idea. You meet many big-game hunters in Hollywood? "You'd be surprised. I've met big-game hunters in *Pasadena*." You mentioned fantasies. Do you have any unusual sex fantasies? "I'm not the kind of girl to

have *ordinary* sex fantasies. You want to know about the one-eyed dwarf or the used-car salesman who tied me to the bed with limp spaghetti? Neither? Well, the truth is that all my fantasies are essentially costume dramas. I imagine I'm



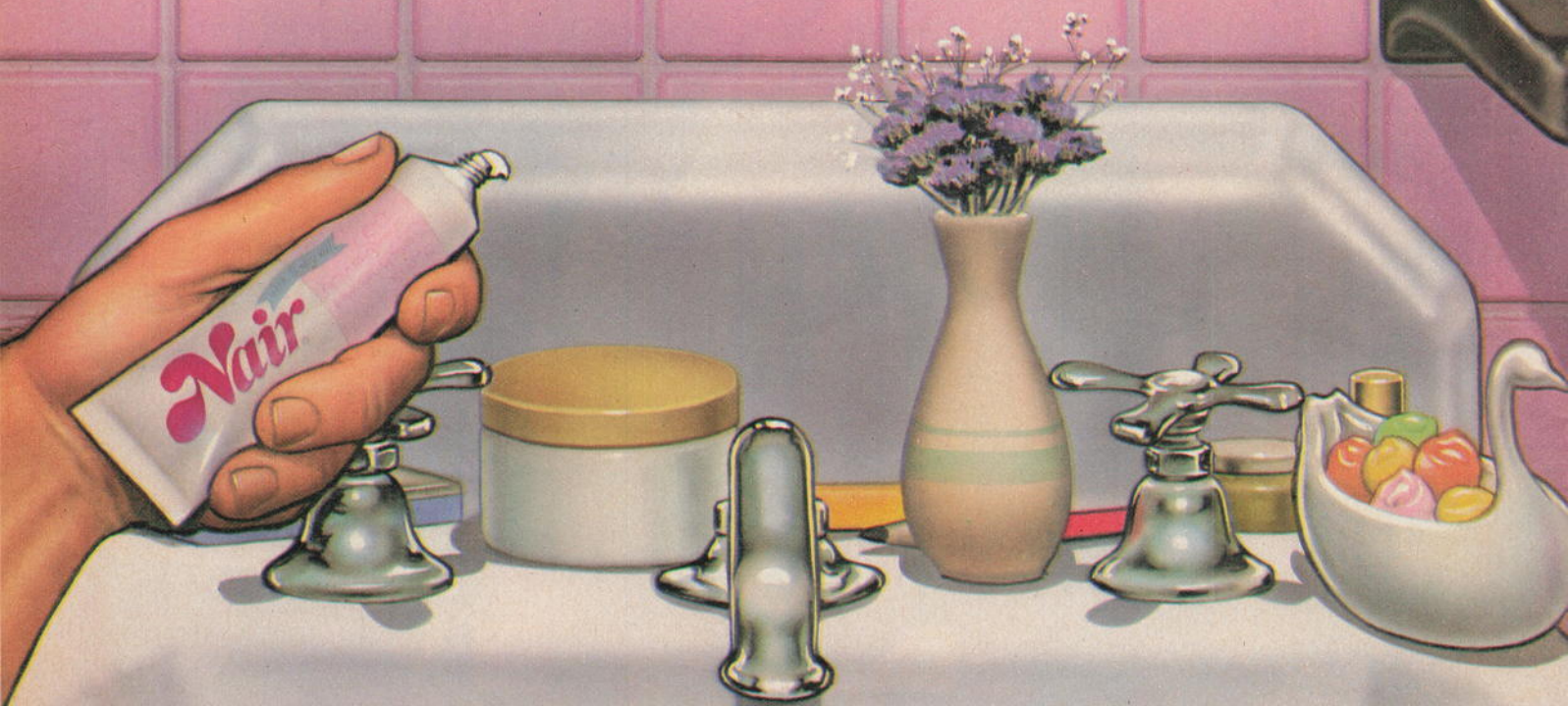
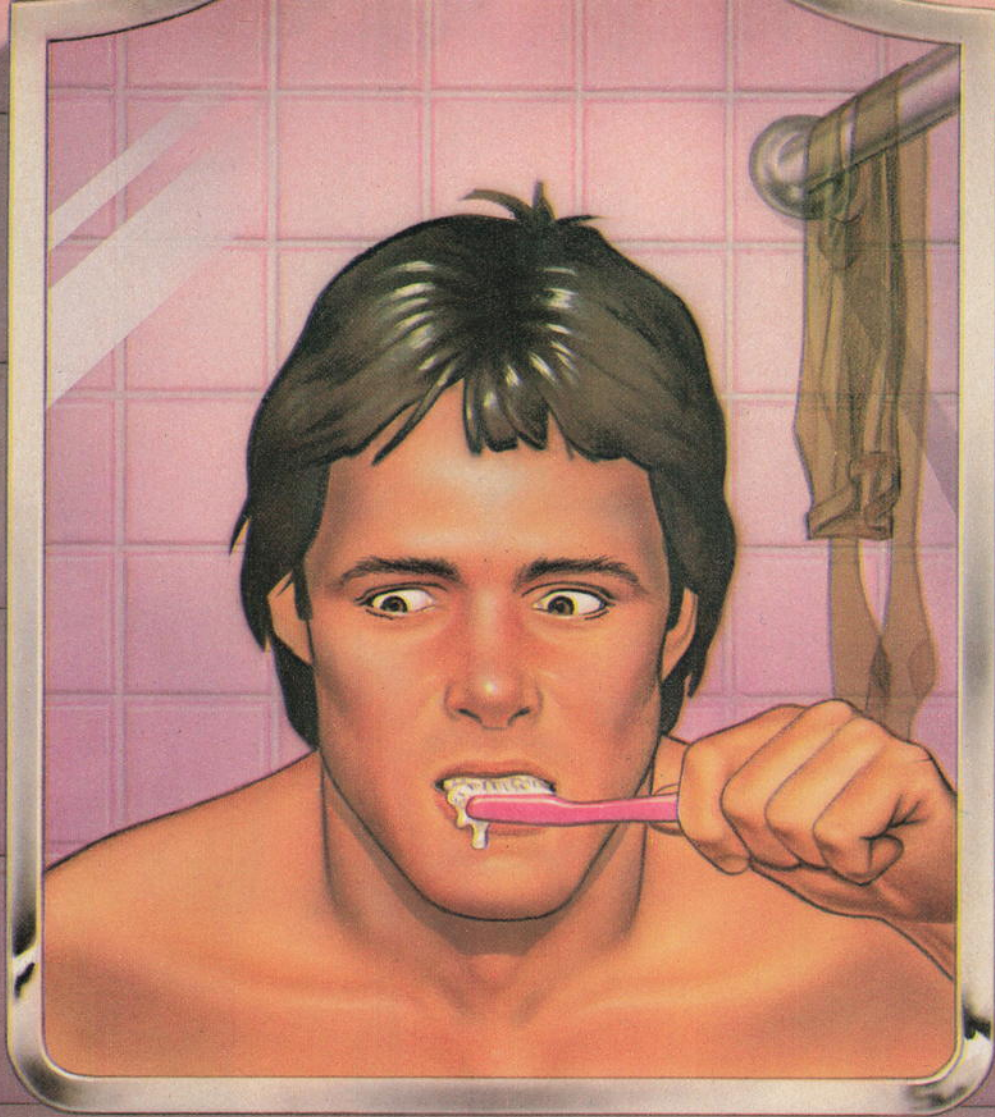


**"I like
dressing up
in sexy,
crazy outfits"**

a Viking captive, or a serving wench in merrie olde England. I'm also fond of futuristic fantasies, such as screwing around with Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century." Do your fantasies ever come true? "That last one's a little difficult to pull off but, yes, I do enjoy dressing up in crazy outfits to seduce my boyfriend. Sometimes I'll wear a bow tie, high heels and carry an umbrella—nothing else. Other times I'll only wear gloves. It depends." On what? "On what the guy is wearing, of course."







WAKING UP AT HER PLACE

You lie tangled in the sheets, only half awake, reveling in the memory of last night. Ah, yes, that disco queen who returned your smile and taught you some new steps, *after* you left the dance floor. You roll over to kiss her perfumed neck and end up hugging a pillow. She's gone!

Blurred eyes open to a note pinned on the pillow: *You were wonderful—please change the sheets before you leave.* Huh? You're suddenly wide awake, muttering, "Change the sheets? Who does she think she is? Coming to my place and . . ." Then you notice the fuchsia carpeting and flowered window shades. Oh. Right. She invited you to *her* place.

While you change the sheets (if indeed you do), you ponder the changing times, liberation, lifestyles, manners, power trips. Things are getting better. More and more often *she* asks *you* to go to bed. But it's no fun mistaking hair remover for toothpaste the next morning.

Let's consider etiquette. You are now the guest. Maybe she has 16 cats that shit on the bed. What do you say? She may not have any bourbon; there may be no toilet paper in the john. How do you let her know? *Should* you let her know? Let's assume you want to preserve the possibility of a second invitation. Cats aside, she did shake a mean booty. So, how should you behave the first few times you wake up in her bed?

Most important is maintaining self-respect. You don't want to feel as if you've been used, like the nonexistent toilet paper. If she's obnoxious in the morning—suppose she asks you to shampoo the rugs and wipe off everything you touched—tell her to stick her finger in her ear and blow.

On the other hand, a general and important piece of advice is not to make yourself at home too soon. Stay out of the fridge. Don't piss in the sink, and try not to leave the seat up after using her toilet. Every woman I talked to while, um, researching mentioned how annoying it was to find her toilet bowl uncovered. So be advised. As to

Brushing Up on Morning-After Etiquette

Article by Eric Goodman

whether you should piss against the side of the bowl or in the middle, be brave, be liberated: Go for the deep water and a loud splash.

Here's another one that requires discretion. Sometimes it's correct to scatter your clothes around her apartment, a trail of passion from front door to bed. Other nights, pile everything on a chair. Take your cue from what she does.

Then there's her roommate to consider. If it's a guy, you've lucked out. Male roomies usually understand where you're coming from and, more important, where you're heading. If the roommate is a woman, her objections to you might stem from (a) jealousy or (b) twilight-zone permutations. The first is obvious. After all, your date has a new friend; she does not. This type you confront with sincere flattery. Meet her negative comments head-on with questions about her work, classes or interests. Ignore the bitchiness and kill her with kindness.

Remember, you are there because the lady you're with wants you there. If you get into an argument with her roommate, it could spell *e-x-i-t*. If all else fails, you can slip in a fib that she, the darling roommate, has offered to meet you later at your apartment. The roomie could either quiet down or perk up considerably. In which case you are in for more of a good time than you anticipated.

Handling the twilight zone is more diffi-

cult. Sometimes you'll walk into a girl's apartment, and that theme music immediately starts up in your head. The looks between your date and her roommate could fill volumes. Do not, I repeat, do not ask them what's going on. Maybe the abortion didn't take. The drug deal didn't go down. One of them left the toothpaste cap off the tube. Whatever. Your best bet is to be vaguely polite and get off to your girl's bedroom ASAP. The worst thing you can ever do with quarreling roommates is to attempt to patch things up. They've patched up before without you, and they probably will again.

OK, let's assume that this time everything has gone well. A perfect night, a perfect lady. During the last simultaneous orgasm, you jointly conducted the *1812 Overture*—every bell in the city rang. But now it's morning. You're rested and she's still asleep. You have a 7:00 A.M. tennis match, the weekly game with the boys. You slip out of bed, dress, leave a two-line note and drive off.

Wrong. Two-liners are tacky. Call your pals the night before to cancel or, if you're sure you'll feel like tennis in the morning, let Madonna know before you fall asleep. She most likely has her own plans. Even if she doesn't, she'll appreciate your honesty and concern. If you have to leave and haven't told her, rouse her with warm kisses. That way, she won't think you're a cretin, and she just might see you again.

Another morning, you awaken first but don't have anywhere to go. You find a man's bathrobe in her closet, brush your teeth with her toothbrush and rustle up an old-fashioned breakfast of pancakes, eggs, bacon and home fries. Yeah, and don't be surprised if you literally end up with egg on your face.

Don't go through her closets. Stay naked or, if it's cold, put your pants on. If you find a large supply of men's clothing, even by chance, you are both likely to be embarrassed. Now, about the toothbrush. It's not likely you'll be carrying your own, so you

(Continued on page 124)

The Libertarians want to dismantle the FBI, the CIA, the armed forces, Social Security and every vice squad in the country. Hmmm . . .

Party Time

Article by Mark Christensen



WELL,
here she is.

Theodora Nathan. Tonie to her friends. The first woman in American history to receive a vote from the U. S. Electoral College. A fiery, handsome little bat, she hits the scales at about 100 pounds. She has some pretty fascinating notions. For example, if she had her say-so, she wouldn't mind putting an end to Western civilization as we know it. In fact, she'd just as soon shitcan most current governments. In 1972 she ran for the vice-presidency of the United States and, though Spiro Agnew skinned her by about 65 million votes, her star remains ascendent. For Tonie Nathan, first-rate journalist and one-time PR flack, is a maximum leader in the fastest-growing political organization in America—the Libertarian party.

Founded in 1971 by a bunch of Young Americans for Freedom (remember them: those chrome-cheeked, blazer-bedecked idolators of Richard Nixon?), the Libertarian party now ranks number three behind the Republicans and Democrats.

Their platform is interesting. Stated simply, government sucks. At least that's exactly the way Libertarian lawyer John Matonis put it at their 1977 national convention in San Francisco. They've got a few other dicey ideas. Such

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

as: Taxation is theft. The military draft is legalized slavery. Capital punishment is murder. Warfare is mass murder. Nuclear power is a fraud created by Federal bureaucrats, and public-utilities commissioners are corporate thugs. All laws against abortion-on-demand, prostitution and drug abuse are absurd.

And it doesn't stop there. Libertarians accuse the entire government of being in league with monster corporations whose profits are maximized by the continued plumping of a surly and aggressive U. S. military—a military not averse to using the populace as cannon fodder in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, when the corporate state wants to put a little goose on the old cash flow.

If that sounds like vintage leftist two-step, be advised: Most Libertarians profess to hate leftists, socialists, New Deal Democrats and godless communists with a passion that could make even Joe McCarthy smile in his grave. They believe in an unrestrained free-market economy. They're against national health care, sales taxes, welfare, the whole alphabet soup of government regulatory regencies—the CAB, ICC, FTC, FCC, etc.—public schools, foreign aid, the postal service, social security, rent control, even drivers' licenses. Libertarians likewise rail against a Federal government that is a thousand times larger than it was at the turn of the century—a national bureaucracy drunk with its own collective power and addicted to the willy-nilly printing of paper money that will one day promote an inflation so bad as to force the price of bread to "one trillion dollars a loaf."

Confused, comrades?

Don't be. Tonie Nathan can explain it in a word.

"What," I asked, "are you *for*, Tonie? I mean, what exactly do you *like*?"

"Freedom!"

We're standing in Libertarian party headquarters in Eugene, Oregon. National headquarters are in Washington, D.C., but around here



Libertarian party's L.A. convention; the usual smoke-filled room

Libertarians are as thick as flies. The "Jogging Capital of the Western World," Eugene is a slumless, tree-shaded college town with a reputation for tolerance and track stars. Nazis, cultists, Ken Kesey—all have resided in or around the community in relative harmony for years. Tonie's office is in a basement near the university. She's an articulate person who speaks in clear sentences and paragraphs. "We want freedom," she repeats, "total freedom from government coercion and meddling of any kind. We don't want the government sending us to war, telling us we can't wear guns, forcing our kids to go to school, passing laws that discriminate against gays, telling us we can't shoot heroin and even whom, where or what we can sleep with. In short, the Libertarian party wants the government to stay out of people's lives."

Ah, so. If Tonie is a little unusual—yea, *radical*—in her delivery, it's not because she hasn't been schooled by some of the sharpest political and economic minds in the

country. These Libertarians aren't just a bevy of tennis-shoe-wearing ex-mafiosi who lean on the stalks of street lamps jabbering about anarchy, apocalypse and Jesus. These people are pros. Slick. They take their cues from a leadership that includes a National Book Award winner and at least one Nobel laureate. And they're growing in numbers like the proverbial wildfire. In 1972, the Libertarian party grabbed a piddling 5000 votes in national elections. In 1976, nearly a quarter million. Then, just two years later, Libertarian gubernatorial candidate Ed Clark snared a very credible 373,000 votes against Jerry Brown in California. Riding the coattails of the tax revolt, Libertarian candidates scored heavy gains nationwide and won offices in both Alaska and Texas. Political commentators as renowned and diverse as George F. Will and Nicholas von Hoffman stumble over each other singing their praises.

Von Hoffman, in the *Washington Post*: "... for the

overtaxed, overregulated, overburdened and underpowered millions of the American middle class, they're the only people worth voting for."

William Murchison, in the *Dallas Morning News*: "I am deeply thankful the Libertarians are trying to give us a libertarian president. As a party, they are presently talking more sense than nearly any of their rivals."

From an editorial in the *Sacramento Union*: "The Libertarian Party continues to





PARTY MOODS

*Above: the young blood.
Middle: third-party
booster Eugene
McCarthy and Libertar-
ian Tonie Nathan.
Below: political artist
takes liberties.*



attract persons . . . who see no future in the preset trend of bigger government controlling bigger portions of individual lives."

Senators Eugene McCarthy and William Proxmire have embraced libertarian philosophies in wholesale lots (McCarthy even spoke at the party's recent Los Angeles convention), and even the redoubtable and dynamically scramble-headed Tim Leary has gotten into the act, serving as a keynote speaker at a Libertarian convention in California a few years ago.

During the 1976 Presidential election, the Libertarian party offered only 250 candidates nationwide, but they ran a steely campaign. Not since the Bull Moose party fielded American history's favorite Presidential sociopath, Teddy Roosevelt, has a third party done so well. The national leadership distributed over two million pieces of campaign literature, then followed this up with purchases of five-minute television spots in prime time—each designed to reach 15 to 20 million viewers at a crack. Libertarian party ads were placed in both *Time* and *Newsweek*. Denied matching Federal funds by the government—that remains a monopoly of the Republicans and Democrats—the party nevertheless inhaled hefty sums through a sophisticated direct-mail pitch. And this was all designed, quite simply, as a dry run for the upcoming 1980 election, when Libertarian strategists intend to really start showing their muscle.

But to return to Ms. Nathan. Currently president of the national Association of Libertarian Feminists, her views on the proper relationships between man and woman are scarcely doctrinaire. Take the subject of hookers and pimps. Writing in the *Los Angeles Times*, Tonie suggested not only that prostitution should be legalized, but "if the prostitute withholds money from a pimp, contrary to voluntary agreements [made] between them, then the pimp should be able to take legal action, just as defrauded

customers who do not receive what they have paid for, or are mistreated or robbed, should be protected by law like any other consumers."

Now, that's a mouthful, ain't it?

THE Libertarian

party is against all sexual restraints. As far as the party is concerned, all laws against prostitution, gambling, homosexual relationships, porno movies, drugs and so on are both a crock and an illegal abridgment of personal freedom. In San Francisco last year, the party circulated a petition to "abolish the city's vice squad." In apparent retaliation, Mayor Dianne Feinstein declared that "there is no such thing as victimless crime," and immediately the screening studios of the porn king Mitchell brothers were raided. After being tossed into a paddy wagon and thrown in jail, brother Jim went on radio and television the next morning and declared that while he'd had nothing to do with the Libertarian party in the past, he sure as hell "was one hundred percent behind them now."

On the home front, Libertarians have declared even marriage to be a muzzle of legal rights. And a ripoff to boot. According to Libertarian and attorney Linda Abrams, most marriage licenses are coercive because:

1. They dictate a lifelong commitment to a single partner.
2. They make the husband liable for his wife's support.
3. They allow only one marriage partner.
4. They allow only heterosexual partners.

Ms. Nathan is a little iffy on that score, however. "I think if you agree to marry someone and the terms of your contract are clear, it's your duty to protest the terms beforehand. It's sort of your tough luck if you don't. It's the

same point I was trying to make about pimps' rights. If a prostitute makes an agreement with her pimp, she should be legally bound to keep it. It's a matter of agreements and rights. We also believe it's a child's right to divorce his parents, if the child feels he or she isn't getting a square deal from them. Of course, he may have a difficult time feeding himself afterwards, but . . ."

Ms. Nathan stands maybe a little over five feet tall in her platform heels. Her long black hair is straight and thickly laced with gray. Though now probably in her mid-40s, she's trim, her face is classically geometric and she's a looker. Her office, the Oregon Libertarian party office actually, is pocked with signs. CAPITALISM LIBERATES WOMEN! THE BILL OF RIGHTS VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW. The place is awash with circulars, Libertarian pamphlets and newspapers. These people are print crazy. They actively support or publish outright everything from the prestigious *Inquiry* magazine—which sports the regular by-lines of heavies ranging from Anthony Burgess to Nat Hentoff to Tad Szulc—to a plethora of Sixties-style underground newspapers

A not-so-strange bedfellow



Candidate Ed Clark gives his acceptance speech

aimed at the revolutionary-minded college audience.

The latter material is usually energetic. Sample copy:

"The public-employee unions are the organized cadre of the ruling class bureaucrats, the elite storm troopers of the statist blitzkrieg." Sort of Mao-speak in reverse. These campus periodicals are the mainstay of growing Libertarian grass-roots support. The

Libertarian party has organizations functioning now in over 250 colleges and universities nationwide.

Libertarians are there to tap the idealism and energy of an entire postwar baby-boom generation who—starry-eyed in memory of their street-fightin' older brothers or sisters at Kent State and elsewhere—are hungry for a war, a social injustice, *anything* to rally either for or against.

Citing Thomas Jefferson and John Stuart Mill as the movement's precursors, campus Libertarians strike at simple themes. Total permanent abolition of the military draft, decriminalization of all drugs, and promotion of gay and minority rights.

Certain rights, anyway. "The Libertarian party wants nothing to do with welfare or any government doles," says Tonie. "We are against public schools"—usually described in Libertarian literature as "prisons"—"and we believe the government has no business playing with our lives." For starters, Tonie Nathan would dismantle the Environmental Protection Agency. "Libertarians are not against environmental protection—to the contrary," she states. "But it can be handled much more easily through the courts. If you own

riverfront property and a company upstream pollutes the water, then you should be able to sue to recover damages. It should be that simple. A company that has to pay for the damage it does is going to be a heck of a lot more careful with the environment than one that simply has to haggle with government bureaucrats." As for the question of schools: "Parents have to pay for them anyway; so why not pay directly for an efficient school system that may be in competition with the school system down the road? Your child will be much the better for it."

But what about the people who can't afford to pay? "In a totally free-market environment, people will not want for jobs. Most people in this country are capable of working for a living. Those few that are incapacitated can be taken care of by their families and existing charities. In competition for quality labor, free-enterprise corporations will provide benefits for the infirm as incentives to their working relatives. What we're talking about here is healthy environment based on freedom and incentive. The government uses welfare 'assistance' programs like a drug to sap the initiative of the minorities and lower classes. Government is a cancer that feeds on the individual, robbing him of his rights and the fruits of his labor."

If this sounds vaguely familiar, the reader should know that Tonie is holding a copy of Ayn Rand's *Capitalism and the Unknown Ideal* in her lap. Ms. Rand's sour tracts have influenced the Libertarian movement tremendously.

And, not surprisingly, the Libertarian party is perceived popularly as a stalking horse and a fresh face for a dying American conservative movement. Tonie Nathan and her friends have been identified as canny radical rightists—Goldwater Republicans who have seized some relatively trivial and popular trappings of the left in order to tap a huge public vein. This is spooky, for nothing could be further from the truth. Or, as Ernest van den Haag wrote in the *National Review*: "The character of the libertarian movement is now such that all true lovers of liberty must oppose it. It has already achieved—on the intellectual level—a seemingly impossible synthesis: anarcho-totalitarianism."

Jimmy Carter?

"A fascist."

Ronald Reagan?

"A fascist."

George McGovern?

"An idiot."

That's Edward H. Crane III talking. Edward H. Crane III served for three and a half years as the national chairman of the Libertarian party. Edward H. Crane III ran Tonie's 1976 Presidential campaign. Edward H. Crane III is president of the Cato Institute, a Libertarian-supported public-policy research institution. He's also pub-

PARTY TIME

Original capitalist Ayn Rand's sour tracts have influenced the Libertarian movement tremendously.

lisher of *Inquiry* magazine. A former L.A. investment manager, young Ed has had his fingers in a lot of pies and is... well, let's put it this way: You can smell the money from a mile away.

Ed is front man for one Charles Koch. Koch is the real money behind the Libertarian movement in this country. The reclusive Mr. Koch runs an oil-and-gas conglomerate whose total yearly sales approach \$3.5 billion. His personal assets have been assessed at well over \$500 million. That's almost double the adjusted net personal worth of Howard Hughes at the time of his death, and almost ten times the worth of Nelson Rockefeller at the moment of his unusual demise.

Koch owns both the Cato Institute and *Inquiry* magazine outright. And, given the source of his employer's funds, it's not surprising that Ed Crane has just been defending the oil company's right to make a profit in the face of what he terms a "phony, government-engineered energy shortage" created largely by the government's refusal to let the oil companies sell oil at "true market value."

Crane sips on a bottle of beer. He's seated on a bench outside a dorm at the University of Oregon campus. With him is Murray Rothbard. Murray, for the unacquainted, is the philosopher prince of the Libertarian party. This sainted man is author of *For a New Liberty: The Libertarian Manifesto*, and it's Rothbard says this and Rothbard says that throughout any Libertarian publication you're likely to pick up.

But brace yourself. Rothbard, Crane, Cato and *Inquiry* have been dealt a rather low blow of late. The conservatives' patronizing saint, William F. Buckley, has just slapped Murray and company around rather handily. A lengthy article in Buckley's magazine, *National Review*, accuses the Libertarian leadership of—get this!—siding "with the greatest enemy of liberty on this planet, the totalitarian system of communism."

The Cato Institute is pillared for attempting to engineer "the abolition of the army, navy and air force." Rothbard is defined for the world as "an apologist for Stalin," a Libertarian guru whose teachings, suggests writer Ernest van den Haag, are either "incoherent" and/or "unbelievably frivolous," but plenty dangerous nevertheless. "The desired Utopia cannot be achieved," warns van den Haag, "but the

destruction of an existing society may be."

As a figure of Styx, good old Murray is a little wanting. He sits next to Edward III on the bench, a beer in hand. Hairline receding, possessed of an intelligent potato face, the doctor is dressed today in a splashy Hawaiian shirt and the kind of fashionless pinstripe trousers that sell on a two-for-\$21 basis through ads in Sunday newspaper supplements.

National Review tells us that Rothbard "appears to have fantasies of becoming a libertarian Lenin," a power monger *extra-ordinaire* capable, perhaps, of enslaving the entire free world.

But right now he's got another beef. New York's finest. "Look," he says, "have you ever tried to get a cop in Manhattan to help you after you've been robbed? Try it sometime. They're nothing but a bunch of glorified bookkeepers for the insurance companies. That's what I'm trying to tell you: There is *nothing* the government does that couldn't be done better by private industry. That's all we're trying to say." As for the conservatives: "Look," he says, "a lot of these people are statist—the state is first, free enterprise second. Liberal, conservative, Republican, Democrat: The labels are meaningless—these people are all in the hire of the state. Defending the state is their *business*. These are the people that got us in the Vietnam war; these are the people who will send you off to fight for corporate socialism at the drop of a hat. They don't care. They don't have to go. *You* gotta go, sonny. You wanna keep going along for that?"

"Not necessarily."

"Well, lemme give you a little insight. A guy who attacks me just for trying to get the government off his back can't have too much upstairs. So I don't worry about it. It's that simple."

On my second visit with Tonie Nathan, who assisted in writing the 1972 statement of Libertarian principles, we get to the bottom line. "How the hell," I ask, "is this all going to work?"

She gets down to cases. All state and Federal income taxes would be abolished. All government services would be taken over by private industry. *All services*. The social-security system would be taken over by insurance and investment companies. The dreaded U. S. Postal Service would likewise fall to the private sector, as would everything from libraries to the public highways. Yea, even the roads. Presumably, private contractors would purchase vast grids of roadway in county-sized lots. Drivers would "subscribe"—that is, pay a fee for road use in their vicinity, and pay a toll when they travel.

Even the courts, jails and cops would function on a free-enterprise basis. Jails would be run as businesses, according to Ms. Nathan, with prisoners serving as em-

(Continued on page 119)

OUT'S FAMOUS MAGICIANS SCHOOL

***"We're looking
for people who like to
turn tricks"***

Has a clever magician ever made your girlfriend disappear? Did you ever wish you could pull silver dollars from different parts of your body? Want your hands to be quicker than her eyes?

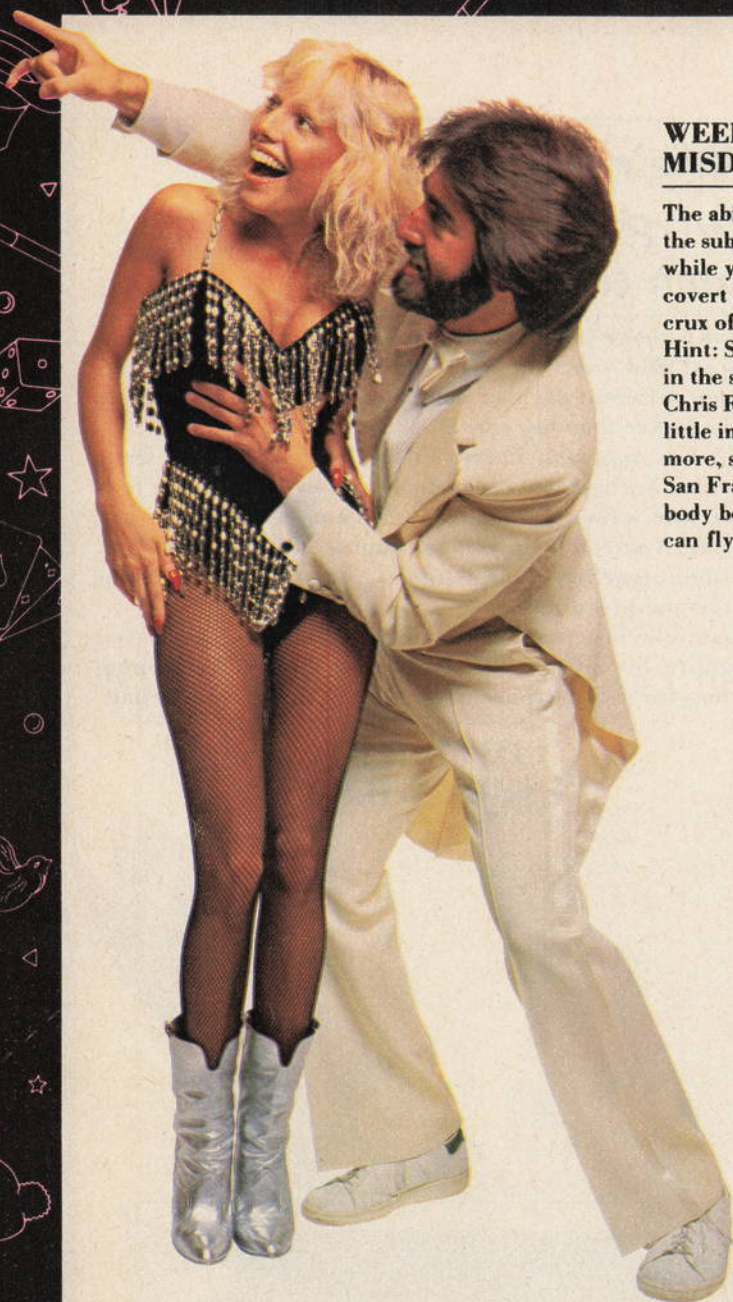
Hi. I'm magician Larry Wilson, and in just six short weeks, my associates—pictured below—and I can turn you into a famous magician. You can be the life of any party. You can keep yourself amused for hours on end, without touching your genitals. And all it takes is a few short minutes a day.

Read our brochure, take our quick test and see if you qualify for enrollment. In no time, you'll be turning tricks for profit. Guaranteed. Or you can saw me in half.

**HUMOR BY
LARRY WILSON**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY



WEEK #1: MISDIRECTION

The ability to divert the subject's attention while you perform a covert activity is at the crux of deception. Hint: Saying, "Look, up in the sky—it's Chris Reeve!" carries little impact anymore, since, outside of San Francisco, nobody believes a man can fly.



WEEK #2: TIMING

The crucial element that separates the men from the magicians. In this session, you find out once and for all whether the hand really is quicker than the eye—or simply a lot less trouble.

WEEK #3: WORKING WITH EXOTIC ANIMALS

Dangerous, but always a crowd pleaser, this course teaches the tyro magician how to handle strange animals from the far-flung corners of the world. Combine your learning here with pest-control training and watch your hourly rates soar.



WEEK #4: X-RATED MAGIC

Perfect for entertaining college freshmen, est grads and cable TV audiences. Taught mostly with mirrors.

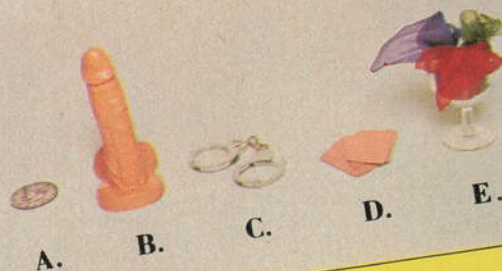


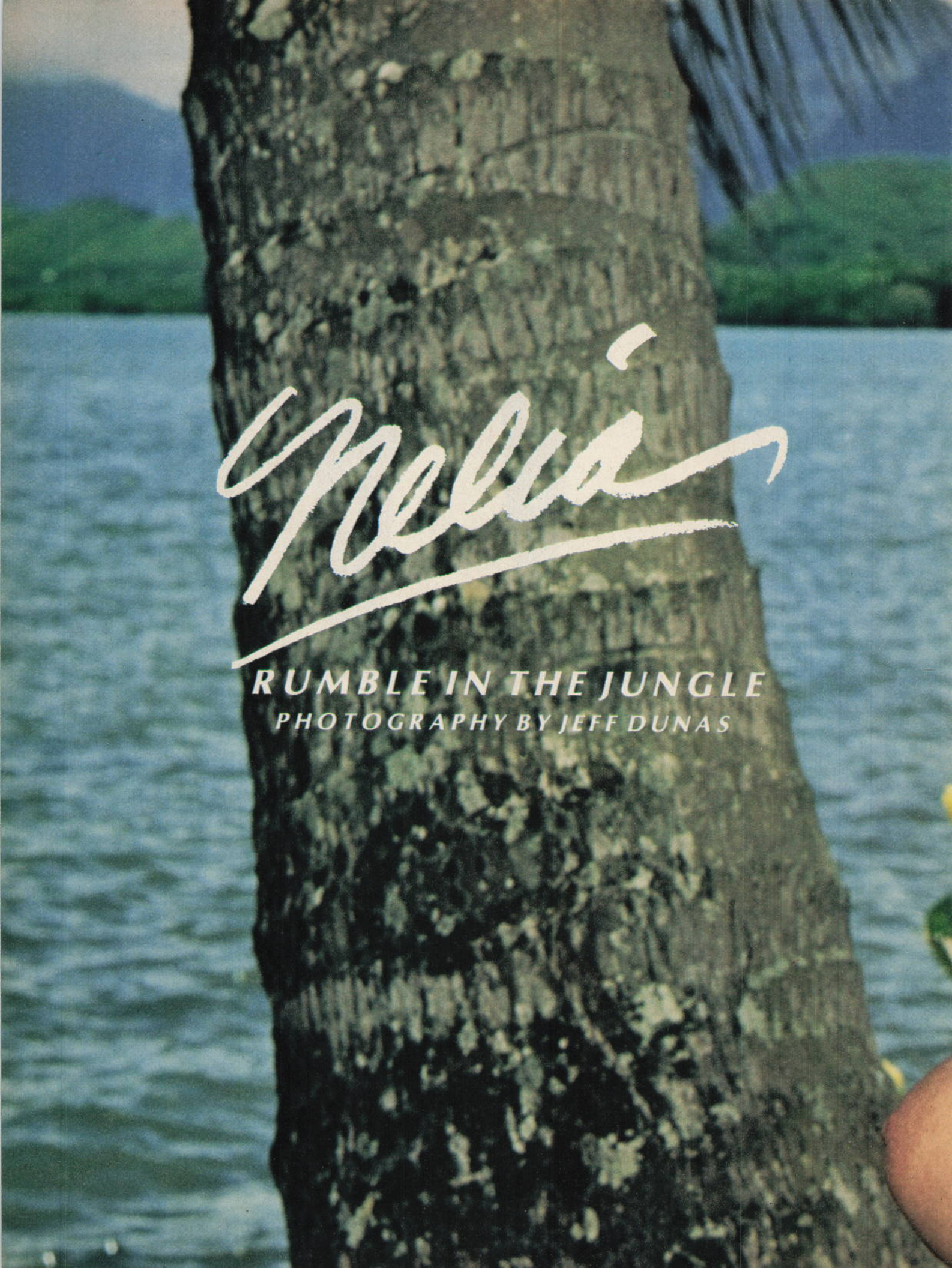
WEEK #6: THE FLOATING LADY

Not only is this our most difficult technique to master, but the chances of this ruse being discovered are high, indeed. Hint: Trim your fingernails first or you may send your "lovely assistant" flying offstage in a huff.

SHORT MAGIC QUIZ: WHICH OF THESE HOUSEHOLD ITEMS DOES THE TRICK?

If you guessed "B," you're practically made for magic. If you guessed anything else, you've got a weird household.

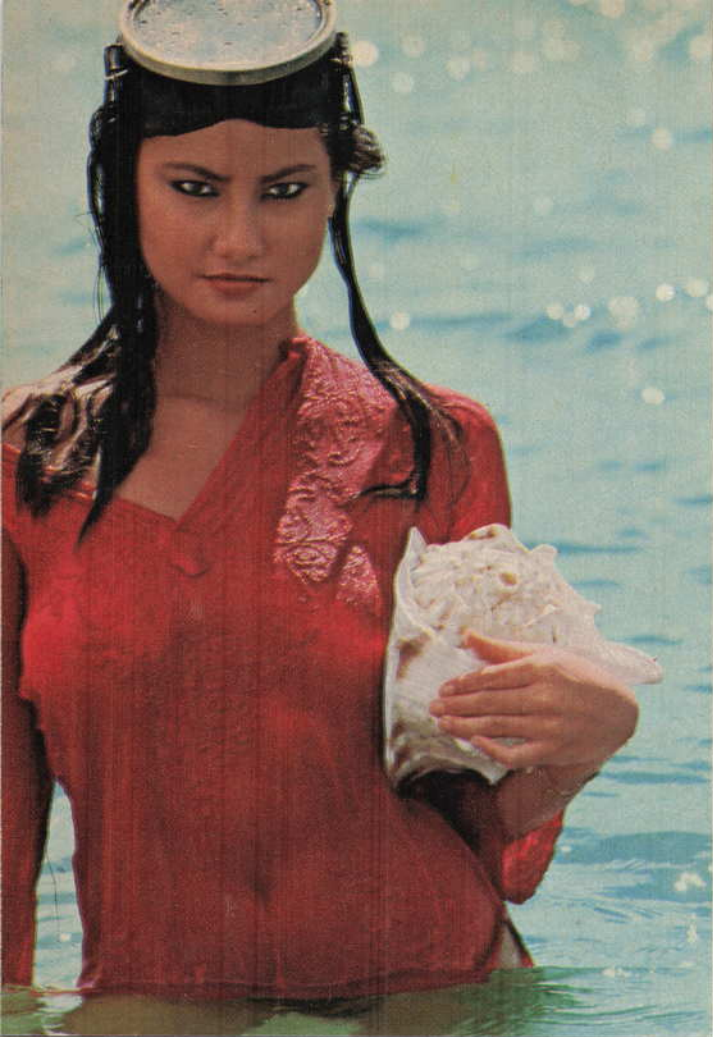




Melua

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS





Aloha! Ready for a little Hawaiian punch? Well, take a gander at our tropical temptress, Nelia Cozza. Remember Nelia? She was our April 1979 cover girl, and she caused such an uproar that we had to give her to our readers once again . . . only this time, Nelia agreed to bare all. "I had to think about it," she said, "but then I thought, why not? I like to think of myself as unpredictable—and what could be more disarming than disrobing? Many people feel uncomfortable about being seen nude. In that case, I say, babies better start being born wearing three-piece suits." If Nelia sounds like one hot lady, believe us, she is. Of Cuban and Filipino extraction, she's not exactly a native Hawaiian . . . but who cares? Her heritage is tropical, so it's no wonder she fits right in with the palm trees and turquoise lagoons. "I'm a water person and I'm very athletic. I guess that's how I keep my figure [an impressive









34-24-35]. I'm very attracted to the outdoors. There's something mystical about nature. Psychic. When I'm alone in the woods or on a secluded beach I feel almost like I'm having an out-of-body experience. Ooooooh, just thinking about it turns me on. I've traveled a lot in my life, but I always come back to the Islands. I like to think of myself as Sheena of the Jungle, a female Tarzan." Nelia has a brown belt in karate and studies yoga religiously, so there's no doubt that she can handle herself in the wild. But what about city life? Can you relate? "Of course. Except that I become more assertive. The aggressive part of me comes out in the city. I tend to be rather gullible; so, to compensate for that, I take charge—at least until I feel secure in a situation. Many men don't know how to deal with my bluntness and aggressiveness. Maybe





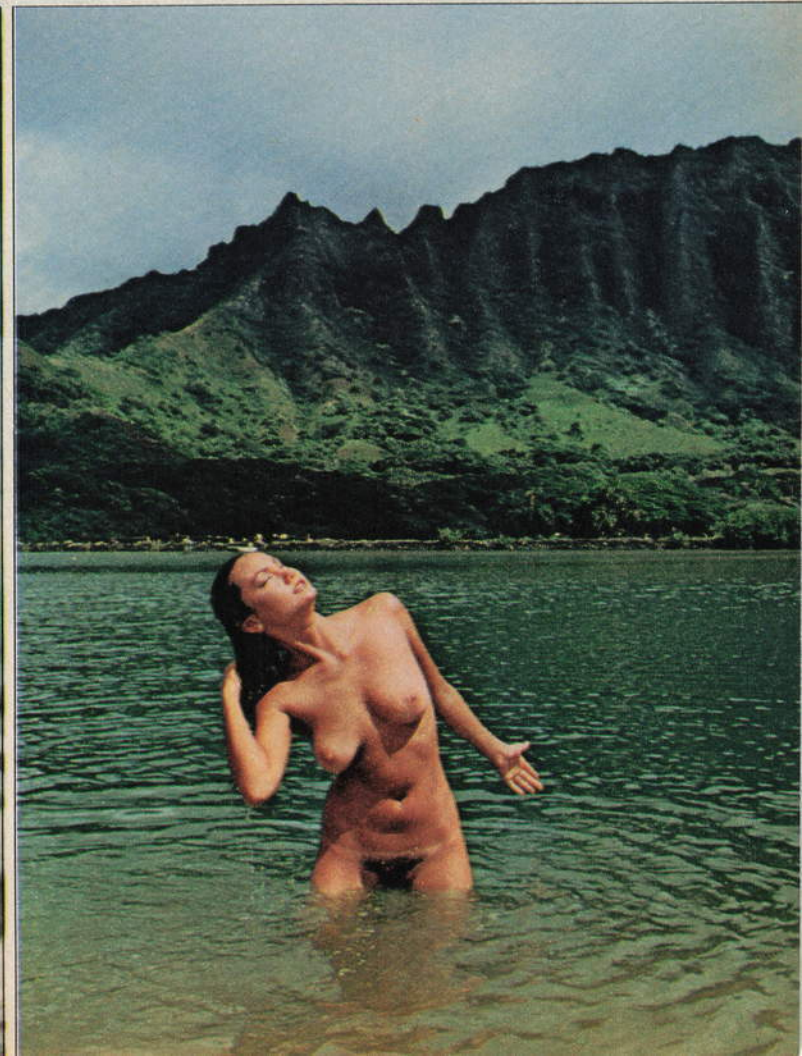


that's why I'm attracted to older men—late twenties to early thirties. They've had more experience with women, so they won't let me get away with pushing them around for long." Do you find much of a difference between Mainland men and Island men? "Oh, yes, definitely. Hawaiian men are, on the whole, much *nicer* than Mainlanders, and very laid back. Even in their lovemaking. They're very gentle. The environment makes them that way, I think. But sometimes they annoy me, they're so carefree. Mainland men, on the other hand, are much more ambitious—which is exciting—but they can often be very selfish, too: 'Give me head!' 'Turn over!' They're more dominating. I have to admit that I like both types. Most of my problems with men, though, stem from the fact that I'm very impatient." Can we ask you what your most erotic fantasy is? "I knew you'd get around to that. But I can't tell you because there are so many of them. The one thing they have in common, however, is that in my fantasies I am always outdoors and usually near water. In fact, my ideal evening with a man is to sail to one of the out islands under a full moon and make love on the rocks of a beach with only the sound of the

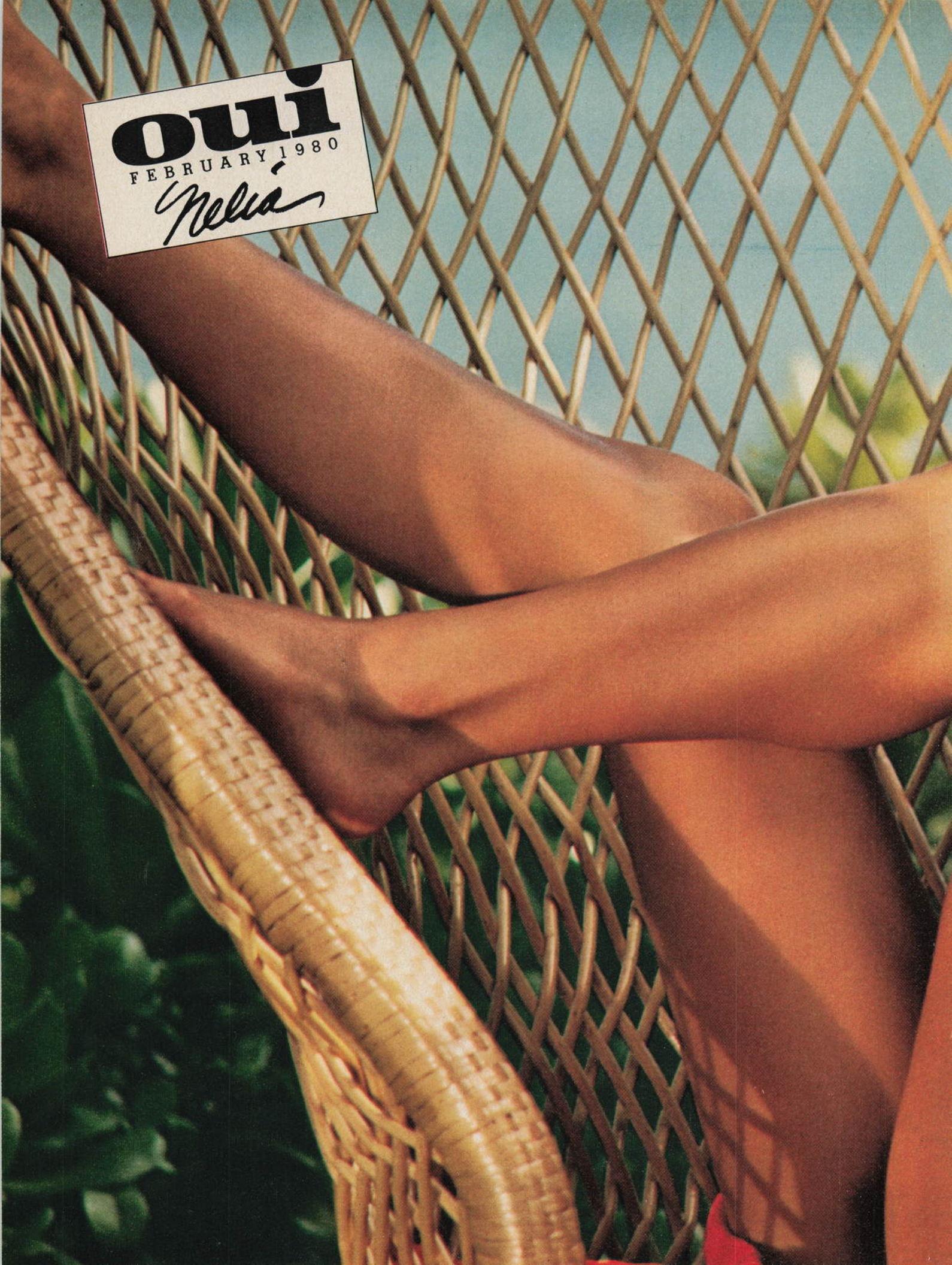


ocean—and his moans—in my ears . . . Hey! I think I've just divulged one of my fantasies!" Nelia laughs and then becomes pensive. "Remember when I told you I'm into psychic things? Well, I think I'm kind of psychic myself. I was just recalling an incident . . . One night I had a feeling that I should go into the jungle, but I didn't know why. I sat on a boulder and started to meditate, and a vision of an extremely handsome man popped into my mind. When I opened my eyes, I saw someone approaching. He was a stranger, but he was very attractive. He just came up to me and we made love. After it was over, I opened my eyes and he was gone. I never saw him again, and to this day I wonder if he was just a product of my imagination." Weren't you at all afraid? "Of course not. Even though I'm only twenty years old, I already know that I like being impulsive. And you can't be impulsive if you have fears."





oui
FEBRUARY 1980
Nellie







DUDLEY MOORE

He's been *Bedazzled*

by Raquel Welch, married to Tuesday Weld and seduced by Bo ("10") Derek.

He's also a foul-mouthed little genius.

Who would have thought that in 1980 Dudley Moore would finally hit the cinema big time? One thing's for sure: At just a hair or two over five feet, Moore can obviously use all the help the big screen can give him. Two years ago, the English comedian/actor/musician/writer snared his first role in an American film, playing a sex-obsessed orchestra conductor who dropped his pants for Goldie Hawn in *Foul Play*. Critics generally credited him with stealing the movie away from Chevy Chase. Moore is even more sexually driven in Blake Edwards' romantic comedy "10," in which he plays a Hollywood songwriter madly lusting after the perfect woman, a 22-year-old wet dream named Bo Derek. No one is more surprised than Dudley at his sudden change of fortune, which includes starring roles in *Wholly Moses*, *Arthur* and *The Ferret*, all due

to be released later this year.

Moore began his foul-mouthed career in the mid-Sixties with the lunatic revue *Beyond the Fringe*, which packed in audiences on London and Broadway stages. He teamed up with fellow Fringer Peter Cook to do a series of rather forgettable films—*The Wrong Box*, *Bedazzled*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*—another award-winning stage production entitled *Good Evening* and a trilogy of Derek & Clive albums, featuring the ramblings of two rowdy restroom janitors. One critic suggested that the toilet-mouthed twosome receive mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for saying "You fuckin' cunt" the most times on a single record.

OUI sent freelance writer Steven X. Rea (as in X-ray) to interview Moore at the Venice beach house he bought when he married actress Tuesday Weld. Reports Rea: "Throughout the interview, Dudley adopted and discarded accents with dizzying frequency over the course of very few sentences, making the subtleties—and some of the blatant vulgarities—nearly impossible to translate to print. Moore was somewhat concerned that his mock pomposity would come across as plain pomposity, hence his warning: 'This is going to look fuckin' ridiculous in print.'"

OUI: Let's take "10" as a starting point, since most people are likely to know you best for that—your first starring role in an American film and all. You're very funny in it.

MOORE: So true. It has come out well. I'm very pleased with it. It was, and is, the easiest piece of work I've ever done.

OUI: In what way?

MOORE: In the sense that it was the most relaxed. It was no sweat at all. I hate when people say, "I've done my best work"; it seems to imply that everything else was such dross . . .

OUI: Well, in your case . . .

MOORE: Yes, quite. I might as well "cop to it," as they say in this colorful part of the world. Hmmm, "10" came out very well, very funny. It's got some touching things in it, too, which is nice.

OUI: You touch Julie Andrews.

MOORE: Yes. A bit of touching here and there. A bit of this, that and the other.

OUI: Can you describe "10" in one sentence?

MOORE: It deals with the obsession of a man who's nervous about getting older. Unlike me—I've got nothing to worry about. [crumples up paper and stuffs it in his mouth]

OUI: You're generally the same age as George Webber, the character you portray in "10," and, like him, you're a composer, a voyeur and a successful figure in show business—it seems to be a thinly disguised autobiographical film.

MOORE: Yes, except it wasn't written by me; it was written by Blake Edwards. But it *happens* to be the story of my life, and the story of a lot of men's lives, when they reach that dreadful age of forty. It's a universal theme.

OUI: Wasn't the phrase "Julie Andrews" a key plot device in your 1967 movie *Bedazzled*?

MOORE: That's right! Every time Peter Cook, as the Devil, put me into a new setting, he said, "Julie Andrews!"

OUI: Did you ever imagine then that you'd be starring in a romantic comedy with her?

MOORE: No, I didn't. I must say I've only seen her in one other film—*The Americanization of Emily*—in which I thought she was terrific.

OUI: How did you get along with her husband, Blake Edwards?

MOORE: Blake's not difficult to work with. He likes to run a relaxed set, his hours are reasonable and we had this easy rapport. We didn't have to discuss anything too much at all about the character. I just played myself, which I've never done before. In past years I wouldn't have been

able to play the part, because I wouldn't have been comfortable being myself in front of the cameras.

OUI: Originally, you weren't even set to be in "10" at all.

MOORE: That's right; it was supposed to star George Segal.

OUI: So, how did you luck into this part?

MOORE: I slept with Blake.

OUI: And Julie?

MOORE: And Julie. And some dogs, I think. Seriously, Blake had wanted to do *The Ferret* with me first, and then this came up very suddenly. And now *Ferret's* been postponed and I'm doing *Wholly Moses*.

OUI: What's that about?

MOORE: It concerns the book of the Bible that everybody has been waiting for, the book of Herschel.

OUI: How did this script come across your desk?

MOORE: It was flung.

OUI: Are you sent several scripts from various sources, which you then sift through for the ones that interest you?

MOORE: Something like that. *Wholly Moses* came through Columbia, from Freddie Fields and David Begelman.

OUI: Being a Biblical send-up and all, how does it compare with Monty Python's *Life of Brian*?

MOORE: It does take place in the same general era, just slightly before. However, *Wholly Moses* is in a totally different style.

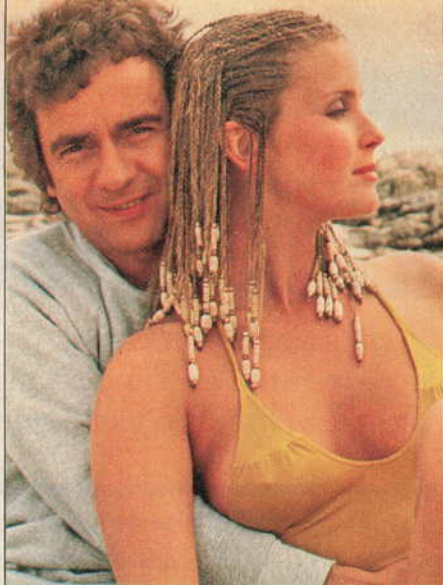
OUI: Do you mean that it's not quite as absurd, as extreme as Monty Python?

MOORE: Oh, it's pretty absurd and extreme.

OUI: Who are you in the movie?

MOORE: I play Herschel, the main character.

OUI: You mentioned "the book of Hersch-



With Bo Derek: "The easiest piece of work I've ever done."

el." Is Herschel a scribe, a historian of the day?

MOORE: No, I'm not a historian of the day. I'm sort of a guy on a quest for himself, basically, going through the old icon fetish, rampant theology and general discussions with God. And a lot of looniness along the way.

OUI: *Wholly Moses* sounds like the movie where you come to grips with religion.

MOORE: Yes.

OUI: If you want to look at "10" as the movie where you come to grips with . . .

MOORE: . . . with the number-ten woman.

OUI: Right.

MOORE: In *Wholly Moses* I come to grips with the number-ten man.

OUI: You're on a hot streak now. What do you really want out of life?

MOORE: [loutish Cockney voice] Uh, I want to be the biggest fuckin' movie star

the world has ever seen, with more money and—uh—underwear than anybody's ever had. And—uh—eternal life.

OUI: I don't want to delve too deeply into your personal life, but do you go to a shrink?

MOORE: What, me? No!

OUI: Any weird religions or self-realization groups? I shouldn't really say "weird" . . .

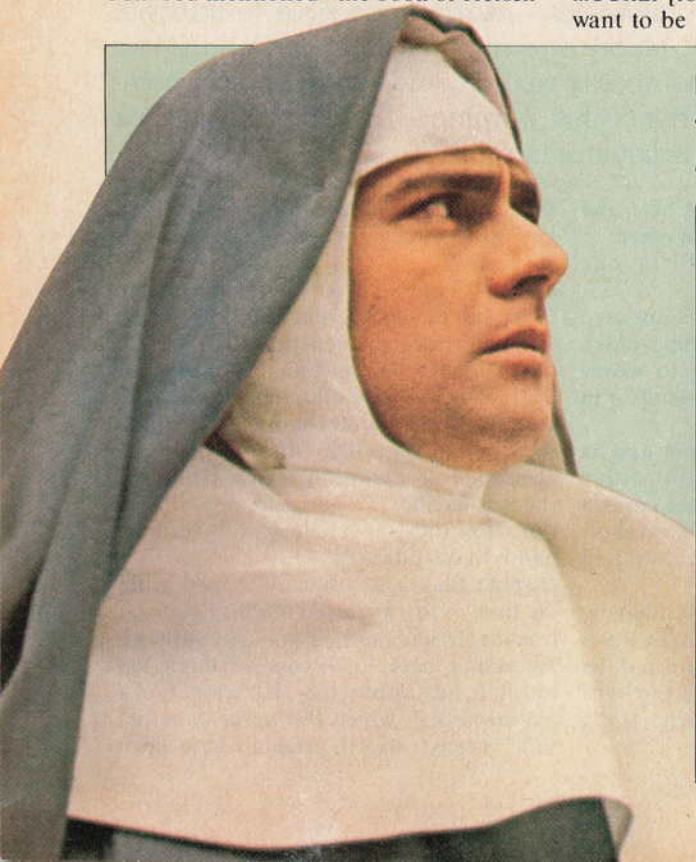
MOORE: No, you shouldn't, just in case I have, right? Actually, I've been in one sort of therapy or another since I was . . . three. No, since 1964. It was suggested by a friend that I might find some help in psychiatry. I'd never considered it—I was never really aware of it—and then I got into it. Nine months in New York in '64, and then when I returned to England I started in therapy; it must've been in '66. I did that on and off until I left, finally, in '73. Came to New York for about a year and a half and I did some therapy there—Reichian therapy and bioenergetics, which is an offshoot of Reichian therapy.

OUI: This is Third Reichian therapy?

MOORE: Ouuggghh!

OUI: I apologize. Is Reichian therapy the one with all the sexual overtones?

MOORE: Yeah, you just fuck the analyst for an hour. No, no, no. The belief is that all neuroses are stored up in the body and you can release them, to a certain extent, by manipulating those areas. I'm not sure I believe that anymore. At the time it seemed a highly plausible theory. I remember reading *The Primal Scream* with great fascination, thinking, "God, this is what it is!" Now I feel it's oversimplified—it supposes that there is a cure. Well, there ain't no cure. [in his Cockney voice] We're all fuckin' doomed, mate. Anyway, then I came to L.A. We ended up here after a tour—Peter Cook and I were doing the



In *Bedazzled* (left), Dudley dons a nun's habit in search of the devil. With former partner Peter Cook (below), Moore appears on *Saturday Night Live*.





In "10," Moore spies on the orgies of his next-door neighbor, played by Don Calfa (seated below Dudley). For realism, Annette Haven (at Dudley's right) recruited her fellow X-rated actors.

stage show *Good Evening*. . . I wasn't saying "Good evening" to you, I was mentioning the name of the show.

OUI: Oh.

MOORE: Mmmm, quite. We had been touring around for eight months and ended up in Los Angeles. I started going to a therapist here and he suggested that group therapy might be interesting for me, and I've been in that group since '75. I've found it very helpful. As you grow older you either get better or you get worse, and I think I've been getting better, thank God! Unlike you—I know that you're a nervous wreck. Anyway, I've tried to abandon all the religious indoctrination that I used to have. I sang in choirs when I was a kid, from the time I was six until I was twenty-two, because I went to Oxford and had an organ scholarship and used to play in the chapel. . .

OUI: Which organ was your scholarship associated with?

MOORE: I think there's some disgraceful association implicit in that last remark, probably growing out of the mire of OUI Magazine policy.

OUI: Low-level smut.

MOORE: Yeah, well, actually it was on the

document. It said: "Cock scholarship." I used to play the organ. . .

OUI: Religiously. . .

MOORE: . . . and practice religiously, as you say, most days. It would be more accurate to say most hours. On the hour. And I remember one wonderful, beautiful man, Richard Sellig, who was a poet at Oxford the same time as me, and I saw him coming exhausted over a bridge—I don't mean *coming*, you swine—over the Cherwell one morning, and he said, "Wank and work, that's the rhythm of life." *Wank* means to jerk off, of course; I don't know if your readers would know that but they should. There's a guy in California who's got WANKER on his license plate.

OUI: The censors were asleep.

MOORE: No, just American. Say, you know that marvelous joke, about the—I'm sure you know this but I always tell it just in case somebody hasn't yet heard it—about the doctor who says to the patient, "You're crazy." And the patient says, "I want a second opinion." And the doctor says, "You're ugly, too." [laughs uncontrollably] I love it. I'll tell anybody that joke.

OUI: And that's basically what you do every week when you go to therapy?

MOORE: Yes, I basically tell this joke. And, you know, the reaction is getting worse and worse. Frankly, I'm getting a little paranoid.

OUI: So you've managed to discard your religious. . .

MOORE: Oh! We were talking about that, weren't we? Yes, I have. I've turned my back on all the Christian—what shall we call it?—alcoholism, if you like. The alcoholism of Christianity. That's not a very good phrase, is it? It would be unfair to term it a drug. "Jesus abuse," maybe.

OUI: Did Jesus abuse your youth?

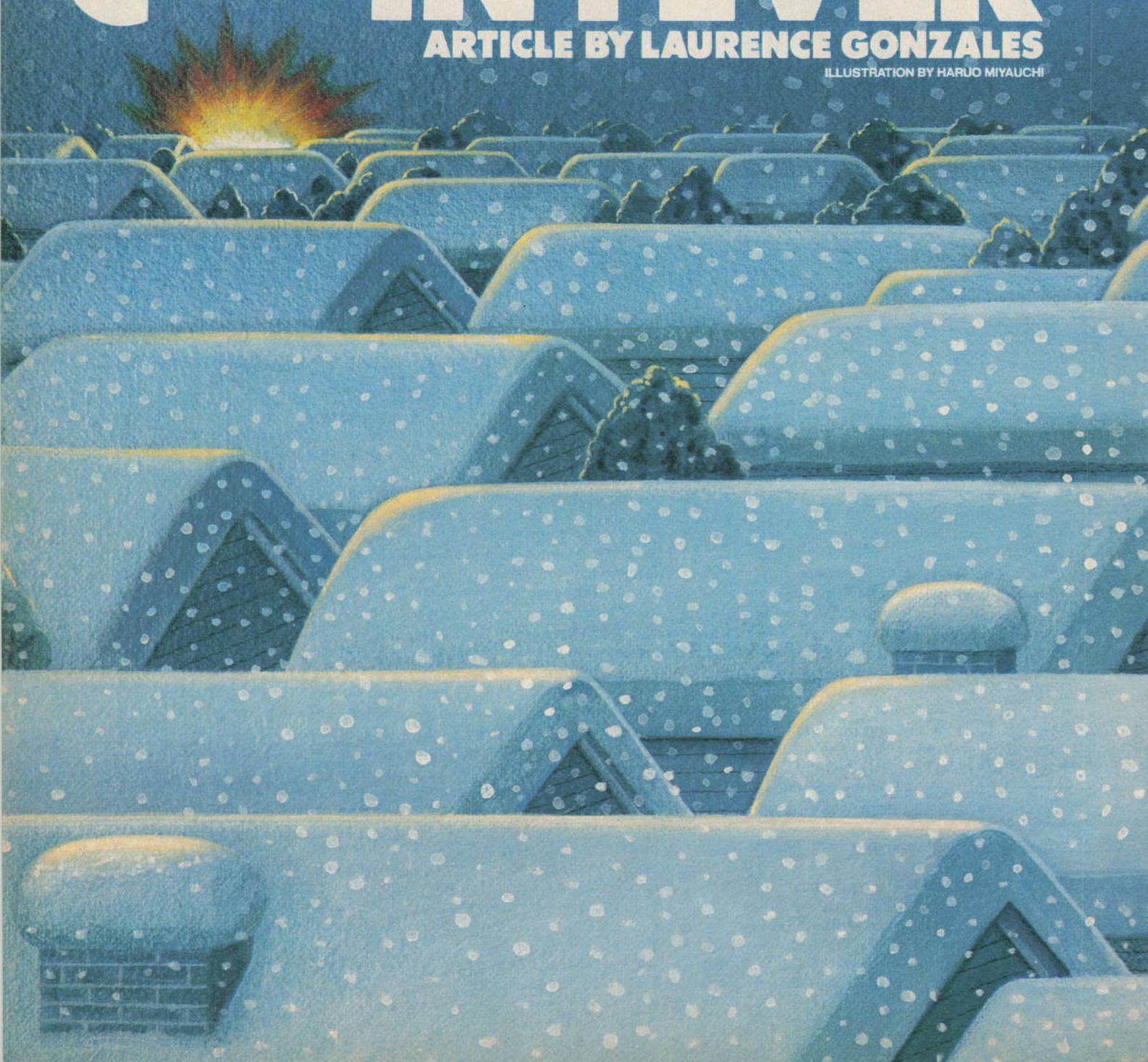
MOORE: Not exactly. My mother was a Christian Scientist; she wrote books on Christian Science. And my father was very attached to his church—very much a part of his life, it was. But religion has had an asphyxiating influence on me. I've learned more about myself by rejecting the spiritual side of my life and just concentrating on who I am. Funnily enough, now I notice another sort of spiritual life arising—vapors, you know, under the arms. No, I've disengaged the mystical influence that religious thought had over me in the past, and it's been a very refreshing turnaround.

(Continued on page 126)

CABIN FEVER

ARTICLE BY LAURENCE GONZALES

ILLUSTRATION BY HARUO MIYAUCHI



We've heard of the winter of our discontent, but this is ridiculous

I have good news and bad news. The good news is that cabin fever does not exist. The bad news is that all my friends and I have had it for three years running. Cabin fever is like malaria. Once you get a case of it, you've always got it, lying dormant, metabolizing inside you, waiting for the right moment to flare up and turn you into a

cone-eyed menace to society. It doesn't so much produce your wall-bouncer reaction—not the bonkers, screaming-meemie, ceiling-walking mania. It is more prone to get you staring at a single cat hair on the floor, way across the room—staring at it for, oh, 18 hours running, before you wander out into the snow with a Stilson wrench and smash out all the windows of all the cars that aren't already buried beneath the snow. Cabin fever. It's a bitch.

Here's how it is: The first time I saw a Cuisinart, it was love at first sight. I was watching a woman drop onions into it, and

are now dire predictions of a new ice age, after at least three solid seasons of bone-rattling temperatures and inundating blizzards throughout areas that normally experience conventional winters—that is, subfreezing temperatures and moderate snowfall. As early as 1975, we were getting warnings that Arctic shipping lanes were clogged with more ice than anyone had seen in the previous three-quarters of a century. In Valdez, Alaska, the port has been threatened by icebergs from the Columbia glacier. And Columbia is growing. Just last winter, the California coast made national news when a blizzard snarled traffic on mountain highways, stranding

Ponte's book *The Cooling*:

Between 1880 and 1940 a small tropical animal invaded the United States and migrated as far north as Nebraska. The armadillo, a warmth-loving relative of the opossum, spread his range during this, the warmest climatic period in 800 years. Since 1940, as if guided by an unknown natural sense, this animal has been migrating southward again toward the equator. Do they sense a change in the planet we have yet to recognize?

You don't have to have any secret hidden senses to know when your ass is frozen. But just in case you're feeling par-

**Cabin fever
cure—keep
on cursing**

*Talking about weather
is therapy, prof says*

'Help!'

**A freeze-for-all:
10 days of zero
ties 1912 mark**

Cabin fever cure?

each time she hit the STRIKE switch, it was as if an explosion had gone off inside, creating a little blizzard of onion chips. I was fascinated by the staggering potential of this machine for destruction. I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to put—you know—*human flesh* in there.

I knew I needed professional help. But what I found is that so little is known about cabin fever that notable scientists and hard-core theorists prefer to say it does not even exist, rather than admit that the entire scientific community has simply let this one slip through the cracks. There is not even a scientific term for it. Stephen Rosen, author of *Weathering*, a popular book about climate and its psychological effects on people, does not even mention cabin fever in his 367 pages. When I spoke to him, he opined that cabin fever was a concept that had been "massaged into existence by the media."

On the other hand, I know cabin fever is real. I have it. You may have it, too. And if you're banking on a letup in tough winters, pal—things aren't getting any better.

In the last few years the weather has taken a decidedly unpleasant turn. There

**Crazed snow plower
kills 1, rams 50 cars**

5 are hurt on S. Si Policeman on s

Driver crushed to death on Dan Ryan

**'Cabin fever' top suspect Snow dera
in spurt of murders here Winter pres**

truckers and motorists.

If you would like to feed your paranoia, try this one on for size: Glaciers in the Northern Hemisphere (that's home for us) were getting smaller between the late 19th Century and the middle of the 20th Century. Well, they're getting bigger again. To put a finer point on it, learning that glaciation is increasing is about the same kind of news to a cabin-fever victim as a violent outbreak of smallpox would be to a physician in Pakistan. And when the snow gets deep enough and the summers stay cool enough so that from one spring to the next autumn the snow does not completely melt, you are being set up for a new ice age. The number of areas experiencing this phenomenon is growing.

At the beginning of the Seventies, the annual snowfall jumped by more than 10 percent with no warning, and it has not returned to previous levels. Since I have always been a firm believer that other animals know more about what goes on here than humans do, I read with some trepidation the following lines from Lowell

particularly cozy this winter, I'll throw in another tidbit that sent me running to fix myself a stiff Valium Sunrise. This passage is from a book called *Climate and the Affairs of Men*:

People have long been fascinated by the fact that quite a number of mammoths have been found frozen, left over from the last ice age. Some of the creatures were quick-frozen . . . so suddenly that at least one was discovered with fresh-frozen buttercups in his mouth, unchewed. It isn't easy to freeze an old-fashioned elephant whole, especially so quickly that he can't chew what he has just put in his mouth.

It has been calculated that if a mammoth were grazing in a warm field of blossoming buttercups, the temperature would have to drop to -150°F. within a period of two seconds, in order to freeze the poor fellow on the spot with his mouthful of fresh blossoms.

Naturally, I developed an interest in

cabin fever. If you'll recall, last winter the historic blizzard of '79 paralyzed about a third of the United States and sent freak snow and ice storms into areas where people think tire chains are some kind of East L.A. pachuco weapon. Subtropical Washington, D.C., was crippled by foot-deep snows, and New York City experienced some 19 inches in a single day. The winter before, though not as snowy, was equally cold and destructive. And the winter before that, a number of blizzards made national news, including the lethal

There were also numerous shootings and related disturbances in connection with parking places. You see, if someone moves eight tons of snow in order to get his car out, then comes back to find your Z-28 in his slot, he's liable to get a mite haired off. A man's parking space is his castle—or his slit trench, depending on the intensity of his case of cabin fever. And then there's the snowplow driver who got a little stressed after a tough day's work and crushed 50 cars with his rig, before connecting with

when you start thinking about doing it in *really strange ways.*" He went on: "You hear all kinds of stories up there. You generally find the bodies in the spring, after the snow melts. People get pretty weird."

Dr. Phillip Hardie, former medical director of the Alyeska Pipeline, said he knew of no scientific evidence of cabin fever, no term for it, no studies. He said he couldn't recall any big problem with cabin fever on the pipeline, adding only, "I'm

Activity is the antidote

Coping with cabin fever when the weather is frightful

Section 2 • Chicago Tribune, Sunday, January 21, 1978

Richard Ciccone Two politicians buried in snow



3d time in 17 years

'Bozo' a no-show:
snow is circus foe

SNOW-BOUND
White
Paralysis

now duty shot

Dispute with motorists brings gunfire on Northwest Side; Page

s commuter train

ing us to breaking point

Snow battle delaying burials

'Tis the season for
suffering cabin fever

Buffalo, New York, storms.

Dr. Harold Visotsky is head of the psychiatric department at Northwestern University. We talked about cabin fever. "Cabin fever is a press term," he said, as if the psychiatric community had a monopoly on terminology. He went on to say that there was no scientific term for it, that there are no studies of it and that he considered the entire notion a bit ridiculous: "It's treated like any stress."

I proceeded to interview a dozen other psychiatrists, psychologists and scientists. The consensus was 100 percent that the subject hasn't been dealt with in any systematic fashion, although several admitted there might be a "discrete phenomenon" there to look into. The point here is that we have stumbled on a vast informational vacuum. But the vacuum is not total.

"Once you take my car away, I start to become a little frustrated," Joseph Di Leonardi told me. He should know. He is acting superintendent of the Chicago Police Department. "We had three out-and-out murders relating to parking places," he said of last winter's blizzard.

the wrong vehicle and killing its driver. Five other people were injured.

Asked to account for a 22.7 percent rise in murders, Di Leonardi characterized them as "the cabin fever murders." There it is. That's when you spend 14 hours getting to the train station and back (not having made it all the way to work), and when you walk in, your loving mate says, "Hi, honey, what would you like for dinner?" So you blow her away, pack the pieces into Ziploc bags and mail them off to your friends.

On the other hand, another police spokesman said the weather had "no effect on the crime rate." Burglaries were down, street robberies were down, calls for service were consistent. There were a few more murders, sure, "but to attribute it to the weather is ludicrous."

Reminds me of something a friend who lives in Alaska once said about cabin fever: "You don't have to worry so much if you think about murdering your wife and family. You just want to get a little concerned

sure there's more battered children, more alcoholism, during the wintertime."

Maybe the problem is that the view in winter is like white noise. You've seen the phenomenon: The day comes up swollen, the light oozing out of the sky like some kind of infection. Pus the color of cooling paraffin. Yesterday's bacon grease. The tips of your fingers, your nose, your feet, all feel cold. All the time. You put on sweaters, jackets, thermal underwear, but it does no good. Nothing can scare out the chill that has settled inside you, settled there like a lingering disease that will not respond to treatment, settled there like a bad contract.

Walking on the street is like a bad dream in which you can never move fast enough to escape whatever is pursuing you. People look at you with hungry eyes, hollow and a little lunatic, the way a large trap looks when it's set. You see a lot of strange grins that say it just isn't funny anymore. And then there's that vacant, two-click stare, as if they're looking at something lurid on the horizon, something they wish they hadn't seen but now that they have, well, it's morbidly fascinating. So you return to your room and watch the sky, which is indistinguishable from the earth: monochromatic hell.

(Continued on page 116)

...HEAVIER A METAL

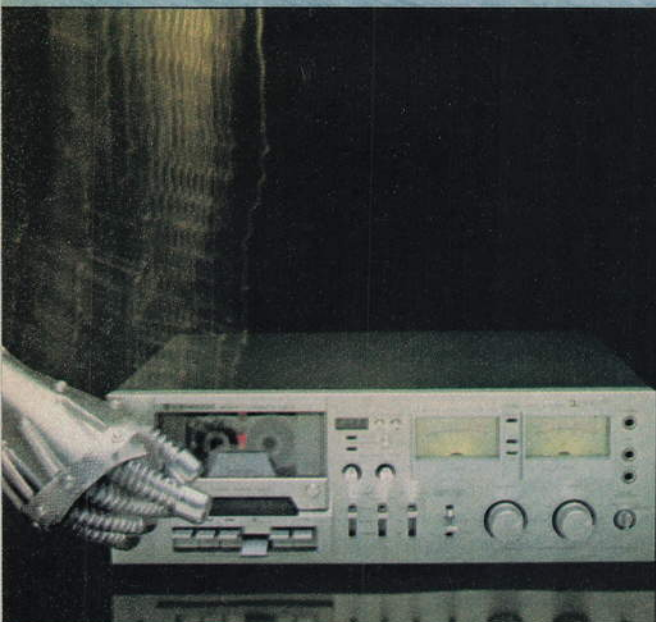
The new cassette decks for the Eighties all have one thing in common. They are designed to use the new metal-particle tape. The advantage for you is crisper, cleaner, quieter sound than you ever thought possible. Finding a machine that can handle the new tape should be no problem: By our count, at least 30 top manufacturers are now making metal-capable decks ranging in price from \$200 to \$2000. Does all this new technology really make a difference? We wanted to find out for ourselves, so we picked 13 of the best decks we could find and put them through their paces. The results speak for themselves . . .

ARTICLE BY ED BOTT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HARVEY



**"I'M AN EXPERT ON METAL,
SO QUI ASKED ME TO POINT OUT
SOME SPECIAL FEATURES ON
THESE MACHINES..."**



KENWOOD KX-1060 (\$450)

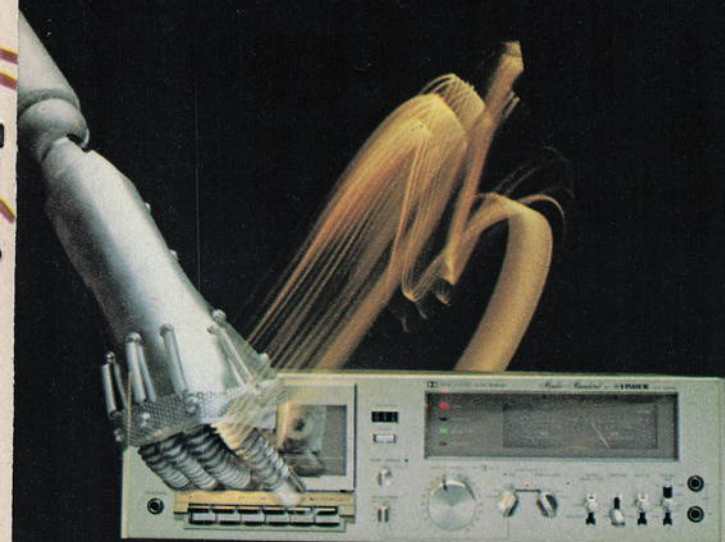
The real appeal of this traditional-looking machine comes straight from its guts: a rock-steady drive system for constant tape speed, and solid electronics for accurate sound. A fine bias adjustment lets you precisely match record bias with the tape you're using.



MARANTZ SD-4000 (\$435) & SD-9000 (\$775)

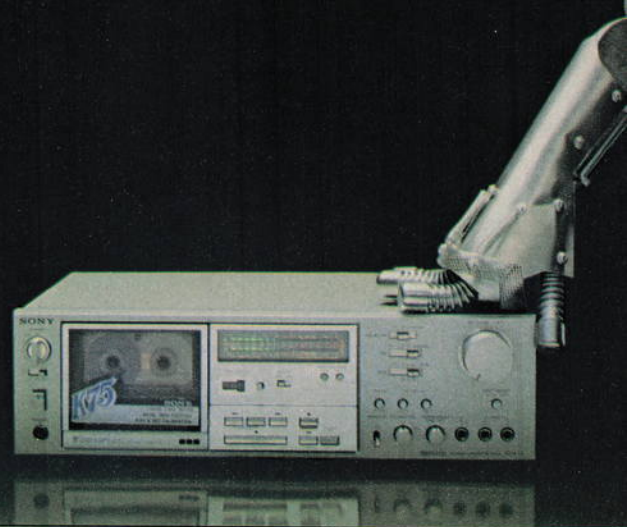
The SD-4000 is a two-speed, three-head deck that handles metal tape superbly. The SD-9000 does a whole lot more, thanks to a sophisticated microcomputer with a programmable timer and counter. For example, you can order the deck to play back up to 19 songs, in any order.

... IT TAKES A TOUGH MACHINE TO HANDLE METAL



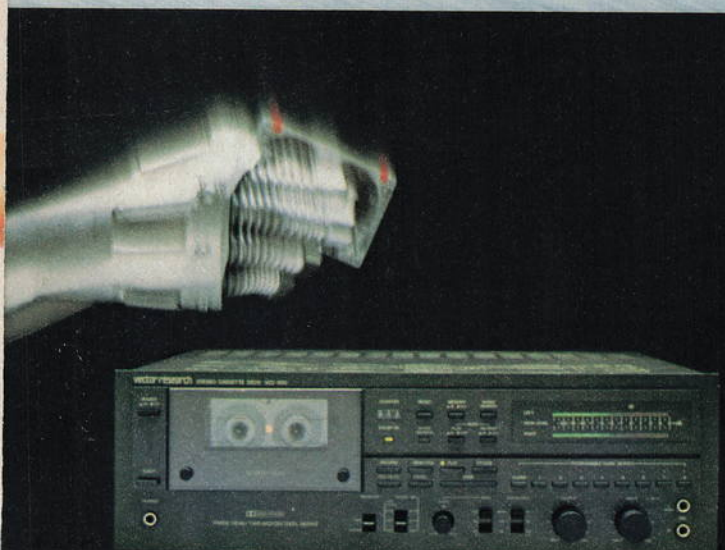
FISHER CR-4029 (\$499.95)

This machine handles metal tape and then some. You can record at normal speed ($1\frac{1}{8}$ ips) with excellent results, or use the high speed ($3\frac{3}{4}$ ips) and listen to state-of-the-art recordings. For serious recording buffs, the extra flexibility is worth the price.



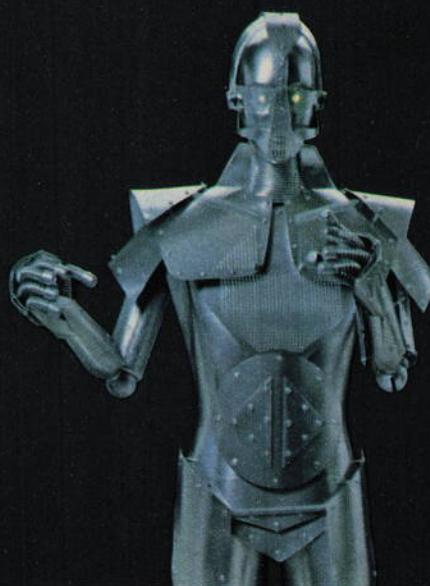
SONY TC-K75 (\$600)

This compact deck is high-tech all the way. Fast-acting solenoids, governed by a microcomputer, control all tape-transport functions, and levels are displayed on fluorescent bar graphs instead of VU meters. The sure feel of this machine is as good as the sound.



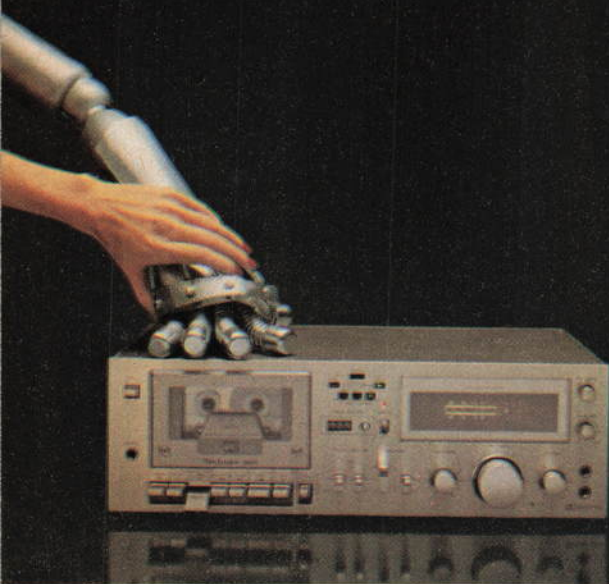
VECTOR RESEARCH VCX-600 (\$750)

This superb-sounding deck is controlled by solenoids that respond without hesitation to even the slightest touch. A built-in microcomputer lets you program what you hear: You can skip some selections, repeat others, or even automatically rewind and replay the tape.



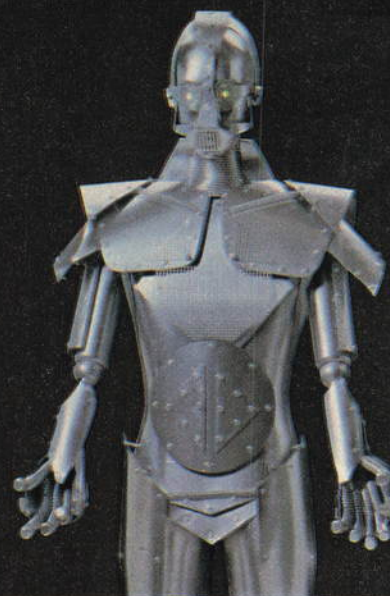
"I'M NOT BITTER,
BUT HOLLYWOOD'S ROUGH.
I TESTED FOR STAR WARS, BUT
THEY GAVE THE JOB TO
SOME TIN CAN..."

PE...IT TAKES A TOUGH MACHINE TO HANDLE METAL

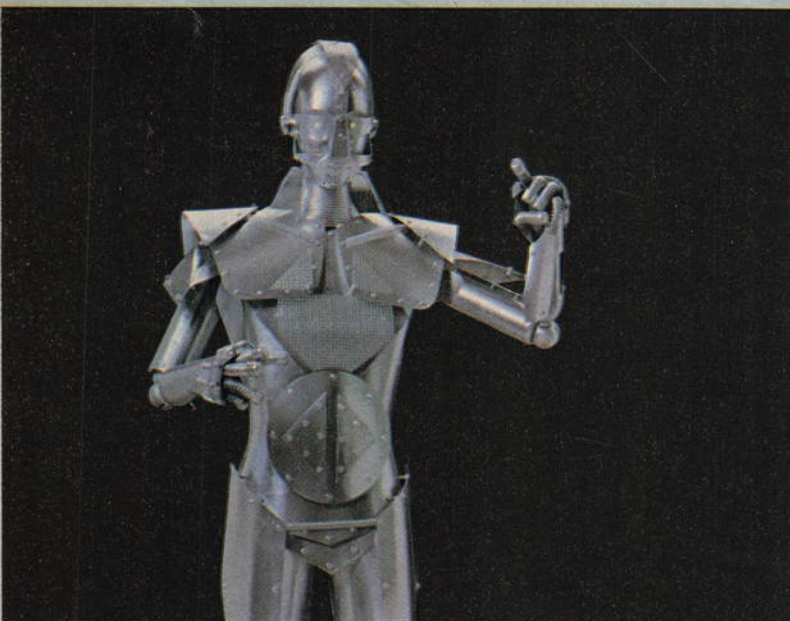


TECHNICS RS-M63 (\$450)

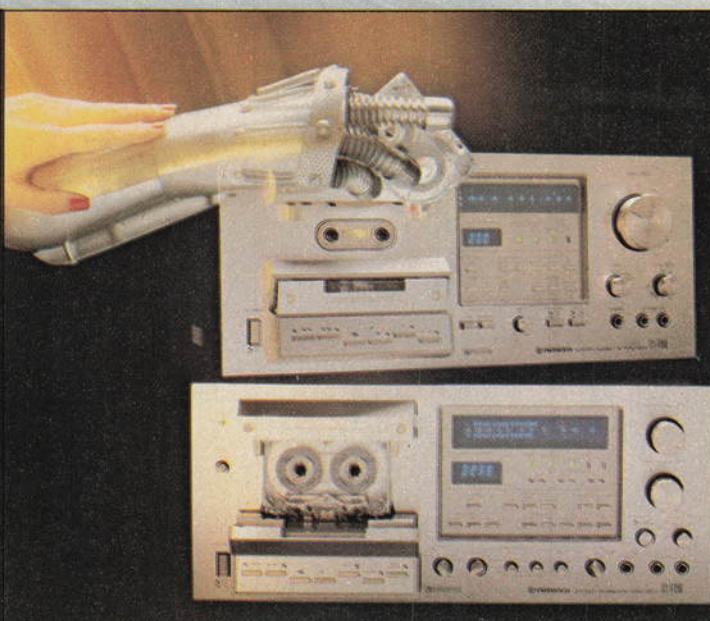
This machine has a lot of high-priced features in an affordable package: adjustable bias, provision for an external timer, and three heads for monitoring while you record. There's even a switch to dim the fluorescent meters—music was meant to be heard and not seen.



"THEN I GOT A SHOT AT PLAYING THE MAN OF STEEL IN SUPERMAN, BUT THEY SAID I DIDN'T HAVE THE HUMAN TOUCH..."



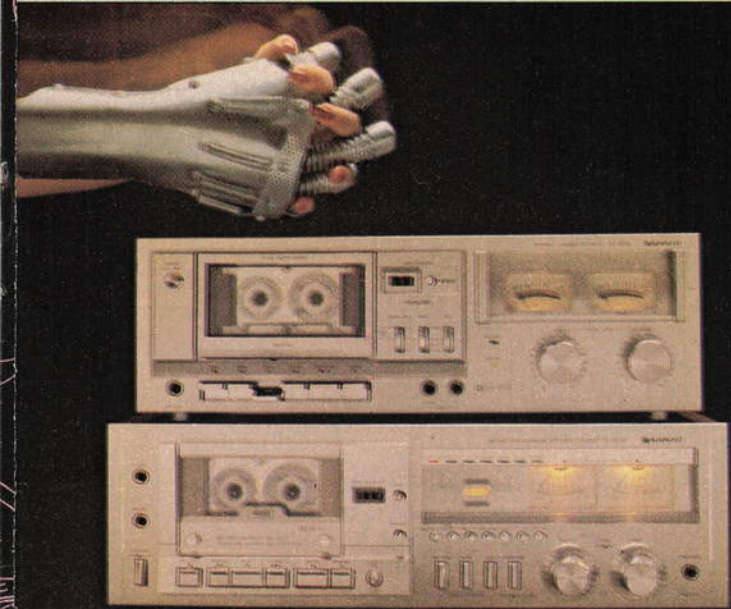
"STILL, WORKING FOR QUI MAGAZINE HAS ITS ADVANTAGES. I GET PAID FOR STANDING HERE LIKE A ROBOT..."



PIONEER CT-F950 (\$595) & CT-F1250 (\$695)

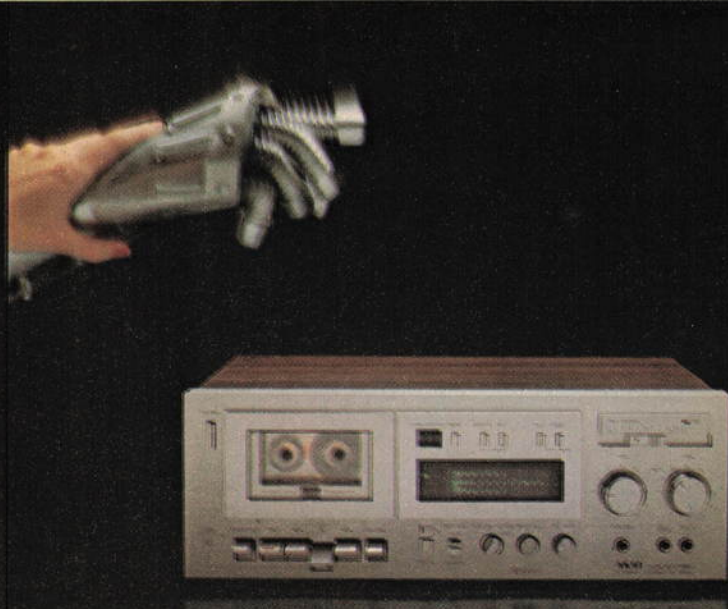
Both of these three-head, solenoid-controlled machines contain a microcomputer to control a built-in timer, three- or four-figure digital counter with memory and automatic-replay functions. The CT-F1250 also has a fine adjustment for bias, equalization and level.

RAPE...IT TAKES A TOUGH MACHINE TO HANDLE METAL



SANYO RD5035 (\$190) & RD5370 (\$400)

Don't expect any frills from the least expensive metal-capable deck on the market—just first-class recordings. The more expensive RD5370 provides even better response, along with the convenience of solenoid controls and a precision drive system for true tape speed.



AKAI GX-M50 (\$375)

This three-head machine offers fluorescent meters that can be switched to display average or peak readings, a fine bias adjust, and a master level control for mixing line and microphone inputs. The mechanical switches are virtually jamproof for sure tape handling.



NAKAMICHI 480 (\$495)

Nakamichi's lowest-priced cassette deck turns out to be very easy to use. Recording levels are set using slide switches, and the VU meters are an unobtrusive blue. Metal tapes recorded on this machine come out clean and precise every time.



**"C3PO,
EAT YOUR HEART OUT!"**

BASIL

What It's Like to Be in a Car Crash

**Personal Experience by
Howard Rheingold**

Esther took her time saying goodbye. Judy decided to drive. I was in a hurry to get home, so I got in first and sat in back. We were driving through a quiet industrial district at 11 o'clock on a Saturday night, talking about what a nice evening it had been, when a large, dark vehicle came out of nowhere, jumped a stop sign and headed for us. Our reaction was . . . nothing. We simply refused to believe what our brains were telling us about the immediate future.

Then we all heard the squeal of skidding tires as Judy floored the brakes.

Next came a gut-punching, slamming sound as—yes—it happened. It was the kind of painful-sounding metallic smack that makes a person shudder in his bedroom two blocks away.

Finally, a *crumple*—not so loud as the *slam*, but twice as sickening—as the exoskeleton of our vehicle gave way under the force of muscle car moving at 70 mph. Somewhere between the slam and the crumple was a higher-pitched counterpoint of splintering glass.

The other car took the crash head-on, mashing radiator first into the driver's side of our car, from the fender to the windshield. The impact spun our car into a fishtail, and we seemed to leave the ground entirely as our mortally wounded Malibu swung around and counterbashed them broadside. The two traumatized automobiles were mysteriously welded together at this point, side by side. The concussion of the second collision sent a glass storm of shattered window particles through our

car, but we were so intent on the unfolding event that nobody noticed the brief, sharp shower until later.

Two collisions, and the driver of the assaulting vehicle was still trying to get the hell out of there, vainly gunning his mangled engine, edging the two fused automobiles toward a brick wall. Judy was ramming the brake pedal to the floor with both feet, hanging on to the steering wheel with her left hand and trying to shove the gearshift into PARK with her right. The other driver hampered our strategy by steering toward us at this point, in a last-ditch effort to avoid the brick wall and proceed down the street. Judy hit REVERSE, jolting our bodies in an unhealthy manner and divorcing the two vehicles. We came to a stop. The other vehicle also came to a halt before it could smash into the brick wall—which was no surprise, since half its engine was embedded in our fender. The doors of the car flew open, and the four occupants jumped out and ran down the street without a backward glance.

I thought I smelled gasoline, although it turned out that none was leaking. The olfactory hallucinations came with the adrenaline afterblast. I shouted, "Everybody out! I smell gas!" All three of us squeezed out of what was left of the driver's side of the car. I knew that I was basically intact, and I asked if everyone else was OK. Judy and Esther both said *no* with such immediacy and conviction that I dragged them over to the streetlight for a look. "Head wounds bleed a lot," I said, impulsively drawing on the only experience I had with head wounds—television. I held Esther's shoulders and took a close-up look.

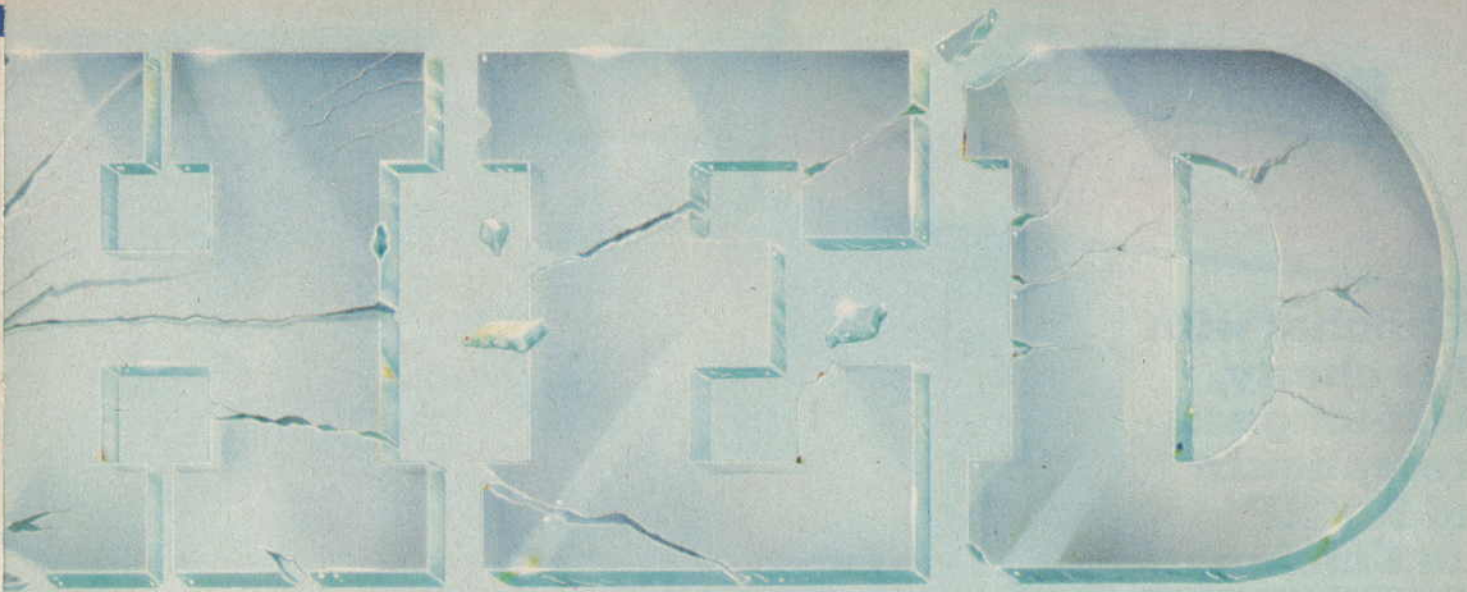
There was so much blood that at first I thought Esther's throat had been cut. Then I remembered the flying glass from the broadside collision. I checked her major neck arteries, saw that they were not the source of the bleeding, noted that her cheek was sort of hanging in space,

but that her checkbone was not exposed. Her eyes seemed to be intact, although incredibly bloodshot, and her eyebrows were dripping blood. By the time I'd checked this far, people from the neighborhood were running into the street. I handed Esther to the first person who came along, and then turned to Judy. She had a dozen scratches on her cheeks, a few undecipherable scalp lacerations that were soaking the peach scarf I'd bought her at Bendel's, and she was holding her neck with both hands. All three of us were spitting glass. We found our way into a Samaritan's van—thank you, Samaritan—and he ran all the red lights on the way to General Hospital.

Meanwhile, inside my body, a little gland not much larger than a walnut was keenly aware of the external developments. Electrochemical messages zipped back and forth between sense organs, midbrain and emergency-action centers in the hypothalamus. The high command in the cortex gave the signal to create new neurohormones. Within milliseconds, the molecular message worked its way down the chain of command, until every organ and cell had been alerted to the unprecedented emergency status.

Deep in my gut, nestled above each kidney, another set of organs got the message. The good old adrenals started pumping those rare elixirs, adrenaline and noradrenaline. An instantaneous surge of muscular energy enabled me to brace my body with unaccustomed force. My emotions passed panic and went into overdrive. My body, it seemed, was going to take care of itself. That left my mind with a surprising amount of time to think.

The first slam didn't actually propel any glass into my body, but I *felt* the sound of a billion invisible shards penetrating every one of my nerve channels. A not unpleasant, but startling wave of heat followed the billion tiny electrodes into my overamped neurons. The senses of



sound, sight, smell were all channeled into tactile sensation. It was as if the entire world had become *skin*, and along with the sudden sense of fragility came a curious, unexpected euphoria. For a peak millisecond or two, all the anxiety, pain and raw panic of the collision was overshadowed by the ecstatic white light in my brain.

"This has to be the ultimate high" was one of the few thousand thoughts that ran through my mind while we were being bashed around. An involuntary, total-body overdrive is indeed a pure, intense, weirdly euphoric type of intoxicant. And it is available to everyone. You too can experience the sweet tingle and taste the primordial nectar of your own rushing adrenaline. All you need is the nerve to ride in an automobile.

There is one particularly distinct impression which still bubbles up at apparently random intervals. I can't say I *saw* it in the conventional sense, or even had time to think it, but the message was undeniable—a composite kiddy archetype with the face of Bugs Bunny and the voice of Porky Pig stuttering, "Th-th-that's *all*, folks!" as I prepared to depart the world to this last Looney Tune. Disney Bardo. The crack between the worlds. Except I didn't fade to black—not in *this* alternate world; instead I stayed wide awake, flashing mightily.

Time became deliciously colloidal, like those slo-mo, gooey-lens scenes in tearjerker television movies. The sound of squealing tires triggered an internal time sludgifier, which slowed everything down for agonizing perusal. There was time to think, even meditate, in those complex seconds before metal met metal. "Is this what our lives add up to?" was one of the more prominent questions. As was the ever-urgent "Why me?"

If we had lingered a second longer before we started our car, we might have been the bashers instead of the bashedes, and the four felons who fled into the night

would have been picking glass out of *their* faces. If we had arrived a fraction of a second earlier, we might have avoided the accident or, more likely, the bashing would have happened full broadside and they would still be washing us off the pavement.

I can't say that I've ever seen my life passing in front of my eyes, but the sound of crunching metal did pull a dozen detailed files out of my memory banks. There was the very first time the distinctive squeal-slam-crumple sound track was revealed to me: I was sixteen, newly licensed to drive a tiny Renault around the streets of Phoenix, Arizona, to deliver brushes to bouffanted housewives in vain hopes of getting laid.

I wasn't yet aware that the laws of traffic and the habits of humans don't always agree. Someone ignored a stop sign, and I ended up with my entire body ingeniously folded in the only uncrunched area of my Renault, where the passenger would have put his legs. The radio speaker was jolted out of the dashboard and dangled in front of my face, blasting out a golden oldie, the title of which still eludes me.

Another memory—this one from somebody else's wreck—came to me when the first impact spun our car around 90 degrees for the broadside slam. Over ten years ago, two psychic desperados of my acquaintance decided to drive from Portland, Oregon, to New York City, using LSD to keep them awake. Somewhere in Wyoming they made a wrong decision and wrapped their car around a tree.

They sat there, physically uninjured, cosmically baffled, hallucinating insanely. Eventually one of them turned to the other and whispered, "Know where we can score some more adrenaline?" That quote, and the look on the face of the survivor as he told it to me, floated up a decade later, when my own glandular floodgates dumped every milliliter of joy juice my adrenals could muster into my

frantically pumping circulatory system.

It must be noted that adrenaline is the oldest form of intoxication known to man. It's the billion-year-old high, the original fight-or-flight fuel. Awareness is a command-and-control setup for our biological defense systems: We can see danger; we can hear danger; we can grab danger by the goddamn throat and throttle it until it isn't dangerous anymore.

It's been noted before, but it still comes as a surprise: There is no immediate pain; *that* comes later, when you're lying under megacandle light in the emergency ward. Instead, there is a peculiar sense of aliveness that comes over you when all your dormant defenses turn themselves up to the last notch. I was later to learn that the billion electrodes that pleasurably penetrated my nerves were really a network of capillaries bursting under an adrenaline-charged blood rush. The doctor in the emergency ward warned me that my body would be very sore all over for a few days, because the adrenaline rush shot so much blood through my system that the capillaries didn't have time to expand to accommodate the flow.

The day after the accident, my own doctor told me that my left shoulder felt crucified *not* because I hit it against anything tangible, but because my own muscles braced for the collision with such force that I tore something. The adrenal hormones had liberated the huge stash of glucose in my liver and free fatty acids in my muscles, giving me the momentary power to wreck myself. After a decade of responsible drug abuse, it was appalling to realize that a couple of drops of stuff from two lumps above my kidneys could induce me to do what assorted stimulants, hallucinogens, animal tranquilizers and vodka had failed to accomplish. You can live an entire lifetime without ever getting so excited that you break something inside your own body. Unless, of course, you get bashed. ■

Small Talk: **Loni Anderson**

Chitchat with the chesty, tart-tongued receptionist of WKRP in Cincinnati

There's been a persistent rumor floating around that Loni Anderson is just a nice, normal, old-fashioned and intelligent girl. Aw, c'mon. A chick who looks like that, making it without *making* it? No way! A devoted mother who collects Snow White memorabilia and idolizes the fairy-tale beauty as a role model? Not a chance! Didn't the awesomely endowed Loni pose in a skimpy bikini for a million-seller poster? Snow White may have had a dwarf fetish, but she never cavorted in a G string.

OUI sent correspondents Christopher Stone and Chuck Crandall out to debunk this bleached blonde on her own turf—CBS Studio Center. They told us they would strip away that Miss Goody Two-Shoes facade so carefully perpetuated by the Nordic siren. They would trick her into admitting she had performed in some sleazy two-reelers when she was a young, vulnerable starlet—or something equally sordid. They would drag out all the dirty little secrets that *must* be hidden away in the deeper recesses of her mind. Loni Anderson *can't* be the girl you'd bring home to Mama.

That's what we thought.



OUI: You were in your early twenties when you had cosmetic surgery on your breasts. Why?

ANDERSON: I had large, large breasts all my life. When I was a young girl, my breasts were nice—but embarrassing.

OUI: Embarrassing?

ANDERSON: Well, sometimes they were very hard to deal with. I really didn't know what to do with them, although there were a lot of boys who thought they knew what to do with them! [laughs] At eighteen I became a mother, and so my once-lovely breasts got very saggy. I thought to myself, I shouldn't look like this. But I coped until braless fashions came in. I couldn't wear them, so I went to my gynecologist and asked him what could be done. He asked me, "Do you care if you're smaller?" I said, "Are you kidding? I would just like to look normal and have somebody talk to my eyes for a change." So he sent me to a plastic surgeon. Now I feel proportioned instead of outrageous.

OUI: You mentioned the braless look. Do you dislike wearing underwear?

ANDERSON: I don't like restrictive clothing, and bras are very constricting. They make me feel like I'm all trussed up. So I don't wear them when I don't have to.

OUI: Do you wear underwear on the set?

ANDERSON: Jennifer has to wear underwear. Jennifer has to wear a bra. The network's standards and practices department said "No, no" to a braless Jennifer.

OUI: Your pinup poster is a runaway success. Do you ever think about it stimulating hundreds of thousands of horny men?

ANDERSON: That's never entered my mind. A head shot of me could serve the same purpose—or my appearance on television. The poster is just a picture. I'm totally disassociated from it. Whatever's happening to the poster is not happening directly to me. I'm just flattered that I'm being appreciated.

OUI: Which of your stunning physical attributes is your own personal favorite?

ANDERSON: I guess I've always



"I'll stay with WKRP... especially if Jennifer continues to develop."

been proud of my teeth. I look like I have enough for two people. And I've always liked my mouth.

OUI: What part of you don't you like?

ANDERSON: I never liked my nose. It's just too *cute*. I would like to have a more serious nose—straighter, not so turned up on the end. And I think my square jaw is one that every leading man in the world would die for. I also have broad shoulders. Sometimes I think I look like Esther Williams.

OUI: Which part of the male anatomy do you consider most erotic?

ANDERSON: You're going to find this very strange, but I love very shapely, hairy arms—not muscle-bound. Hairy men are usually a turn-on. Hairy chests and good shoulders. I like stocky men.

OUI: Who has the sexiest arms, in your opinion?

ANDERSON: My husband [actor Ross Bickell]. And Burt Reynolds. Burt and I did a *Merv Griffin* together, and I remember sitting next to him and thinking, "Hmmm. He has nice arms." He's hairy and I thought, "He's a very sexy, good-looking man." I find Burt very appealing.

OUI: Are you an advocate of open marriages?

ANDERSON: No, not at all. I'm a one-man-at-a-time woman. I really don't think I can share, and I don't think I can be shared. That's not something I deal with well—mentally or emotionally. I guess I'm an old-fashioned girl when it comes to that.

OUI: If your husband came home tonight and admitted balling a beautiful woman, how would you react?

ANDERSON: First of all, I would not want to be told. If you have a fling, no one ever needs to know. I think telling your partner about it is unburdening yourself of the guilt, and that's very unfair. If Ross fell in love with someone else, I would want him to tell me, so that we could split up and so that I could find someone else, too. But if it's just a fling, don't tell me about it. I don't want to deal with it. It's very hard for me to forgive and forget. It would prey on my mind and, eventually, I think it would cause a split of some kind. But if I never knew, what difference would it make?

OUI: If you were told about an affair, would you want to retaliate by having one of your own?

ANDERSON: I'm sure I would. My first reaction would be, "Well, I'll show you just how attractive I can be to someone else!" Silly, right? I'd like to think that I was grown up enough not to do something like that; yet, *ooohhh*, the temptation is there.

OUI: Were you attractive in high school?

ANDERSON: Always. I won beauty contests from the time I was thirteen. When I was fourteen, my measurements were 37-20-32. I was the Valentine Queen in my senior year of high school.

OUI: We bet you were a real wild number in high school, right?

ANDERSON: No, I was very shy. I was shy to the point that people said, "She's stuck-up." But I never said anything to anybody because I was scared to death. When I dated, it was usually with guys from other schools, because the boys from my school always figured I had a date. I missed a lot of good times because I never said, "Hey, everybody, I don't have a date!" So everyone just assumed I had something better



"Bras are very constricting, so I don't wear them."

to do. I talked about that once on the *Mike Douglas Show*, and I received letters from guys I went to high school with. They



"My favorite physical attributes? I've always been proud of my teeth."

wrote, "Why didn't you tell us!" **OUI:** Now you call yourself a feminist. Were you a women's libber back in the days when you were Miss Roseville in the Miss Minnesota pageant?

ANDERSON: I think I was always a feminist, but nobody knew what to call it then. I remember when I was Miss Roseville, I went to a dance and started doing the cha-cha. Someone said to me, "You're only allowed to waltz, my dear." I said, "Then I don't think I want to do this anymore. Here's your crown." I guess I realized I was a feminist when I went to get my divorce. I told the judge, "I want a divorce." He said, "I'm sorry, but you're pregnant, and pregnant women are irrational. They don't know their own minds. We couldn't possibly start proceedings with a pregnant woman. After you have your baby, then we'll talk about it." So I said, "When did you figure all this out, judge? The last time you were pregnant?" Of course, he promptly asked me to leave his chambers.

OUI: You were seventeen when you married. You've said that you and your first hubby didn't like each other, but you haven't said why.

ANDERSON: Because we didn't even know each other.

OUI: Then why did you marry him?

ANDERSON: He was cute. I must have been crazy to run off with someone I'd only known a couple of weeks, just because he was very cute. I don't know where my mind was. I guess I was thinking, "This will be fun for a weekend." At the time I never stopped to think I would have to live with it for the rest of my life. He was twenty-six years old, and we had nothing in common. So I left, even though I was pregnant.

OUI: How did you manage to get through college with a child

and no money?

ANDERSON: It was very tough. My parents had a lot of money and they could have paid for everything. But my father said, "You can live here, go to school, and we'll take care of your daughter—but you'll have to find some way to pay for it." I resented that at first. I thought, "They can afford to put me through college; why won't they help me?" So, I lived at home for free, but I had to pay for my own tuition and all my other bills. Modeling paid the

"As Miss Roseville, I was only allowed to waltz. So I gave back the crown."



best money for the least hours, so that's what I did. Only after I graduated from college did I realize what my father had done. By not paying for everything, he had helped to make me strong, independent and proud. I've never needed a man for anything but himself. I've never needed anyone to take care of me.

OUI: But you must have had offers along the way?

ANDERSON: Yes, and I left a few modeling jobs because of that. Some guy would ask me to do a few topless shots and I'd say, "Goodbye." Or someone would make a pass at me. I was a divorced mother who needed money, and there were a lot of men preying on that kind of thing. Rich, married men were telling me, "Just think how easy it will be. I'll pay for your apartment and your tuition. You can spend more time with your daughter." It was all very tempting, but just not worth it to me in the long run. I had a girlfriend who kept saying, "Oh, if they'd only ask me!"

OUI: Didn't you ever do something you felt guilty about later, something exploitative?

ANDERSON: Hmmmm . . . I used to feel guilty about going out to dinner. I was always starving! [laughs] I wouldn't take money from a man, but if someone wanted to take me to a nice place to eat, I'd go. I went through a lot of guys that way, because we'd leave the restaurant and I'd say, "Thank you very much." Then I'd go home—alone. They didn't get what they wanted, so they never asked me out again.

OUI: Your daughter is fifteen. Is she as beautiful as her mother?

ANDERSON: She is a beautiful girl. Gary Sandy, Howard Hesseman and Tim Reid [WKRP co-stars] are all waiting for her to get a little older.

OUI: Why won't you do a nude layout for OUI?

ANDERSON: Well, when I was offered a nude layout, I thought, I can just see my daughter at show-and-tell with a nude centerfold and saying, "Here's mother!" That sort of thing is too private.

OUI: But if an important role were offered—the kind of part that wins Oscars—and it involved total nudity, would you turn it down?

ANDERSON: I've thought about that a lot, and my first reaction would be to turn it down. But then, thinking about your Academy Award roles . . . Oh, dear, what would I do? I don't know. I guess I'll have to wait until it happens. Right now, I just don't think I could do it. You know, some of the sexiest things in the world have been done without being nude. Most of the time I think nudity's unnecessary. It's done for sensationalism and a lot of reasons I just don't agree with.

OUI: How does your husband feel about the possibility of you stripping for a screen role?

ANDERSON: He has the same iffy feeling I have.

OUI: Do you ever use drugs for recreation?

ANDERSON: No. And I'm not a drinker or a smoker, either. I don't really like the taste of liquor, and I'm allergic to everything but white wine and champagne.

OUI: Do you have any vices?

ANDERSON: Vices . . . Oh, yes. I eat everything. It's very hard for me to turn down a doughnut. I spend a lot of money, too. I love to shop. I have a shoe fetish, for one thing. Because of that, I was once Miss Thom McAn Shoes. I can't pass up shoes, but I *must* stop. Every closet in the house is filled with them.

OUI: Does Loni Anderson have anything in common with Jennifer Marlowe, besides the same smooth curves and silky skin?

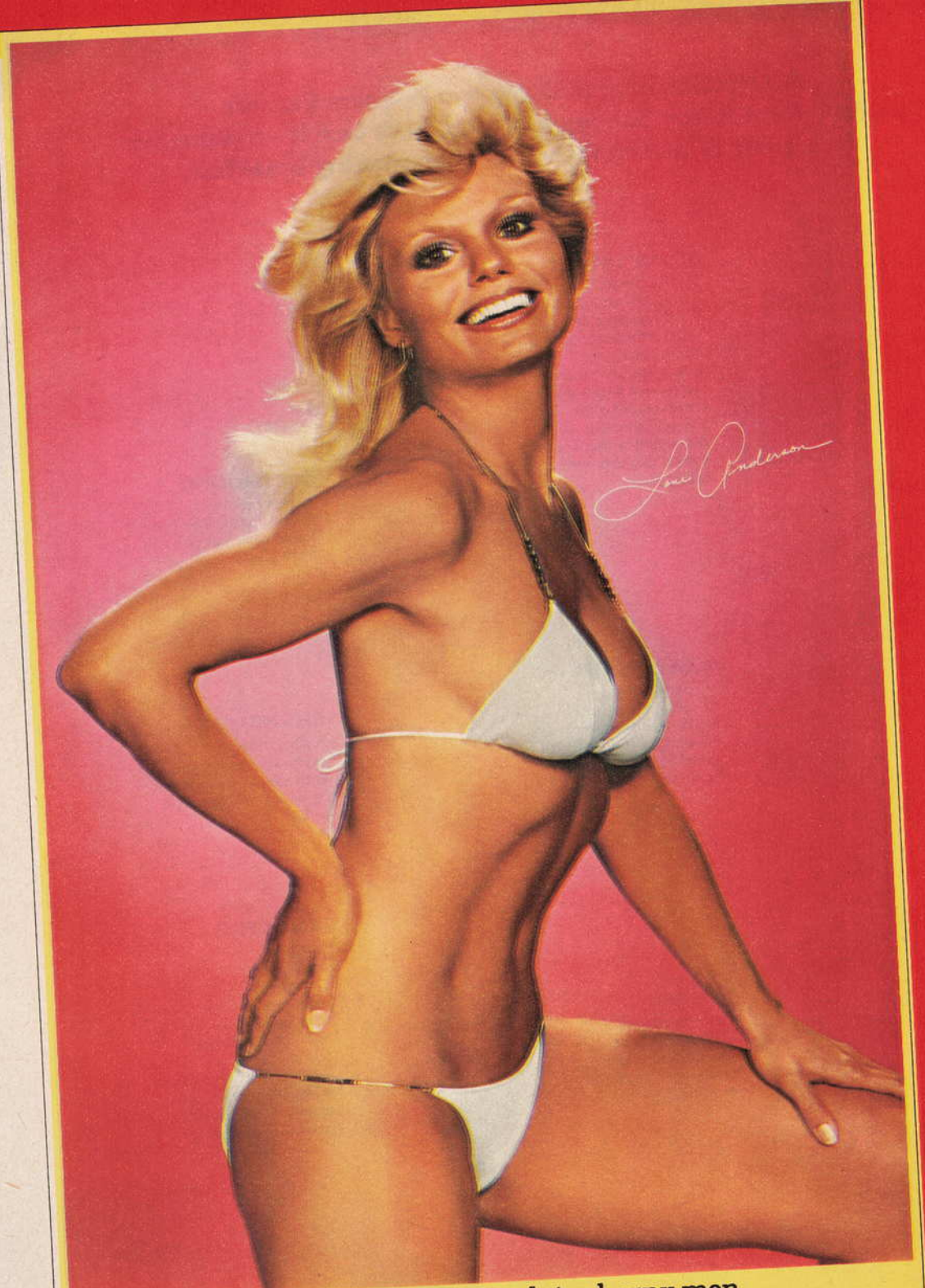
ANDERSON: Actually, I'd like to be more like Jennifer than I am. All of those wonderful things she thinks of to say right on the spur of the moment . . . I always think of things like that later, but I never really say them. Jennifer says anything. She's quick with a comeback.

OUI: That's because Jennifer has writers.

ANDERSON: That's true, but Jennifer's much more in control than I am. She knows where she's going at all times. I think I'm less shallow than Jennifer is, and she's not a family person. But I would like to have more of her control, her direction and her drive.

OUI: Don't you have drive and direction? You seem very much in control.

ANDERSON: I keep it all inside.



"The thought that my poster stimulates horny men never entered my mind. I'm just flattered I'm appreciated."

I'll probably have an ulcer someday.

OUI: You once said that three years is an ideal run for any show. Does that mean you'll leave *WKRP* after next season?

ANDERSON: I think I'll go with this show for the duration, especially if Jennifer continues to develop the way she has been. She's becoming a more inter-

esting person—multifaceted. I think when people start leaving a show it loses its spunk. So, if the show's going to stay on, I'd like to stay with it.

OUI: And when *WKRP* signs off for the last time?

ANDERSON: I want to do movies, TV, the stage. Whenever there's something good to be done, I want to do it. I prefer

comedy to everything, though. I think making people laugh is the nicest thing you can do.

OUI: Do you have any wicked sexual fantasies, Snow White?

ANDERSON: Yes, but I consider them private and I'm not going to tell *anyone* what they are. Let's just say that I do have them . . . and I hope they are never actually carried out. ■

A selection of appetizing eye-openers that are perfect for a sleepy Sunday morning. Let's face it—making her a great drink is a lot easier than making breakfast.



BLOODY MARY

1½ ozs. vodka
3 ozs. tomato juice
½ oz. lemon juice
1 dash Worcestershire sauce
1 dash celery salt
1 dash Tabasco sauce
Shake well with ice and serve in a big glass. For a simple shortcut, use Bloody Mary mix and vodka. Garnish with a celery stalk.



GREYHOUND

1½ ozs. vodka
4½ ozs. grapefruit juice
Serve with lots of ice in a tall glass.



SCREWDRIVER

1½ ozs. vodka
4½ ozs. orange juice
Shake well with ice or try blending with ice at high speed for five seconds. Serve in a tall glass.



CHAMPAGNE

A glass of brut or extra-dry champagne with a fresh strawberry. Bring the whole bottle to bed.



MIMOSA

Half champagne
Half orange juice
Use domestic, dry champagne and serve in a fancy glass.



RAMOS FIZZ

2 ozs. gin
1 egg white
½ oz. cream
2 tsps. lemon juice
2 tsps. sugar
1 dash orange-flower water
Combine everything with ice in a blender for five seconds. Strain, and fill glass with soda water.



TEQUILA SUNRISE

2 ozs. tequila
2 tsps. grenadine
4 ozs. orange juice
Put tequila in glass, then ice, grenadine, and fill with orange juice. Don't stir until ready to drink—it looks nicer in colored layers.



KAHLÚA AND COFFEE

1½ ozs. Kahlúa
1 cup coffee
Combine both and top with a marshmallow or whipped cream for effect.

PHOTOILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN HARVEY/CHARLES WILD
SPECIAL THANKS TO MICHAEL DOUD AND MICK HAGGERTY

P E R R I N Y



THE LOT OF THE USED CAR BUYER

*How to drive a bargain
without being taken for a ride*

By Chris Barnett

You need wheels and can't afford a showroom-fresh Datsun 280ZX, a Mercedes 450SL or a Pontiac Trans Am. But neither do you want one of those squat, stripped-down sedans. Now what? A supersharp *used* car? Sure. Only problem is, how do you buy a good used car without getting ripped off?

We've polled the pros and mapped out a battle plan guaranteed to get you through this ordeal, with both your sanity and solvency intact.

MILES OR STYLE?

Before you crack the classified ads or visit that first lot, know what you want to buy. A two-year-old, luxury German import is smart-looking, but think twice about the maintenance and repair costs. Small economy cars are great on gas, but ask yourself if you can survive long trips in a fetal position. Used convertibles are great but they cost plenty; sedans are the best bargains but they're boring. So settle on a car that fits you and your wallet before you start schlepping around.

Buying a car from a private party can be a smart move—but only if you're dealing with your brother, father-in-law, longtime neighbor or best friend. Otherwise, you're likely to get burned. Ask yourself, "Why is this person unloading his near-perfect car?" Perhaps because he knows a dealer's mechanic will spot the cracked cylinder wall if he tries to trade it in. Beware of strangers selling used cars. They have no guilt; they offer no guarantees. (And now, in many states, you won't even save sales tax when you buy from a private party; you're nicked when you reregister the car.)

Your only protection is a thorough inspection by a mechanic you trust. More on mechanics later.

FOREPLAY ON THE FRONT LINE

When you're shopping for a clean, late-model used car, steer clear of discounters, wholesalers, TV pitchmen and "iron merchants." That's the wisdom of Trader Vic Snyder of Pacoima, California, once crowned King of the Iron Merchants by the *New York Times*, no less. The Trader sells "miracle cars" ("If it's a good car, it's a miracle"), but only to mechanically inclined people who know they're buying semi-clunkers and can fix them up. "Otherwise," says Snyder, "for a sharp car, stick with a reputable new-car dealer who has a used-car lot."

Trader Vic, who's been selling 150 to 200 cars a month for 15 years, says that if he were taking his own son shopping for a used car, he'd follow this ritual:

First, check the tires. If they're worn on the inside or outside, the car may be out of alignment. "You should wonder why the car is out of alignment," says Snyder, "and why the dealer hasn't at least replaced the tires."

Look for rust. Rust spreads, and while some body shops can cover it up, they can't stop the spreading. Eyeball the car, bumper to bumper, inside and outside.

Push down on all four fenders. If the car bounces like a trampoline, the shock absorbers are probably shot.

Look for leaks—any leak. It could be from a valve-cover gasket or the transmission. Any fluid leak is a potential problem, so don't let a salesman minimize it by claiming it was drippings from another car.

Does the exterior paint match on all body

sections? Study doorjambs, fenders and body panels to see if the paint is original and if it matches. A fresh paint job on a two-year-old car could be a tip-off that the car has been totaled. Look along fenders and doors for rippled paint. The last thing you want is a car that's had cosmetic surgery, says Snyder.

Pop the hood. Check for mismatched paint and welding. Don't worry if the engine has been steam cleaned. "But if it's painted, look out," warns Vic. "They did it just to sell the car." Check the radiator water for any traces of rust or additives. It might be an overheater. Inspect every hose.

Check the oil. Thick oil on a dipstick means trouble. The dealer might have packed the engine with 40-weight or heavier oil or an additive to muffle a noisy engine. Sludgy oil is one tip-off that the dealer hasn't prepped the car.

Open the trunk. Besides the tire and jack, look for any obvious or subtle welding or repainting. The car could have been rear-ended. "If the trunk rug is ragged or torn," advises Snyder, "and it's a low-mileage car, this could mean the auto's had hard usage and thus will have a shorter life-span."

Crawl inside. Flip every switch, turn every dial, push every button. Now's your chance to make sure everything works. Worn-out floor mats, brake and accelerator pedals mean a lead-foot owned it before. Broken or sagging seats or new seat covers on a late-model car suggest that the previous owner was a hard-driving traveling salesman. Why buy his company's depreciated grief?

TIME FOR THE TEST DRIVE

By now you may have fallen in love with

this 4000-pound machine, but don't let it show. Keep cool, wear a stone face. Time for the test drive. Believe it or not, some dealers want the salesman behind the wheel and you in the passenger seat, says Snyder. They mumble about their insurance. Tell them you were born at night, but it wasn't last night.

Before you're off the lot, take your hands off the steering wheel and hit the brakes. If the car pulls left or right, you're in trouble already. Park it and get out. The dealer should have checked that before he put it up for sale. A little brake adjustment, scoffs the salesman. Don't fall for it.

You're on the road and the automatic transmission should shift smoothly and evenly. But take some sharp turns. "That's where it'll slip if it's going to," says Snyder. "If it even hints of a slip, forget the car. It takes a lot of money to replace a trans."

Don't be afraid to whomp on that car during the test drive. And don't let the salesman play down things like the shakes at top highway speeds, brakes that dive, grind or pull (hit 'em hard), steering-wheel play or corner sway. He wants you to fall in love with the car, but keep questioning him about any flaws you find. Is the exhaust heavy? Black smoke is OK; a pretty gray is preferable; but blue smoke means the engine is burning oil.

TAKE IT TO YOUR MECHANIC

So you like the car. It drives well, but are you Mr. Goodwrench? If not, take it to a pro—before you sign on the dotted line. Make it clear your man is going to crawl through the car with a stethoscope and a jeweler's loop. If the salesman stutters or has to check with his manager, head for the door. If he offers to drop the price \$200 if you forget about your mechanic, you're about to be ripped off. Split.

But don't let some gas-station pump jockey stick his head under the hood and bless the engine. Before the dealer will let you take a \$5000 used car across town, he wants to make sure your mechanic is qualified. Can you blame him?

George Merwin, executive vice-president of Automotive Service Council, Elmhurst, Illinois, a trade group made up of 5000 auto-repair garages, insists an hour of a trained mechanic's time is the single smartest investment you can make before you sign that dealer contract. It may cost you \$25 to \$50, but a hawk-eyed mechanic will inspect the car for many of the same things you checked, plus spark plugs, brake drums and lining, leaky shock absorbers, differential leaks, air-conditioning compressor and all steering and suspension equipment.

Merwin says a licensed mechanic should diagnose the engine with a cylinder comparison test (for leaky valves) and a cylinder balance test (making sure all cylinders are pulling their load). His trained eye and electronic diagnostic equipment should spot problems you'd never notice. Don't be

NEVER

buy a used car from a private party, unless it's someone you know. Strangers have no guilt and offer no guarantees.

NEVER

consider a car until it's been checked thoroughly. That means the tires, paint, rust, oil, trunk. Even the rugs.

NEVER

let the salesman put you in the passenger seat for a test drive. If he mumbles about insurance, you know you're being cheated.

NEVER

buy a used car without taking it to a trusted mechanic first. The \$50 you spend on diagnosis is well worth it.

chintzy; spend the dough and defend yourself.

CHECK THE CAR'S PEDIGREE

Just a little insurance: Ask the dealer for the name and phone number of the previous owner. Forget the deal if he stonewalls or even stalls. If that dealer sold the car new and took it in on trade, ask to see the service records. "We're tickled to death to show a potential buyer the service history on our cars," drawls Frank C. Davis, Jr., a Nashville Buick dealer for 31 years. "A reputable dealer uses this as a sales tool."

Davis is also delighted to introduce you to the car's former owner. "It's just good business." If your dealer isn't so willing, you can always get the previous owner's name and address by running the license-plate number through the Department of Motor Vehicles. There is a small charge in most states, but it's worth it.

Call the owner, but don't interrogate him. Just rap with him a bit about the car and casually ask him how many miles it had when he traded it in or sold it to the dealer. He'll know. And then you'll know if the odometer has been turned back. Odometer spinning is against Federal law, but enforcement officials have found many dealers doing it.

GET A WARRANTY

Meanwhile, back at the car lot, it's time to talk money, and time for you to clam up.

You're in the salesman's cubicle, and he's fingering the calculator. He slips you the total, you look him in the eye and hit him with the big question: What kind of warranty comes with the car? You want 30-day, unconditional parts and labor—or no deal.

His reaction will tell you what the dealer thinks of the car. Since there is no such thing as a standard warranty on used cars, this is a major bargaining point. Most buyers, though, ignore the warranty, take what's offered or assume they're covered if they blow a pushrod the first week. Warranties normally cover the drive train—motor, transmission, rear end (differential, U-joints), drive shaft and water pump.

"This is the place a dealer can screw you," says Trader Vic Snyder. "If he counters with a fifty-fifty parts-and-labor warranty—you pay half, the dealer pays half—he can just say a sixty-dollar problem costs a hundred-twenty to fix and he's not out a dime. Those fifty-fifty, eighty-twenty gimmicks are all bullshit. I'd rather have ten days unconditional, but then thirty days unconditional is fair."

Next, ask the dealer to draw up that warranty on a separate sheet of paper and spell out the terms in simple English, suggests Snyder. Something like, "I hereby guarantee all parts and labor for 30 days," with a list of the specific parts covered. Few dealers will cover the entire car unconditionally, unless you are an established customer.

Right before you sign on the dotted line,

MONEY

If the salesman and his boss start jerking you around, get up, tell them you're sorry, and walk out.

you might want to consider an extended warranty. Many dealers offer two years' unconditional guarantee on parts and labor on the drive train for \$350 or so. If you're spending a hefty sum on the car, it might be a wise buy.

HOW TO NEGOTIATE

Now get ready to haggle. "The used-car business is the last trader's paradise in the world, and dealers expect you to bargain," says Snyder, who's also executive vice-president of the National Independent Automobile Dealers Assn. "They enjoy it. Don't be timid."

Assuming you don't have a trade-in and assuming you know what the car is worth (your bank has a Kelley Blue Book or NADA Used Car Guide and can give you wholesale and retail figures), zero in on the price. The dealer says \$4839. You don't even flinch, just eyeball him and counter with \$4400. Says Snyder, "Hit him hard. You know he'll never go for it, but now he's counting what he's losing in commission, not what the house is losing." (In most dealerships, a used-car salesman's commission is 25 percent of the gross profit.)

After you counteroffer, the dealer might round off "the change"—\$4800 "out the door." If he drops the price at all, he's ready to deal; so go for it, says Snyder. But *only* if you have cash or your own bank financing, which is as good as cash to the dealer.

"Cash talks, and he should come down a minimum of two hundred dollars, and a maximum of four hundred dollars on that deal," says the Trader. If you have to use his financing, you'll pay a higher interest rate and you can't wheel and deal, he adds. "Suddenly, you need them [GMAC, Ford Motor or *their* bank credit] and you've lost your bargaining power."

If the dealer won't drop his price more than \$200, start asking for extras, like a new set of radials, if the tires on the car are worn. Dealer cost: \$150. Get that worn rug replaced, or ask for a set of fancy wheel covers; the dealer will just pull them off another car. "It's a game," says Snyder. "Most people won't ask for these extras."

GET IT IN WRITING

You've struck a deal. The dealer has agreed to fix a laundry list of little defects—a glove-box light, a power window, whatever. Make sure it's listed on the bill of sale. The old "as-is" sale contract is dead in al-

most every state; make sure you never sign one, or you're screwed when it comes to a warranty.

Now comes the crucial moment. The salesman writes up the deal (don't sign a thing) and he needs the sales manager's approval. Standard operating procedure—don't sweat it. But if the salesman and his boss start jerking you around, claiming the salesman made a bad deal for the house and "We can't sell it at that price... we just can't"—get up, tell them you're sorry and pissed they wasted your time, and walk out. Even if you spent \$50 with that mechanic, walk out. Too many buyers feel guilty or sympathetic, strangely enough, when the manager starts berating the salesman. Let me tell you, that little soap opera is a charade. The salesman knows damn well whether or not a deal will fly.

"If it's a good offer and we see them going out to their car, we'll go get them," says Snyder. "Most dealers will. We're not going to lose the deal to somebody down the street; we're all out for the buck."

FIGHT BACK

Chances are the deal will go smoothly. If your new car runs like a Swiss watch, you and your engine will both purr. But if for some reason trouble rears its ugly head, don't take the runaround. Give your salesman the opportunity to make you a satisfied customer, but if he's only lusting after his next commission dollar, go straight to the owner of the dealership. Don't get waylaid by the general manager. Go right to the top and get it settled fast. Procrastinate or be overly patient, and you'll get bagged.

No satisfaction? Stay calm but get ready for a fight. File a formal complaint with your city, county or state consumer-affairs office or your district attorney, and send a carbon to the dealer. Complain to the district factory representative, if it's a new-car dealership. Notify the Department of Motor Vehicles; they have investigators and many love to bust auto dealers for infractions.

That should solve your problem. If it doesn't, hire a lawyer—preferably one of those lower-priced, legal-clinic attorneys. You don't want to run up a fat legal bill to settle a comparatively small auto-repair bill. "No auto dealer likes to get in a lawsuit, because it forces him to go to his attorney," says Trader Vic.

Realistically, if you buy from a reputable used-car dealer in the first place, you don't have to worry about lawsuits. Insists Frank Rodger, of Sportscar Salon Ltd., a big Datsun dealership in Flushing, New York: "We have a multimillion-dollar dealership to worry about. Plus Datsun, plus the Better Business Bureau, plus the Department of Motor Vehicles. My boss wouldn't sell a car, if he thought there were going to be a problem. He'd wholesale it."

"After all, bad publicity is no good for our business."

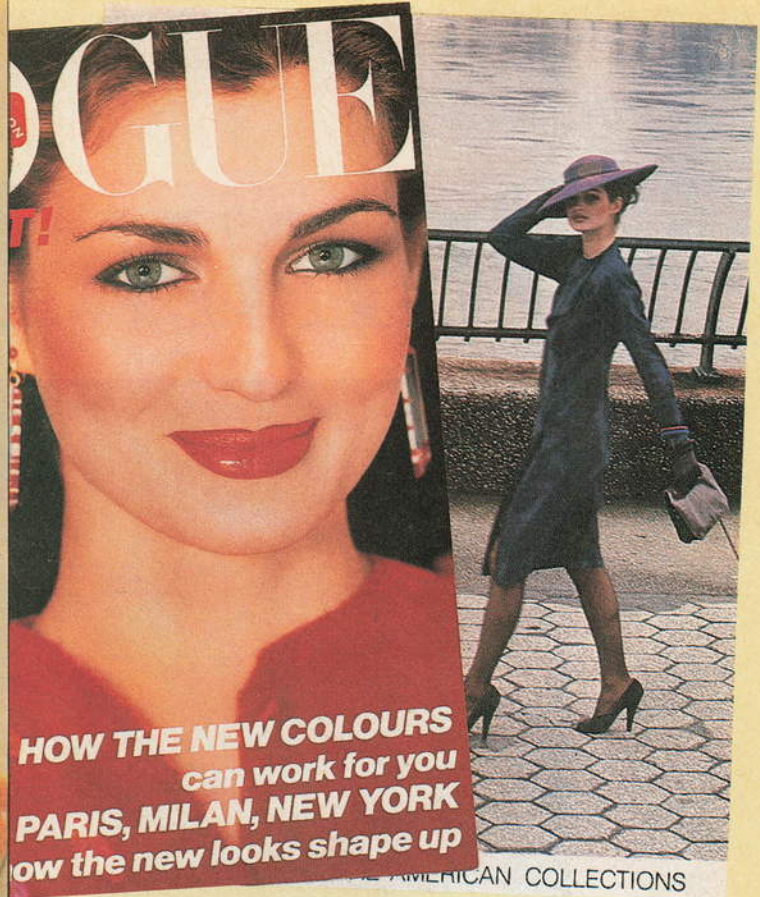
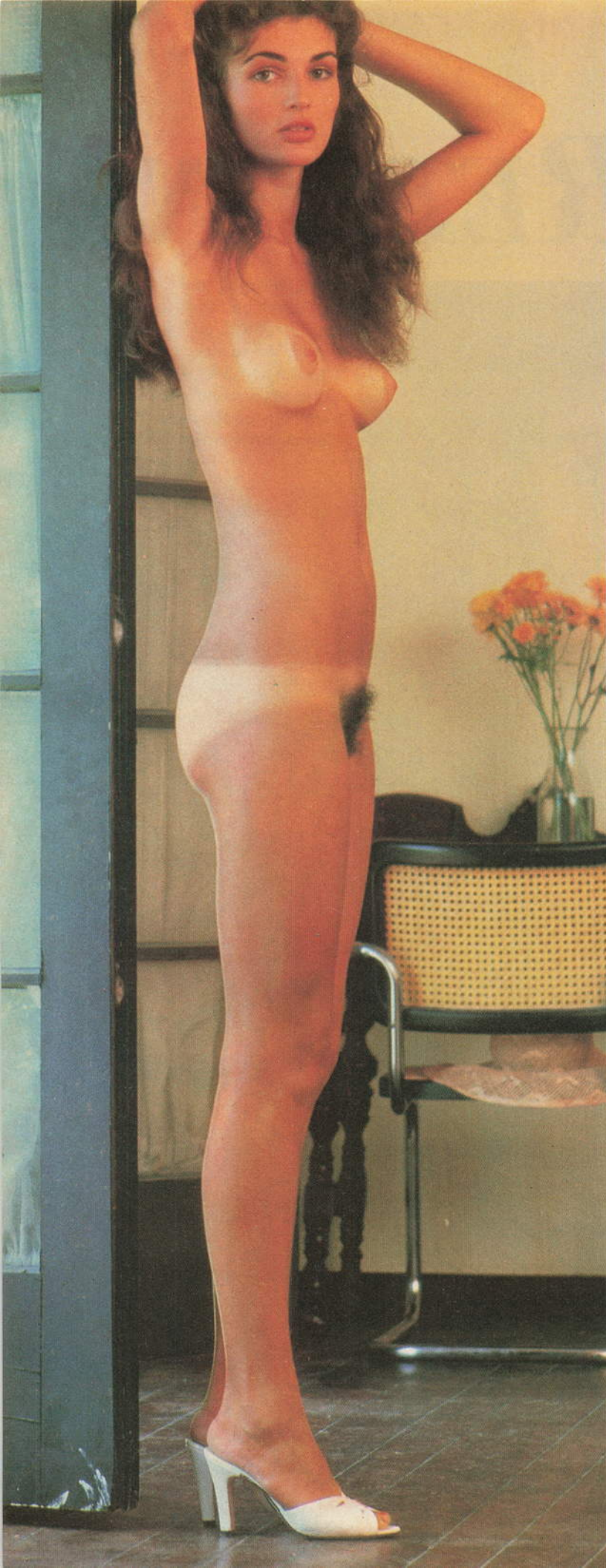
QUINN RETURNS



*One of our favorite
center girls becomes one of the
world's top fashion models*

Let it never be said that
ou're not on top of the
most beautiful girls in the
world. We've dis-
covered actresses,
gorgeous girls-next-door,
women from the most
remote parts of the world





and fashion models... like Quinn. You may recall that Quinn was our May 1979 center girl. When we saw her, we were left speechless by her classic beauty. She has a face that any pho-

tographer would love to photograph and a body that any man would love to explore. Obviously, we were right on in our evaluation of Quinn. Since the publication of her first (and







only) nude photographs, Quinn's face and figure have captured the attention of photo editors and photographers everywhere. Suddenly she appeared on the covers of women's magazines, in fashion layouts of chichi European and American publications, posing for ads for top department stores and boutiques. We always knew Quinn was hot, but now she's burst into flames (causing quite a few fires among our male readers, too). Take a good look at this lady. Here's a woman who looks as seductive with her clothes on as she does without. At 5' 10" and weighing 120 pounds, Quinn is perfect for high fashion. Long, lovely legs. Pert breasts and that flowing mane of hair. There's no wonder that her portfolio continues to expand, and we marvel at the monster we have created. Did we uncover another Jean Shrimpton? A Cheryl Tiegs? A Lauren Hutton? And in a media world full of blondes, isn't it refreshing to have found a dark-haired beauty?



Not only were we amazed by our discovery, but we were even more surprised that Quinn agreed to do nudes in the first place. Her only request when we shot her was that the pictures be tastefully done. She chose OUI, she said, because we

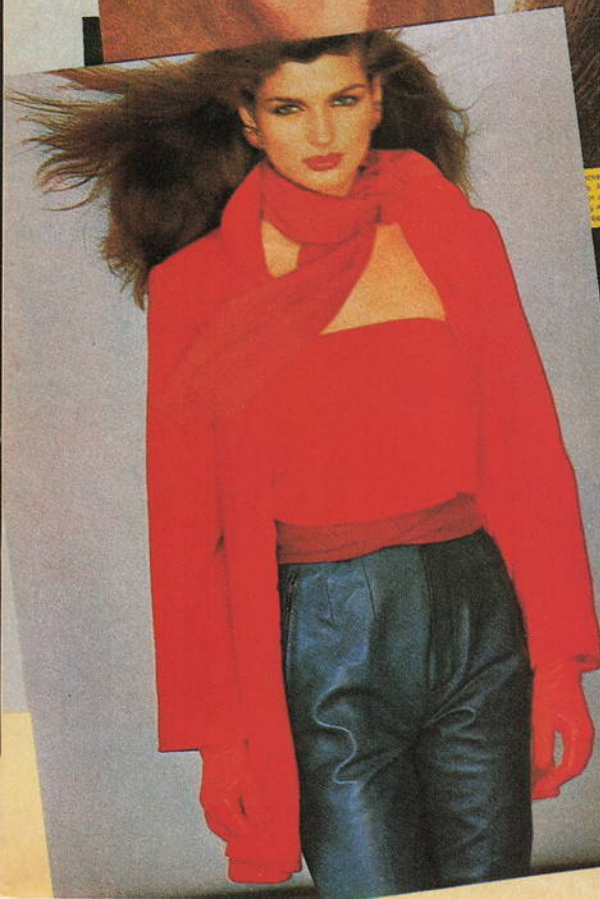


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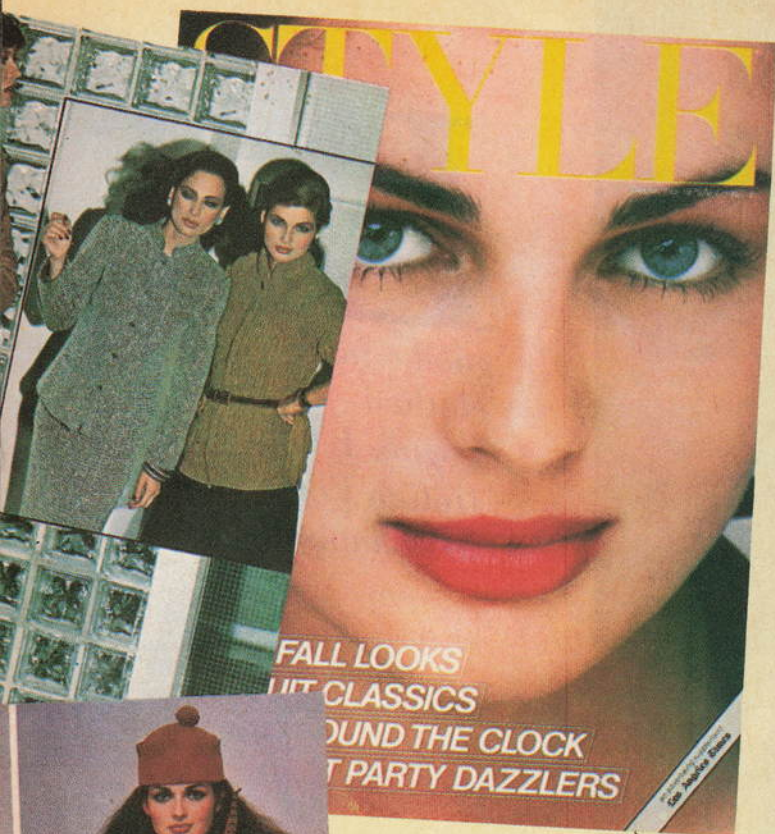


THE FINISHED LINE

Whether hair is
up or down,
short or long...
the line
holds







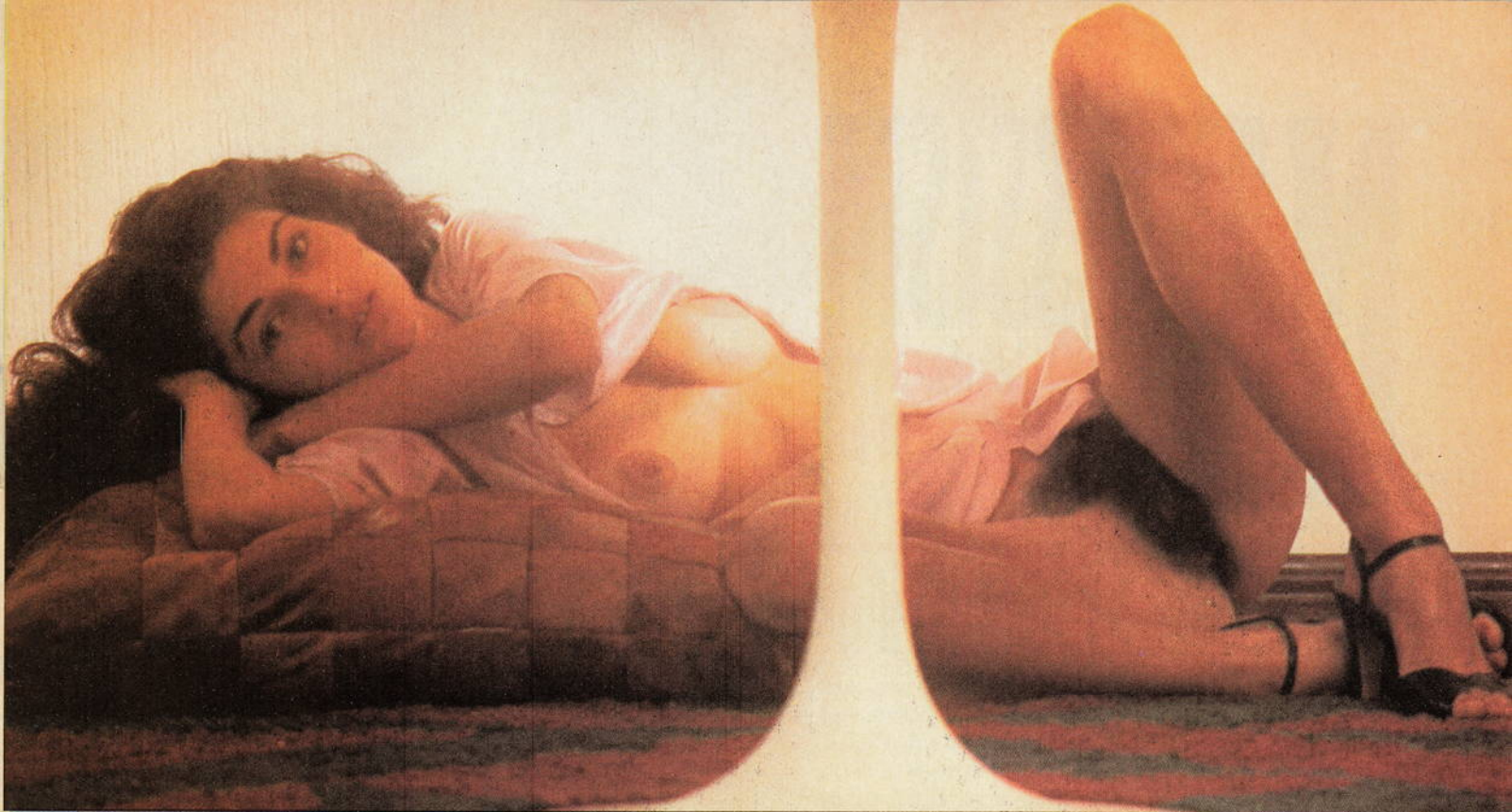
The many faces
of Quinn: cover
girl for Cosmo
Vogue and Style



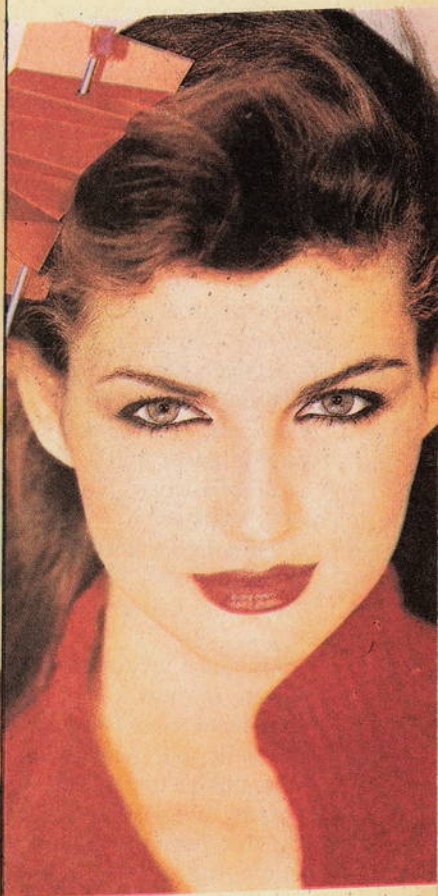


Looking
good—fully
clothed—in *British
Vogue*, *L'Officiel*,
Italian Vogue and
Mademoiselle





portray women at their prettiest. She found our photography flirtatious, flattering. She had never before posed for professional pictures of *any* kind, but she was a natural. Quinn: the model model.



NARCISSISM

YOU'RE SO VAIN, YOU
PROBABLY THINK THIS
ARTICLE IS ABOUT YOU

REFLECTIONS BY JOHN HYDUK

Meet my friend Neil: You'll hate him. Neil provokes envy the way a centerfold prompts lust. A permanent tan, teeth like a set of good china, and he inherited a stock portfolio that'll keep him in Gucci threads till Beverly Hills freezes over. He's 30, "retired," and spends his days in much the same way as Secretariat. We'd all like to think we're God's gift to women but, damn, Neil *believes* it. He almost had a humble thought once, but an all-night session of tag-team psychotherapy saved him.

"Who'd have guessed it would all turn out so badly," Neil complains over a beer at Pauley's, a local bar. Neil has two saving graces: He's a soft touch for a bar tab, and he seems incapable of enjoying all he's got. "If anyone should be happy, I should. So where's the screw-up? There's no justice in the universe."

"Don't get metaphysical on me, Neil," I say. Neil's as shallow as the soup in a TV dinner, but there's a flicker of soul in there somewhere. "Want me to tell you your problem? You're too damned narcissistic. You're so wrapped up in yourself, there's no emotion left for anyone else. Your idea of three-way sex is letting a lady slide in between you and your ego."

Pauley, the bartender, agrees with my diagnosis, but then Pauley thinks that Chivas Regal is something you can put catsup on.

"Narcissistic," Neil says, tasting the word. "Do you really think so?"

"Does Eddie Haskell love Beaver Cleaver?"

"Narcissistic," Neil grumbles, hopping off his stool. "Geez . . . I gotta check that out."

Welcome to America, 1980. Domestically, we've cashed in our karma for Big Mac/blister pack/"Whadaya *mean* I can't take it back?" hedonism; internationally, our window on the world is now a mirror. We're unable to deal with (or care about) any issue more complex than Pooper Scoopers. OPEC? Sure, we've heard of it, but haven't we paid someone to deal with them? Invade Angola? Right. But not this afternoon, OK? I've got a tennis lesson at two and, besides, my shrink says I have a hard time externalizing anger . . .

Ah, sweet 1980. End of the line for the Selfish Seventies; crowning jewel of the Me Decade . . .





... and narcissistic is our new "old" curse word, joining such heavy-duty epithets of yesteryear as *square*, *boring* and *fascist*. In a world where "Me" is the measure of all things, points are now being deducted for every inch your ego inflates beyond the national average. Self-esteem in megadoses is peddled openly on every street corner, but let yourself develop a *real* confidence jones, and you stand a good chance of getting stoned—in the Biblical sense.

What gives?

Truth is, even the psychological establishment is of two minds about narcissism. Normally, that would be a form of schizophrenia, but shrinks claim a professional exemption. Just our luck. Here we are, slouching our way through what's left of the 20th Century, and we get caught in a psychological shoot-out—kinda like *Shrink Wars*. Funny, sure, except for the fact that those are *our* neuroses they're playing high noon with. They've used up all the small-caliber ammo, such as paranoia. So what do they roll out? Narcissism: the neutron bomb of the couch set's arsenal. And the target for tonight is *your* sex life.

Recent skirmishes:

- *Psychology Today* runs a cover story entitled "Narcissism—Why Some People Can't Love," calling narcissism the new pathology of our time; a virulent self-love that promotes promiscuity (gasp!) and, ultimately, impotence (gulp). Narcissism, say the fine folks at *PT*, is bad for sex.

- A task force from the American Psychiatric Association drafts a new entry for their *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*: the narcissistic personality disorder. Narcissism, says the task force, is an exaggerated sense of self-importance; fine if you want to make a career out of sending tablets down Mt. Sinai, but very bad for relating sexually, or otherwise.

- Social critic Christopher Lasch, a history prof at the University of Rochester, puts together 268 pages on the subject, called *The Culture of Narcissism: American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations*, in which he rages against our acquisitive society, and which W.W. Norton will gladly sell you for \$11.95. Narcissism, this "inner emptiness," says Professor Lasch, is terrible for sex.

- And Richard C. Robertiello, M.D., a New York City psychiatrist, gives us another 180-odd pages tackling the "Big N" from a different angle. In his book, *Your Own True Love: The New Positive View of Narcissism*, he maintains that "the person you love the most should be...you." Narcissism, it seems, is vital for great sex.

So, it's obvious that shrinks spend too much time around couches. But whatever the problem, the answer, er, lies in the bedroom. How come they're never interested in our behavior, except when we're making the beast with two backs? I don't know about you, but I'm putting my libido under lock and key till I can get some straight facts.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

As a subject for the lab-coat set, narcissism has been as popular as dirt and rocks. And every theory of narcissism starts out tailor-made for an individual case history, but ends up like Taiwanese ready-to-wear: one size fits all.

In 1914, Freud used the term in his *Zur Einführung des Narzissmus* (*On Narcissism: An Introduction*) to describe the turning inward of the libido (sexual energy) in schizophrenics. Like Narcissus, the beautiful youth of Greek legend, these patients were often mesmerized, literally, by their own reflections. Later, Freud expanded his interpretation to posit "primary narcissism," a stage of development we all pass

EVERY THEORY OF NARCISSISM STARTS OUT TAILOR-MADE FOR AN INDIVIDUAL CASE HISTORY, BUT ENDS UP LIKE TAIWANESE READY-TO-WEAR: ONE SIZE FITS ALL

through at the age of three or four years, when the ego instincts and the sexual instincts are combined. While most of us grow out of this phase, Sigmund allowed that "the narcissistic organization is never altogether given up."

In the recent *Psychology Today* interview, Dr. Otto Kernberg, one of the foremost contemporary authorities on pathological narcissism, agrees that the childhood phase is critical. He says that most narcissists suffered at the hands of cold, indifferent parental figures when they were children, and so established some lasting link between achieving and being admired. But, like really good pizza parlors, narcissists rarely deliver. "Quite frequently," says Kernberg, "narcissists are the 'promising' geniuses, who then surprise other people by never fulfilling the promise of their talents, whose development ultimately proves to be banal."

Professor Lasch's contribution has been to hang Freud's and Kernberg's clinical criteria on an entire culture—ours. And he gets a pretty good fit.

It's hard to deny that the generation that gave us Woodstock, "Whole Earth," Tolkien and more varieties of mind expanders and mood controllers than Baskin-Robbins ultimately produced nothing more

lasting than a handful of rolling-paper millionaires and the RV establishment. Americans have always considered themselves the world's chosen people. During the Sixties, we became the child stars of the global stage. We were going to feed the hungry, heal the sick, clothe the naked and be home in time to read the reviews. Told ad nauseum that our generation was the brightest, the strongest, the most aware, the most intelligent ever, we finally O.D.ed on the sheer hype.

A decade later, foreign-policy setbacks are the rule (yawn), economic stagnation the norm (ho-hum), and reports that some resource or other is nearing exhaustion are common. Enfeebled by what might be called "pessimism" (like Yasser Arafat might be called "antisocial"), we'd now rather save the down payment on a condo than save the world. Oh, we'll still pay lip service to nuclear dangers or baby seals or whatever's trendy, but our real rallying cry is "Leave Us Alone!"

Enough of this moral fiber already; haven't you got something in a nice tweed?

So, what's left for us to spend our national energy and deceptively healthy paychecks on? Creature comforts. A return to the fundamental recreations. Packaged pleasure that isn't so much decadent as unimaginative; maybe a video recorder so we can own a complete library of *Happy Days*.

Professor Lasch at Rochester holds up history as the yardstick and finds us sorely lacking. Looking out on a people beset by "boundless repressed rage" and besieged by a human-potential mega-industry that threatens to exhaust the alphabet (est, TM, etc.) long before it empties our pockets, Lasch envisions a continental psycho ward—from sea to shining sea. And narcissism is the diagnosis scribbled across 200 million patient's charts. It's just so damned appropriate: a guiltless, insipid anxiety that promises to do it all for you. And besides, it goes so well with everything else in our wardrobe.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR A SECOND OPINION

Put the metaphysical mambo aside for the moment: It'll keep. The real news here is that we're facing this uncertain phenomenon with greater resistance and growing resentment.

Homo sapiens is the only species that knows, or cares, about narcissism—and that's a clue. You don't see any funky woodland creatures ostracizing one of their own for looking too long on its reflection in a pond. No peacock was ever exiled for dressing too "fly." The whole notion of narcissism is something mankind has brought into the world exclusively for its own enjoyment, like original sin or Tupperware.

Worse yet, narcissism is a self-fulfilling prophecy, a perpetual-motion machine of the soul which, once loosed on the psychological landscape, rolls along quite nicely

on its own, thank you. Narcissism makes the leap from mild preoccupation to full-fledged obsession with ease. And worrying about whether or not you're narcissistic just makes you more . . . narcissistic.

But here's the real clincher: Sitting back and contemplating a life ill spent is fine for those long winter evenings when you're waiting around for the Social Security check to arrive, but damn, start worrying about narcissism at 25 and you've just kissed off a good 50 years to the Gloom. I don't care what kind of neoconservative salvos are being fired in the media; anybody who steps directly from his high school commencement into a crippling, counterfeit middle age is a bona fide candidate for Outpatient-of-the-Month.

The answer? Well, for starters, how about a little healthy skepticism? Listen, we're talking about the very ability to enjoy, here. True, there are people making convincing arguments that we're about to enter a golden (make that gold-plated) age of narcissism. There are also people out there who think a cosmetic surgeon is someone who performs appendectomies on lipsticks. Before I go handing myself over for an emotional vasectomy, I plan to get another opinion . . . or another doctor.

IT'S OUR GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT

Are we a narcissistic society? Sure, but we've got great alibis . . .

Scenes from life in the late Seventies: Money's a joke; you offer to pick up the lunch check and the waiter brings what looks like a page from a Saudi arms deal. Visit a doctor, but make sure you're in good health first. Slip home and flip on the tube for a little enjoyment. No sweat? No dice: Better you should buy a fireplace. *TV Guide* reads like *The Best of Marvel Comics*: the Incredible Hulk, Wonder Woman, Spider Man. Reach puberty and some clown at the network's ready to throw dirt on you: Hell, Barbarino's one of the *old* guys. Remember when religion offered comfort? Now Krishna closes more airports than fog. In some terminals it's easier to find the Lord than find your luggage.

Kinda makes you wish you could cop a plane ticket to somewhere . . . but where?

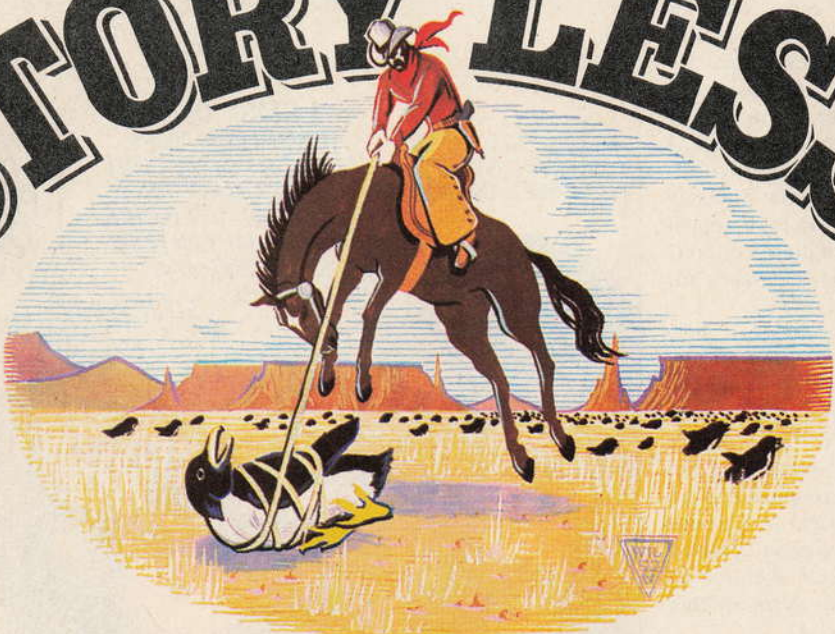
There are a few non-narcissistic societies around, cultures not wholly addicted to our decadent lifestyle. Russia could qualify, unless you count a manifest destiny that extends to the constellation Orion. China used to be non-narcissistic, but they've since strayed from the true path. Now they walk around with Coca-Cola on their breath. Cambodia is *definitely* non-narcissistic. Winner of the 1979 Joseph Stalin Memorial Purge Award (Freestyle Division), Cambodia has "reeducated" the decadent portions of her population so successfully that she now has trouble raising a fourth for bridge. And Iran is a comer: Justice on the

(Continued on page 124)

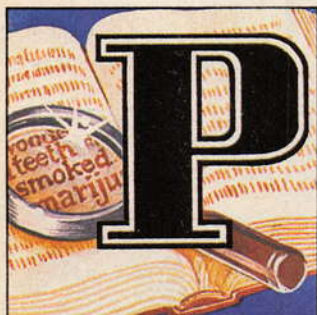
THE WIT & WISDOM OF NARCISSISM



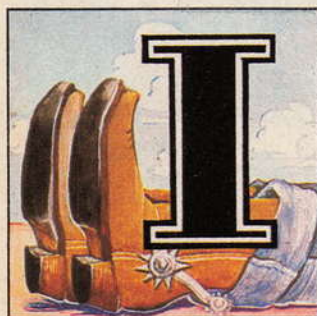
THE HISTORY LESSON!



REVISIONIST HUMOR BY JACK HANDEY



PERHAPS DAVY CROCKETT WAS NOT KILLED during the Battle of the Alamo. According to the recently discovered diary of Jose Enrique de la Peña, one of Santa Anna's officers, Crockett and six others were captured after the battle and subsequently executed. After some extensive investigative work, I have unearthed a number of old diaries and journals, all of which shed new light on some of history's most momentous occasions. Following are some selected passages from these diaries.



IMMEDIATELY, Billy the Kid realized it was an ambush. He started to draw his gun, but was suddenly convulsed by what appeared to be a pain in his chest. We all went running up to his body. "Heart attack," said Pat Garrett. "Well, I guess it doesn't matter if I shoot him anyway..."



AND THAT'S when Horace Greeley, in that benevolent and sagacious manner I found so inspiring, turned to me and said, "Go to hell, young man." When I queried him further, he slipped into one of his moods and held my fingers in the gears of a Linotype machine...



Q UITE FRANK-

ly, it seemed to me such a tragic waste of life. But then, I was only their agent. This was the way it worked: While one of the Houdini sextuplets was actually drowning in the strait-jacket, another would "magically" appear onshore. I tried to warn the Houdinis that they would soon run out of material, but they wouldn't listen . . .



W E COULDN'T

figure it out. Wherever we rode, the Georgians were setting fire to their plantation houses, barns, shops, even their crops. Eventually, General Sherman himself ordered me to uncover the reason for all this wanton destruction. A young merchant, torch in hand, finally provided the answer. "Insurance," he said . . .



I WAS ON THE

bridge of the Titanic when it happened. There was a tremendous thud, followed by what sounded like the ripping of metal plates. Supremely embarrassed, the captain apologized profusely and blamed the outburst on a piece of bad fish he had eaten for lunch. Nothing more was said of the incident, and the Titanic continued her maiden voyage safely into port . . .



A FTER AN HOUR

or so, Mr. Sutter asked if I would like to see the nugget that started it all. He opened his heavy iron safe and withdrew a strongbox. Within the strongbox was an exquisite velvet pouch. Out rolled the yellowish prize. "May I hold it for a second?" I begged. Mr. Sutter reluctantly acquiesced. "Wait a minute," I said, holding the nugget up to the light. "This is just a dirt clod." "Let me see," said Mr. Sutter. He examined it closely. "Son of a gun, you're right . . ."



I T WAS THEN

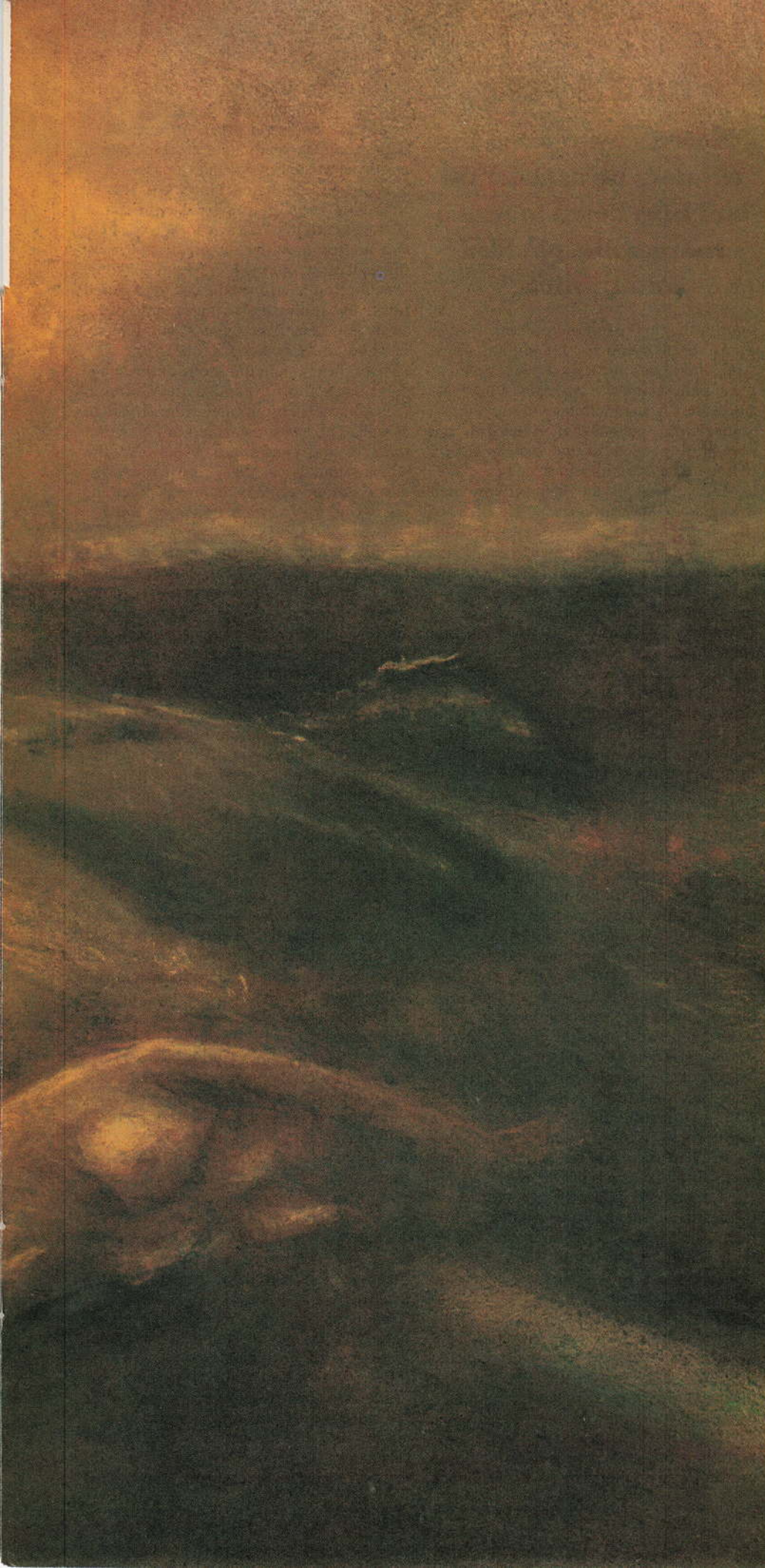
that General Custer came running back into the fort. For some strange reason he was dressed like a Sioux Indian. When we asked what had happened to his men, Custer replied that, heck, he didn't know and to hurry up and close the gates . . .



J UST BEFORE

they were about to execute him, the British soldiers asked Hale if he had any last words. Defiant and proud, Nathan stepped to the edge of the scaffold and addressed the crowd. "I only regret," he said, "that I have but one pair of wax lips." No one quite understood what he meant by this, and before he could explain, they hanged him . . .





"They say the sea is cold, but the sea contains the hottest blood of all..."

— D.H. Lawrence, *Whales Weep Not!*

Whales Weep

Fiction by T. Coraghessan Boyle

I don't know what it was exactly—the impulse toward preservation in the face of flux, some postnatal fascination with girth—who can say? But suddenly, in the winter of my thirty-first year, I was seized with an overmastering desire to seek out the company of whales. That's right: whales. Flukes and blowholes. Leviathan. Moby Dick.

People talked about the Japanese, the Russians. Factory ships, they said. Dwindling numbers and a depleted breeding stock, whales on the wane. I wanted desperately to see them before they sang their swan song, before they became a mere matter of record, cards in an index, skeletal remains strung out on coat hangers and suspended from the high concave ceilings of the Smithsonian like blueprints of the past. More: I wanted to know them, smell them, touch them. I wanted to mount their slippery backs in the high seas, swim amongst them, come to understand their expansive gestures, their sweeping rituals, their great whalish ecstasies and stupendous sorrows.

This cetaceamania was not something that came on gradually, a predilection that developed over a period of months into interest, awareness and finally absorption—not at all. No, it took me by storm. Of course, I'd been at least marginally aware of the plight of whales and dolphins for years, blitzed as I was by pleas from the Sierra Club, the National Wildlife Federation and the Save the Whales people. I gave up tuna fish. Wrote a letter to my congressman. Still, I'd never actually seen a whale and couldn't say that I was any more concerned about cetaceans than I was about the mountain gorilla, inflation

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN COLLIER

or the chemicals in processed foods. Then I met Harry Macey.

It was at a party, somewhere in the East Fifties. One of those seasonal affairs: Dom Perignon, cut crystal, three black girls whining over a prerecorded disco track. Furs were in. Jog-togs. The hustle. Health. I was with Stephanie King, a fashion model. She was six feet tall, irises like well water, the *de rigueur* mole at the corner of her mouth. Like most of the haute couture models around town, she'd developed a persona midway between Girl Scout and vampire. I did not find it at all unpalatable.

Stephanie introduced me to a man in beard, blazer and bifocals. He was rebuking an elderly woman over the silver fox boa dangling from her neck. "Disgusting," he snarled, working himself into a froth. "Savage and vestigial. What do you think we've developed synthetics for?" His hair was like the hair of Kennedys: boyish, massed over his brow, every strand shouting for attention; his eyes were cold and messianic. He rattled off a list of endangered species, from snail darter to three-toed sloth, his voice sucking mournfully at each syllable as if he were a rabbi uttering the secret names of God. Then he started on whales.

I cleared my throat and held out my hand. "Call me Lothar," I said.

He didn't even crack a smile. Just widened his sphere of influence to include Stephanie and me. "The blue whale," he was saying, flicking the ash from his cigarette into the ashtray he held supine in his palm, "is a prime example. One hundred feet long, better than a quarter of a million pounds. By far and away the largest creature ever to inhabit the earth. His tongue alone weighs three tons, and his penis—nine and a half feet long—would dwarf a Kodiak bear. And how do we reward this exemplar of evolutionary impetus?" He paused and looked at me as if he were a quiz-show host. Stephanie, who had handed her lynx maxi coat to the hostess when we arrived, bowed twice, muttered something unintelligible and wandered off with a man in dreadlocks. The old woman was asleep. I shrugged my shoulders.

"We hunt him to the brink of extinction, that's how. We boil him down and convert him into margarine, pet food, shoe polish, lipstick."

This was Harry Macey. He was a marine biologist connected with N.Y.U. and, as I thought at the time, something of an ass. But he did have a point. Never mind his bad breath and egomania; his message struck a chord. As he talked on, lecturing now, his voice modulating between anger, conviction and a sort of evangelical fervor, I began to develop a powerful, visceral sympathy with him. Whales, I thought, sipping at my champagne. Magnificent, irreplaceable creatures, symbols of the wild and all that, brains the size of ottomans, courting, making love, chirping to

WHALES WEEP

"How do we reward the whale?" he asked. "We boil him down to make margarine, pet food and lipstick."

one another in the fathomless dark—just as they'd been doing for 60 million years. And all this was threatened by the greed of the Japanese and the cynicism of the Russians. Here was something you could throw yourself into, an issue that required no soul searching, good guys and bad as clearly delineated as rabbits and hyenas.

Macey's voice lit the deeps, illuminated the ages, fired my enthusiasm. He talked of the subtle intelligence of these peaceful, lumbering mammals, of their courage and loyalty to one another in the face of adversity, of their courtship, foreplay and the monumental suboceanic sex act itself. I drained my glass, shut my eyes and watched an underwater *pas de deux*: great shifting bulks pressed to one another like trains in collision, awesome, staggering, drums and bass pounding through the speakers until all I could feel through every cell of my body was that fearful, seismic humping in the depths.

Two weeks later I found myself bobbing about in a rubber raft somewhere off the coast of British Columbia. It was raining. The water temperature was 34°F. A man unlucky enough to find himself immersed in such water would be dead of exposure inside of five minutes. Or so I was told.

I was given this morsel of information by either Nick, Gary or Ernie, my companions in the raft. All three were in their mid-20s, wild eyed and bearded, dressed in Norwegian sweaters, rain slickers and knit skullcaps. They were aficionados of rock 'n' roll, drugs, airplanes and speedboats. They were also dangerous lunatics dedicated to thrusting themselves between the warheads of six-foot, quadri-barbed, explosive harpoons and the colossal rushing backs of panic-stricken whales.

At the moment, however, there were no whales to be seen. Living whales, at any rate. The carcasses of three sei whales trailed behind the rictus of a Russian factory ship, awaiting processing. A low cloud cover, purple gray, raveled out from horizon to horizon like entrails on a butcher's block, while the Russian ship loomed above us, its endless rust-streaked bows high as the Jersey Palisades, the stony Slavic faces of the Russian seamen ranged along the lofty rail like a string of peas. There were swells eight feet high. All around us the sea was pink with the blood of whales and sliced by the great black

dorsal fins of what I at first took to be sharks. A moment later I watched a big, grinning killer whale rush up out of the depths and tear a chunk of meat the size of a Holstein from one of the carcasses.

Nick was lighting his pipe. "Uh," I said, "shouldn't we be getting back to the ship?"

If he heard me, he gave no sign of it. He was muttering under his breath and jerking angrily at his knuckles. He took a long, slow hit from a tarnished flask, then glared up at the stoic Russian faces and collectively gave them the finger. "Murderers!" he shouted. "Cossack faggots!"

I was on assignment for one of the news-magazines, and I'd managed to come up with some expense money from *Audubon* as well. The newsmagazine wanted action shots of the confrontation between the whalers and Nick, Gary and Ernie: *Audubon* wanted some wide-angles of spouting whales for an article by some cetologist studying the lung capacity of the minke. I'd talked them into the assignment. Like a fool. For the past few years I'd been doing pretty well on the fashion circuit (I'd done some junior-miss things for J.C. Penney and Bloomingdale's, and freelanced for some of the women's magazines), but had begun to feel that I was missing something. Call my condition malaise, call it boredom. I was making a living, but what was I doing for the generations of mankind? Saving the whales—or at least doing my part in it—seemed a notch or two higher on the ethical scale than inflaming the lust of pubescent girls for snakeskin boots and fur collars. And what's more, I was well equipped to do it, having begun my career as a naturalist.

That's right: I too had had my youthful illusions. I was just six months out of college when I did my study of the bearded tit for *National Geographic*, and I was flushed with success and enthusiasm. The following year, *Wildlife* sent me up the Xingú to record the intimate life of the capybara. I waded through swamps, wet to my waist, crouched behind blinds for days on end, my skin black with mosquitoes, and yet not daring to slap them for fear of spooking my quarry. I was bitten by three different species of arachnids. I contracted bilharziasis. It was then that I decided to trade in my telephoto lens and devote myself to photographing beautiful women with haunted eyes in clean, airy studios.

Nick was on his feet now, fighting for balance as the waves tossed our raft. "Up Brezhnev!" he shrieked, the cords in his neck tight as hawsers.

Suddenly one of the Russians reared back and threw something at us, something round and small. I watched its trajectory as it shot out over the high bow of the ship and arced gracefully toward us. It landed with a rush of air and a violent elastic hiss like a dozen rubber bands snapping simultaneously. The missile turned out to be a grapefruit, frozen hard

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Drag Race

by Alan M. Newman



A paper and pencil game for two players.

Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil.

Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent.

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game. On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:

When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.
When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.
When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.
When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.
Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.

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Car Number One			Speedometer	Car Number Two		
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Final speed **MPH** **MPH** Final speed



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as a brick. It tore a hole through the floor of the raft.

After the rescue, I spent a few days in a hospital in Vancouver, then flew back to New York. Gary—or was it Ernie?—lost two toes. I took a nasty crack over the eyebrow that required 19 stitches and made me look either rakish or depraved, depending on your point of view. The photos, for which I'd been given an advance, were still in the camera—about 30 fathoms down. Still, things wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for the headaches. Headaches that began with a quick stab at something beneath the surface of the eye and then built with a steadily mounting pressure until the entire left side of my head felt like a helium balloon, and I began to understand that I was no longer passionate on the subject of whales. After all, the only whales I'd managed to catch sight of were either dead, dying or sprinting for their lives in a rush of foam. Where was the worth and beauty in that? And where, I wondered, was the affirmation these diluvian and mystical beasts were supposed to inject into my own depleted life?

The night I got in, Stephanie showed up at my apartment with a bottle of Appleton rum. We made piña colodas and love. There was affirmation in that. In the morning, 7 A.M., Harry Macey was at the door in a warm-up suit. He whistled at the stitching over my eye, compared me unfavorably with Frankenstein's monster, offered me a dried lemon peel and sat down at the kitchen table. "All right," he barked, "let's have it—all the details. Currents, sightings, the Russian take—everything." I reconstructed the trip for him over Red Zinger

WHALES WEEP

Eyolf used to fish whales the old way. "Harpoons. You stick him, it's like sticking a woman. Better."

and granola, while he nodded and spooned, spooned and nodded, filing mental notes. But before I'd even got halfway, he cut me off, jumped up from the table and told me there was someone I just had to meet, right away, no arguments, a person I could really relate to.

I looked up from my granola, head throbbing. He was standing over me, shot through with energy, tugging at his ear, blowing the steam from his teacup, all but dancing. "I know you're going to love him," he said. "The man knows whales inside and out."

Eyolf Holluson lived in a two-room apartment on East 26th Street. He was 86 years old. We mounted the steps two at a time—all five flights—and stood outside the door while Harry counted his heartbeats. "Forty-four a minute," he said, matter-of-factly. "Nothing when you consider the lungfish, but not bad for a man of thirty-nine." In the process, my own heart seemed to have migrated to my head, where it was pounding like a letterpress over my left eye.

A voice, high and nasal, shaken with vibrato, echoed from behind the door. "Harry?"

Harry answered in the affirmative, the

voice indicated that the door was open, and we stepped into a darkened room lit only by flashing Christmas bulbs and smelling of corned beef and peppermint. On the far side of the room, lost in the folds of a massive, dun-colored armchair draped with layers of doily and antimacassar, sat Eyolf. Before him was a TV tray, and beyond that a color TV, pictures flashing, sound turned off.

"Eyolf," Harry said, "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine—he's come to talk about whales."

The old man turned and squinted up at me over the top of his steel-rimmed spectacles, then turned back to the tray. "Oh yah," he said. "Yust finishing up my breakfast." He was eating corned beef, plum tomatoes from the can, dinner mints.

Harry prompted him. "Eyolf fished whales for fifty-seven years—first with the Norwegian fleet and then, when they packed it in, with the Portuguese off the Canary Islands."

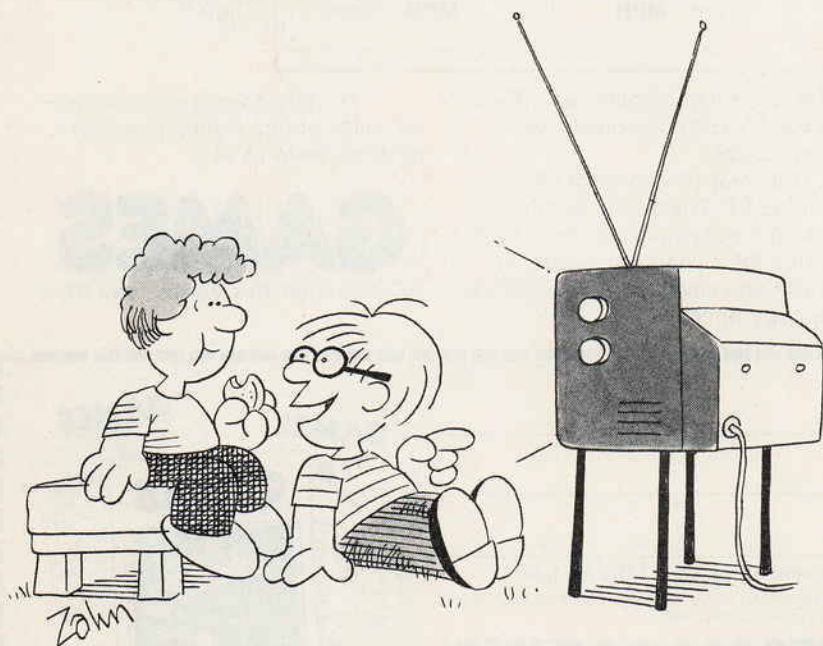
"The old way," Eyolf said, his mouth a stew of mint and tomato. "Oars and harpoons."

We crossed the room and settled into a spongy loveseat that smelled of cat urine. Harry produced a pocket-sized tape recorder, flicked it on and placed it on the TV tray beside the old man's plate. Then he sank back into the loveseat, crossed his legs at the knee and said. "Tell us about it, Eyolf."

The old man was wearing a plaid bathrobe and slippers. His frame was big, his flesh wasted, his skin the color and texture of beef jerky. He talked for two hours, the strange nasal voice creaking like oars in their locks, rising and falling like the tide. He told us of a sperm whale that had overturned a chase boat in the Sea of Japan, of shipmates towed out of sight and lost in the Antarctic, of a big Swede who lost his leg in a fight with flensing knives. With a crack of his knees he rose up out of the chair and took a harpoon down from the wall, cocked his arm and told us how he'd stuck a thousand whales, hot blood spurting in his face over the icy spume, how it tasted and how his heart rushed with the chase. "You stick him," he said, "and it's like sticking a woman. Better."

There was a copy of the *Norsk Hvalfiskefangst-Tidende* on the table. Behind me, mounted on hooks, was a scrimshaw pipe, and beside it a huge blackened sheet of leather, stiff with age. I ran my finger along its abrasive edge, wondering what it was—a bit of fluke, tongue?—and yet somehow, in a dim grope of intuition, knowing.

Eyolf was spinning a yarn about a sperm whale that had surfaced beneath him with an 18-foot squid clenched in its jaws, when he turned to me. "I think maybe you are wondering what is this thing like a bull-fighter's cape hanging from Eyolf's wall?" I nodded. "A present from the captain of the Freya—nearly forty years back, it was.



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In token of my take of finback and bowhead over a period of two, three hectic weeks. Hectic, oh yah. Blood up to my knees—hot first, then cold. There was blood in my shoes at night."

"The leather, Eyolf," Harry said. "Tell Lothar about it."

"Oh yah," he said, looking at me now as if I were made of plastic. "This here is off of the biggest creature on God's earth. The sulfur-bottom, what you call the blue. I keep it here for vigor and long life."

The old man gingerly lifted it from the wall and handed it to me. It was the size of a shower curtain, rigid as tree bark. Eyolf was smiling and nodding. "Solid, no?" He stood there, looking down at me, trembling a bit with one of his multiple infirmities.

"So what is it?" I said, beginning to lose patience.

"You don't know?" He was picking his ear. "This here is his foreskin."

Out on the street, Harry said he had a proposition for me. A colleague of his was manning a whale watch off the Peninsula Valdes on the Patagonian coast. He was studying the right whale on its breeding grounds and needed some high-quality photographs to accompany the text of a book he was planning. Would I take on the assignment for a flat fee?

My head throbbed at the thought of it. "Will you come along with me?"

Harry looked surprised. "Me?" Then he laughed. "Hell, no. Are you kidding? I've got classes to teach; I'm sitting on a committee to fund estuarine research; I'm committed for six lectures on the West Coast."

"I just thought..."

"Look, Lothar—whales are fascinating and they're in a lot of trouble. I'm hoping to do a monograph on the reproductive system of the rorquals, in fact, but I'm no field man. Actually, pelagic mammals are almost as foreign to my specialty area as elephants."

I was puzzled. "Your specialty area?"

"I study holothurians. My dissertation was on the sea cucumber." He looked a little abashed. "But I think big."

The Patagonian coast of Argentina is a desolate, godforsaken place, swept by perpetual winds, parched for want of rain, home to such strange and hardy creatures as the rhea, the crested tinamou and the Patagonian fox. Darwin anchored the Beagle here in 1832, rowed ashore and described a dozen new species. Wildlife abounded. The rocks were crowded with birds—kelp and dolphin gulls, cormorants by the thousands, the southern lapwing, red-backed hawk, tawny-throated dotterel. Penguins and sea lions lolled among the massed black boulders and bobbed in the green swells; fish swarmed offshore, and copepods—ten billion for each star in the sky—thickened the Falkland Current until it took on the consistency of porridge.

Whales gathered for the feast. Rights, finbacks, minke: Darwin watched them spouting and lobsailing, sounding and surfacing, courting, mating, calving.

Nothing has changed here, but for the fact that there are fewer whales now. The cormorants and penguins and seals are still there, numbers uncountable, still batten on the rich potage that washes the littoral. And still undisturbed by man—with one small exception. The Tsunamis. Shuhei, Grace and their three daughters. For five months out of the year the Tsunamis occupy the Peninsula Valdés, living in a concrete bunker, eating pots of rice, beans and fish, battling the wind and the loneliness, watching whales.

Stephanie and I landed with the supply plane, not 200 feet from the Tsunami bunker. It was August, and the right whales were mating. During the intervening months, I'd nursed my split head, drained pitchers of piña coladas, and gone back to the junior-miss circuit. But I kept in touch with Harry Macey, read ravenously on the subject of whales, joined Greenpeace and flew to Tokyo for the trial of six members of a cetacean terrorist group accused of harpooning a Japanese industrialist at the Narita airport. I attended lectures, looked at slides, visited Nantucket. At night, after a long day in the studio, I closed my eyes, and whales slipped through the Stygian sea of my dreams. There was no denying them.

Grace was waiting for us as the Cessna touched down: hooded sweatshirt, blue jeans, eyes like polished walnut. The girls were there, too—Gail, Amy and Melia—bouncing, craning their necks, rabid with excitement at the prospect of seeing two new faces in the trackless waste. Shuhei was off in the dunes somewhere, in a welter of sonar dishes, listening for whales.

I shook hands with Grace; Stephanie, in a blast of perfume and windswept hair, pecked her cheek. Stephanie was wearing sealskin boots, her lynx coat and a "LET THEM LIVE" T-shirt featuring the flukes of a sounding whale. She had called me two days before I was scheduled to leave and said that she needed a vacation. OK, I told her, glad to have you. She found a battery-operated hair dryer and a pith helmet at an Abercrombie & Fitch sale, a wolf-lined parka at Max Bogen, tents, alcohol stoves and freeze-dried stroganoff at Paragon; she mail-ordered a pair of khaki puttees and sheepskin mukluks from L.L. Bean, packed up her spare underwear, eye shadow, three Gothic romances and six pounds of dried apricots, and here she was, in breezy Patagonia, ready for anything.

"Christ!" I shouted, over the roar of the wind. "Does it always blow like this?" It was howling in off the sea, a steady 50 knots.

Grace was grinning, hood up, hair in her face. With her oblate eyes and round face and the suggestion of the hood, she looked

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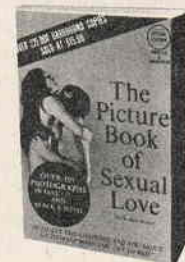
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like an Eskimo.

"I was just going to say," she shouted, "this is calm for the Peninsula Valdés."

That night we sat around the Franklin stove, eating game pie and talking whales. Grace was brisk and efficient, cooking, serving, clearing up, joking, padding round the little room in shorts and white sweat socks. Articulated calves, a gap between the thighs: earth mother, I thought. Shuhei was brooding and hesitant, born in Osaka (Grace was from L.A.). He talked at length about his project, of chance and probability, of graphs, permutations and species-replacement theory. He was dull. When he attempted a witticism—a play on "flukes," I think it was—it caught us unaware and he turned red.

Outside, the wind shrieked and gibbered. The girls giggled in their bunks. We burned our throats on Shuhei's sake and watched the flames play over the logs. Stephanie was six feet long, braless and luxuriant. She yawned and stretched. Shuhei was looking at her like an indigent looks at a veal cutlet.

"Well," I said, yawning. "Guess we better turn in."

WHALES WEEP

**Stephanie was
six feet long, braless.
She yawned and
stretched. "Guess we
better turn in."**

We'd pitched our tent just before dark, and it had blown down three times since. Now, as we made for the door, Shuhei became insistent. "No, no," he said, all but blocking our way. "Stay in here tonight—with us."

Grace looked up from her sake. "Yes," she said. "We insist."

I awoke to the sound of whales. A deep, resonant huffing and groaning I could feel in my bones, a sound like trombones and English horns. It was light. I glanced round and saw that the Tsunamis were gone, hurriedly pulled on my clothes, grabbed my camera and slipped out the door. There

was no need to wake Stephanie.

The sky was overcast, and the wind was still blowing a steady gale. It threw sand in my face as I made my way down to the cove where the Tsunamis kept their inflatable raft. There were birds everywhere: gulls whitening the sky, cormorants diving for fish, penguins loitering among the rocks as if they'd been carved of wood. Elephant seals and their pups sprawled on the beach; right whales spouted in the bay. This was nature. I took a few shots of the seals, then worked my way down the shoreline until I found Grace and Melia perched atop a sand dune with a pair of binoculars and a notepad. Grace was wearing a windbreaker, white shorts and scarf; Melia was six years old.

Grace waved. "Want to go out in the boat?" she called.

I stood in water up to my knees, bracing the raft, while Grace pulled the starter cord and Melia held my Bronica. As we lurched off into the persistent swells, I found myself thinking of Nick, Gary and Ernie, but my initial fears proved unfounded: Grace was a faultless and assured pilot. We cut diagonally across the bay toward a distant sand spit. Gulls keened overhead, seals barked, spray flew, and then, before I could even get my camera focused, a big right pounded the water with his massive flukes, not 30 feet from us. "That was Bob Tail," Grace laughed.

I was wiping the spray from my lens. "How could you tell?"

"Easy. There's a piece missing from his left fluke."

We cruised the bay, and I was introduced to 30 whales or so, some recognized by name, others anonymous. I saw Gray Spot, Cyclops, Farrah Fawcett and Domino, and actually got close enough to touch one of them. He was skimming the surface, black as a barge and crusted over with barnacles and lice, the huge yellowed mesh of his baleen exposed like the insides of a piano. Grace wheeled the raft round on him, throttle cranked down to idle, and as we came up alongside him I reached out and patted his cool, smooth hide. It was like patting a very wet horse the size of a house. I lay my open palm against the immensity of the whale's flank, and for one mad moment thought I could feel the blood coursing through him, the colossal heart beating time with the roll of the tides and the crash of distant oceans; I felt I was reaching out and touching the great steaming heart of the planet itself. And then, in a rush of foam, he was gone.

For the next two weeks, I spent mornings, afternoons and, when the light was good, evenings out on the bay. Stephanie came out with us once or twice, but preferred beachcombing with the girls; Shuhei was busy with the other boat, running up to Punta Tombo and back—something to do with his sonar dishes. He



was gathering data on the above-water sounds of the right whale, while Grace was busy surveying the local population for size, color, distinguishing characteristics. She was also intent on observing their breeding behavior.

One afternoon we came upon a female floating belly up. Two males—one an adolescent no more than two-thirds her size—were nudging her, shoving at her great inert form with their callused snouts like a pair of beavers trying to maneuver a log. Grace cut the engine and pulled out her notepad.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

Grace laughed. The sun was climbing, and she held up a hand to shade her eyes as she looked at me. "They're mating," she said. "Or about to."

"A *ménage à trois*?"

She explained it, patiently. The female was rejecting her suitors, heaving her working parts from the water to avoid being taken forcibly. The reason for the cold flipper was anybody's guess. Perhaps she was tired, or suffering from a cold, or simply discerning. She did have a problem, though. Since she couldn't breathe while inverted, she'd have to right herself every 15 minutes or so to take a quick breath. And then they'd be on her.

The first time she rolled over, we recognized her as Domino, so named for the symmetrical arrangement of callosities on her forehead. She was an adept coquette: rolling, spouting, filling her lungs and turning belly up again before her suitors had a chance. I made some sort of joke about the prom and the backseat of a Studebaker. Grace giggled, the raft bobbed. We had peanut butter sandwiches—and waited.

Grace told me about growing up over her father's sushi bar in Little Tokyo, about dropping out of veterinary school to study oceanography at Miami, about Osaka and Shuhei. I told her about the crested tit and the capybara, and was in the middle of a devastatingly witty aperçu of the junior-miss world when suddenly the raft was rammed from behind and tossed into the air like a bit of driftwood. A third male, big as an express train, had come charging past us in the heat of his passion, intent on Domino. We were shaken, but unhurt. The raft was right side up, the camera round my neck, the notepad in Grace's lap.

Meanwhile, it became clear that the interloper was not about to stand on ceremony. He chased off his rivals, pounded the water to a froth with his tail, forced Domino over and ravished her. It was frightening, appalling, fascinating—like nothing I'd ever imagined. They reenacted the birth of Surtsey, the consolidation of the moon, the eruption of Vesuvius. He slid beneath her, belly to belly, locked his flippers in hers and pitched into her. Leviathan indeed.



I was swollen with emotion, transported, ticking with excitement—so awestruck I hadn't taken a single photograph. Grace's hand was on my knee. The raft rose and settled, rose and settled, as if keeping time with each monumental thrust and heave. Somehow—I have no clear recollection of how it happened—we were naked. And then we were on the floor of the raft, gently undulating rubber, the cries of gulls, salt sea spray, locked in a mystery and a rhythm that defied the drift of continents and the receding of the waters.

A month later, in New York, I ran into Harry Macey at a bar. "So what gives with Grace and Shuhei?" he said.

"What do you mean?"

I hadn't heard? There'd been some sort of blowup between them. A vicious temper. Stormy. Hadn't I noticed? Well, he'd really taken it to her: black eye, scratched

cornea, right arm in a sling. She was in San Francisco with the children. He was in Miami, brooding. The project was dead.

Harry ground out his cigarette in the ashtray he held in his palm. "Did you notice any strain between them when you were down there?"

"None."

He grinned. "I take it it's pretty bleak down there." He ordered me another drink. "So listen," he said. "You interested in flying out to the Azores? There's a big broil going on over that little local whaling operation—the Portuguese thing."

I downed my drink in a gulp. "If you want to know the truth," I told him, "I'm just a little bit tired of whales right now." ■

Boyle, author of *"Descent of Man"* (Atlantic-Little, Brown) and the forthcoming *"Water Music,"* holds the world record for dwelling inside a whale.



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CABIN FEVER

(Continued from page 77)

At the height of last year's blizzard I ran out of food. I trudged to the supermarket, only to find the meat counters completely bare. Not even a sickly chicken. Then I spotted a lone package way at the end of a refrigerated section and went to investigate. It was about eight inches on a side, wrapped in freezer paper. On it someone had pathetically scrawled MEAT. I took a bad Donner Party flash and decided I'd give a pass to the "meat" that day.

In April 1979, the *Wall Street Journal* did a four-part series on stress, and while it was a more general examination of the phenomenon, it contained some intriguing information that could possibly shed light on cabin fever. During extreme weather, there is a loss of control, or the sense of that loss. The trains don't run, busses and cars can't negotiate the streets, the airport is closed, you can't walk too far without dying of exposure (many do) and the hookers aren't out. You are trapped.

If indeed the loss of control during a blizzard is part of the cabin-fever phenomenon, the obvious question is: What can be done about it? When you have run out of food and booze, how do you regain a sense of control over your life? Unfortunately, there are no prefabricated answers. Perhaps if the subject is studied, we can learn what to do. For the time being, the only suggestion that seems to make sense involves goal orientation. If you are trapped (you've seen the stories about prisoners keeping their heads this way), you set up achievable goals: "I'm going to roll four hundred joints today . . ."

If you find yourself sitting around contemplating a six-state murder spree, you'd better take action. And when taking action in a cabin-fever situation, remember that any action is better than illegal action, and a small crime is better than a big one. Murder, rape, sabotage, assault—they're out. Just cross them off your list. Sodomy, possession of controlled substances, adultery, are all lesser crimes and should remain on your list of alternatives. Try to stay away from the television. Psychiatrists who have had experience with extreme drug psychosis say that television is bad for you. I am guessing, therefore, that it is bad for the cabin-fever victim. Reading is good for you. If worst comes to worst, call all your friends on the phone. You can set up a kind of Cabin Fever Anonymous network and help one another through the crisis periods.

While interviewing people who survived bad winters with only minor ill effects, I found that long-term projects to which they could devote many hours a day were ideal tools for keeping them sane. Building something, for example, whether it is a radio-controlled model airplane you will

fly in the spring or a complex stereo system, is absorbing and fabulous therapy. Last winter I set up a rifle range in my basement, and by spring I was able to put a 180-grain slug up a cockroach's ass at 100 yards.

If you can meet someone and fall in love along about December, you can probably keep occupied until spring without even noticing cabin fever. People who are in love can even do things like cross-country skiing without being bored. If you can't fall in love, try sex as a substitute. Other indoor sports that can help are squash, racquetball, pool, tennis, *jeu de paume* and swimming. If that fails, take up drinking. Really, anything is better than cabin fever. Whatever you do, do something—that is the key. Cabin fever, like cancer, responds best to early treatment. If your winter has been mild so far, formulate a plan now: Be prepared to deal with cabin fever. Remember, an idle mind is the Devil's workshop.

It was in the last stages of desperation in my search for help that I finally came across Dr. Calvin Frederick, who heads the Disaster Section of the National Institute of Mental Health (which tells you how desperate I had become). It was with considerable trepidation that I broached the subject of cabin fever, since I assumed he'd fire back an icy denial that it even existed. I hastened to tell him that all the authorities I'd talked to said there was no such thing on God's earth.

"Oh, it exists, all right—no question about it," I was stunned. I felt like Robinson Crusoe, stumbling upon a footprint in the sand. "It surely exists in Alaska," he continued. "Even Eskimos become shack happy."

Shack happy! Can you dig it? He told me about a severe winter-storm situation in Nome. "It destroyed their community hall, the boats they use for transportation, their dogsleds, snowmobiles. They were trapped; large numbers of people had to sleep in the same shack." He said that cabin fever is often triggered by unusually severe weather. The people lost their mobility and their ability to meet socially, which is very important to the Eskimo society. And they came down with cabin fever, but good. Dr. Frederick agreed that there were no hard data. "There has not been a scientific study, but there are documented reports in the wake of these disasters. Massachusetts is another case in point."

Last winter Boston was struck with a violent winter storm, leaving 4400 persons injured, 30,000 evacuated, 20,000 needing emergency shelter, 2000 homes totally destroyed, 3000 cars stranded or abandoned—the damages run on and on. Under Section 413 of the Disaster Relief Act, the Federal Disaster Assistance Ad-



ministration produced funds to help with the *psychological* problems caused by the blizzard. The personnel who went to help polled the people of Boston and learned that 84 percent of those questioned felt they had experienced emotional problems that they would not have had if it hadn't been for the storm. Sixty percent experienced anxiety. Thirty-seven percent experienced anger. Sixty-two percent had problems with depression. Sleep disturbances bothered 37 percent, and 20 percent either could not eat or found themselves overeating as an emotional reaction.

Schoolchildren were most vulnerable to cabin fever, especially to sleeping and eating problems. It was reported that diffi-

CABIN FEVER

Is cabin fever limited to winter-storm weather, or can you get it when it's too hot? Too rainy?

culty with schoolwork increased, as did fights and visits to the school nurse. And 80 percent of the kids who tried out for sports had elevated blood pressure. "That's an amazing statistic," Dr. Frederick said. In addition, Frederick points out that even

when the weather has improved, cabin fever "can be more than transient if it's allowed to develop."

So there may be a light at the end of the white tunnel. Dr. Frederick said there were no coordinated, systematic studies underway at the moment, but that "we're trying to do that little by little, with the limited funds we have." It would seem that an increase in his funds would be in order, since there are so many questions to be answered about this illness, and especially now that we know it is real and not just a press term or something that has been massaged into existence.

One question, for example, is whether or not cabin fever is limited to winter-storm weather. Can you get it when it's too hot? Too rainy? Or too sunny? Or are these separate phenomena?

It seems that now, more than ever, we need some hard data about cabin fever. As I pointed out earlier, there are indications that the earth is cooling. "By 1971," Lowell Ponte wrote, "the planet's climate was cooling drastically. Experts blamed this for the drought that was starting to cause mass famine in the African Sahel. Some intelligence experts warned that the cooling might mean a new ice age was beginning. If so . . . countries like the Soviet Union and China would resort to nuclear war, rather than see their populations starve when food production fell because of the cold." He further reported that Gerald Ford met secretly with Russian leaders to talk about this cooling trend in late 1974. There was, apparently, even discussion of building a dam across the Bering Straits to keep cold water from flowing into the Pacific. This, some scientists said, would turn Southern California into a rain forest and warm the entire western part of the U. S. and Mexico. In other words, a lot of very serious people take global cooling—and the possibility of a new ice age—very seriously. And if our winters are going to get longer and more bitter—if areas that were once mild all year round begin experiencing blizzards—then we might want to learn more about how this will affect us psychologically. We might want to alert our scientists that cabin fever does exist.

Hans Selye is a world specialist on stress. He literally wrote the book on it, *The Stress of Life*, which is considered the classic in its field. I read it and, of course, there was nothing about cabin fever in there, but it was pretty interesting reading. So I tracked Selye down in Montreal and gave him a call. He is now very old but—I'd been told—very wise. The connection wasn't too good. I told him I wanted to study cabin fever.

"What?" He sounded quite old.

"Cabin fever!" I shouted. "I'm trying to learn about cabin fever."

"What?"

"Cabin fever!" I screamed.

"What kind of fever?"



"Ivan, you're terrible."

PARTY TIME

(Continued from page 54)

employees, who would work off their sentence on an incentive basis. Warden-presidents of each prison-business would be required to take on a quota of incorrigibles—i.e., gibbering ax murderers and famous child molesters—and house them indefinitely as part of their contract with the courts.

As for the cops, well, here it gets kinky. Instead of regular state and county police, we'd all subscribe to individual "protection services." There would be no gun-control laws whatsoever, and—again presumably—your average American citizen would pay to have his rights protected by privately owned and administered "police companies."

Educational opportunities for minorities would expand dramatically, because schooling would become available to anyone willing to work for it. No longer would the AMA and the ABA be able to maintain their "monopolies" over the practice of medicine and law. Anyone could declare him or herself a doctor or lawyer.

"You mean," I ask, "I could just go out, buy myself an X-acto knife, a bone saw and some fly fisherman's monofilament and declare myself a brain surgeon?"

Tonie shrugs. "Of course, but you'd end up in jail, just the same as now." Not only that, but you wouldn't get paid. Ms. Nathan believes that quacks and shysters couldn't exist on the Libertarian marketplace. "The government will pay any fool," she states. "Private insurance companies won't. And if an unqualified doctor or lawyer mishandles a case, he or she could be taken to court, just as they can be now. Remember the Libertarian rule: One member of society cannot hurt another. That single restraint really covers a lot of ground."

As for American foreign policy... Simple—there just wouldn't be any. National defense would become the province of the large corporations, the ones, as Tonie Nathan puts it, "with the most to lose" in case of situations such as nuclear holocaust. The United States would withdraw its troops from all foreign soil. Defense of American overseas holdings would become the sole responsibility of the companies involved. All land now owned by the state would be sold back to private individuals. The Republican and Democratic parties would lose their stranglehold on the political process, then...

I put my hands to my temples. This is getting a little difficult to digest. Newspaper headlines of the Libertarian future flash behind my forehead: SONY BARGER ESCAPES FROM SLAMMER TO RUN FOR U. S. SENATE. SQUATTERS TAKE OVER YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK. CBS MILITIA BATTLE DICK CLARK IRREGULARS ON SUNSET BLVD. "Ms. Nathan," I say, "with due respect, a lot of

this sounds to me like just an insane invitation to national mayhem."

She shakes her head. Her eyes are bright. "Nothing could be further from the truth. The rights of everyone will remain guaranteed by the courts. Remember, this is not anarchy; the single function of government will be to *guarantee* the rights of every individual to absolute freedom—*except* the freedom to harm others. None of the so-called mayhem you talk about could any more take place then as it could now."

I raise my hand. "But if the cops end up as competing organizations in the hire of God-knows-who—whoever has the most money..."

Tonie Nathan, idealist, thinker, debater and fan of the wily Rand, hooks a lock of hair behind her ear and raises her hand. There's a moment of silence. "OK," she says. "I'll tell you this. That's a toughie. This isn't the Libertarian position, but I'll tell you, I worry about that sort of thing myself. If the process were to evolve incorrectly, things could get out of hand."

Yes, there are a few things to work out. It's one thing to talk about dismantling the corporate state, stopping the tax subsidies that prop up geriatric and failing corporations, but it's another to realize that in the new Libertarian order these very same corporations—sans tax money—may end up controlling both the cops, the armed forces and, heaven forbid, the nation's nuclear arsenal. Christ, talk about *competition*. Gimbels detonates a 22-kiloton hydrogen bomb over Macy's. Think of the fire sale after that one.

Nevertheless, Libertarians offer an attractive political package. A classless (though certainly not egalitarian) America where, unrestrained by the shackles of smothering government, everyone gets a chance. It's a promise of power for the powerless, possessions for the dispossessed. A pure and apparently consistent ideology for an impure and chaotic world. Politics for the go-getter, the self-assertive. Political est. A snazzy combination of traditional polarities. Feminism and anti-gun control, for example. Al Capone meets Bella Abzug, and it makes for a neat mix. (Libertarian slogan: "Try to rape a .38.") *Les extrêmes se touchent*.

It doesn't matter if you think this is absurd, wonderful or horrific. The Libertarian party is not a paper party. Right now its volunteers are working the neighborhoods, canvassing at precinct level. The movement has grown a thousandfold in the last eight years. This year the Libertarians will be on the ballots in at least 32 states. Edward H. Crane III tells me, "Within twenty years we'll be the dominant party in the nation."

Think about it.

SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 36)

woman before, but she got into the action quickly. The two of us ended up in bed, and after a little while my husband joined us. It was really great. But I guess if your partner joins in, you can't really call it cheating, can you?

CINDY S.

Newport Beach, California

Yeah, I cheated once but, believe me, it won't ever happen again. I'm a wildlife biologist (no wisecracks) and I took a group of kids on an expedition one summer. One of the supervisors was a great-looking lady. I won't go into detail, but let's say we lunged at each other a few times.

Being the honest sort, I told my wife about it. As a result, I almost lost my best friend and lover, which scared me to death. I have plenty of chances to fuck around, but after that experience, I refuse to even think about it. It's not worth it. I love my wife too much to lose her.

M.W.B.

Ely, Nevada

Listen, cheating on your sex partner is inevitable. I'm a 26-year-old receptionist currently living with a man, and I feel that everyone deserves a break once in a while. The thought of having just one man for the rest of my life is horrendous. I liken myself to a Rembrandt painting, in that I should be admired by more than just one person. Of course, if you're living with someone, you should keep your fooling around discreet, like I try to do.

Although my dalliances are infrequent (once or twice a year), I look forward to each new adventure. Somehow, they reassure me of my sexual power. If I found out my partner was cheating on me? Frankly, I wouldn't care.

VERONICA S.

Hollywood, California

My most recent affair began on a hot Saturday afternoon last July. My wife and two of her friends went swimming and left another friend, Diane, to stay at the house and sleep. So, while Diane napped on the couch, I sat and watched television. In a short while, she woke up and asked for a glass of water. I gave her one, which she drank while commenting on how hot she was. Then she asked me if I had a fan around.

I looked at her, noticed that her top three blouse buttons were undone and then blew into her cleavage. She laughed and said that it felt good and then gave me a strange look. I took that as a come-on and, since she was very attractive (although six years older than me—I'm 25), I slowly unbuttoned her blouse without further thought. She didn't have on a bra and she didn't need one. Her breasts were firm and heavy as I rubbed



"Remember that guy I said could do just about anything on roller skates. . . ?"

them. I kissed my way down to her pants, removed the rest of her clothing, kissed her up her legs and then started to lick her pussy. She came in minutes and then apologized for not being able to control herself. She said she would try her best to please me. I told her I wasn't finished with her yet, and nibbled her ears. After more kissing and fondling, I slowly entered her and screwed her to another climax. I have never been able to give a woman two climaxes during one lovemaking session, so that surprised me. From then on, we've been seeing each other whenever we can.

BILL M.
New York, New York

THE YOUNGER OLDER WOMAN

The most exciting experience of my life involved a slightly older woman—a college girl, in fact. I had just graduated from high school and was working at a smorgasbord in Atlantic City. Most of the waitresses there were students working for the summer, and they used to tease me about sex all the time. I wasn't used to that sort of talk coming from women, since the only time any girl my age had ever talked about sex was while we were doing it. I never considered that one of these waitresses might be serious.

One night, I was playing around with the waitresses as usual, when one very attractive woman asked me if I thought I could handle her in bed. I replied, "I don't think you could handle me!" That did it. No sooner was work over than we headed to her house for the big showdown.

As it turned out, she was much more experienced than I was. She gave me the best head ever and then proceeded to fuck the hell out of me till dawn. I learned a lot from her that night and in the nights that followed.

JOHN H.
New York, New York

It happened the summer I turned 16. Although I'd gotten into some heavy petting sessions with girls my age and had done my share of boasting in the men's room, I was actually a virgin who didn't know a damn thing about sex.

Janice was an "older" woman of 26. She worked at a local diner, had been divorced once and, at the time, was married to a man 20 years her senior. Janice was always flirting with everyone. I guess I was secretly in love with her because her flirting made me jealous. Her figure was by far her best asset: big 40-inch bust, long black hair, very suggestive, pouty lips and an ass that she obviously enjoyed bouncing around.

Janice always seemed to like me. We would play pinball when things were slow at the diner. One hot summer day, I stopped in just as Janice was fixing to leave. She asked me if I would help her move some furniture, since her husband was away for a couple of days. Naturally, I agreed and got into her

car with her. We stopped at a liquor store where she bought a couple of six-packs. She handed me a beer and started asking me questions about my girlfriends and what I did for fun. Then she placed her hand on my leg. I was nervous as hell, but I tried to play it cool by putting my hand on her leg. She smiled and moved my hand up to her crotch.

We arrived at her house, and I put the beer into the refrigerator. Then she took my hand and led me to the bedroom. Never was I more turned on than when I watched her strip, her huge tits popping into view, her extra-hairy bush peeking between her legs. Then, as she stripped me down, she asked, "Be honest—is this your first time?" When I told her yes, she went wild. She started licking my cock and balls and then sucked me to orgasm. She taught me things I'd never even dreamed of, some of which I later discovered were not exactly ordinary.

After that afternoon, I saw Janice once a week for over a year, and each session was different. When she had her period, she introduced me to anal sex. But as with all things, our relationship finally came to an end. We were in the middle of one of our sessions, in my favorite position (doggy style) when I opened my eyes and saw her husband's reflection in the dresser mirror. That's when I joined the navy.

B.W.
Harrison, Arizona

I had one interesting experience with an older lady. I was then 23 years old, and the woman was 33. She was quite good-looking and very rich. Sexually, she was great and much more demanding than most women my age. Our first weekend together was spent entirely in bed, and I must admit I wasn't bored for one minute. It was almost the perfect relationship, except for one thing. I could never get over my feelings about other people seeing us in public. We used to hang out at a ski lodge which had a large clientele of young people. I always felt like a gigolo, a young stud going after her money, and I didn't like it. So the lady and I eventually went our separate ways.

Later on I recalled an old saying of my dad's: "In the morning, older women know how to say thank you."

RANDALL U.
Vancouver, British Columbia

FANTASY PLAYMATES

My 16-year-old paper girl is very well built; she has pert little tits and a sweetly shaped ass. I dream about her all the time. In my fantasy, she comes to collect for the paper one day and, because it's sweltering outside, I invite her into the kitchen for a cold soda. During our casual conversation she asks me why I'm not married, so I tell her that I had been but that my wife divorced me. The girl walks over and puts her arm around my neck to comfort me.

Much to my astonishment, she leans over

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As Far

and cups my cock in her hand, saying, "You don't know how much I'd like to suck a man's thing." So I unzip my pants for her. She kneels in front of me and rubs my cock with her face, cradling my hot balls in her hands. Then, very slowly, she touches the head of my prick with the tip of her tongue, looks into my eyes and begins to swallow my cock. All the time that her mouth is sliding up and down, she watches my face as if to gauge how good it feels.

Without removing her mouth from my cock, she unbuttons and takes off her shirt, and begins to rub her small breasts against my inner thighs. This is too much for me, and I shoot my load in her mouth. It dribbles out the corners of her mouth and down her chin.

I ask her if she'd like the same pleasure and, when she nods, I help her out of her shorts and panties, lay her out on the table and begin eating the sweetest pussy I've ever tasted. She comes with a little sigh, gives me a bashful grin and then leaves to finish her route.

PHIL M.
Indianapolis, Indiana

I'm a nightclub musician who's exposed to a large number of foxy ladies every week. I often fantasize about getting picked up and taken home by a pair of these women; they could be either hetero- or bisexual—both situations present unlimited possibilities. But it's a pipe dream, because we musicians are rarely so honored in real life. Being onstage isn't as sexually profitable as the audience might think.

In my favorite fantasy, I'm a big-name rock star who has his choice of beautiful groupies—they line up for me as I walk by. I choose the sexiest one and take her back to my plush hotel suite where we smoke some primo dope and just look each other over for a while. The chick tells me with body language that she's hot to trot and this culminates in a slow striptease. I'm finally ready myself, and we make furious love on a bed covered with satin sheets.

J.B.
Jacksonville, Florida

Your September *Sex Tapes* ("Erotic Fantasies") should have filled the whole issue—what a sexy topic! I get hot just thinking about it. If it weren't for fantasy in my sex life, I couldn't live. My husband's a great friend but he's no Don Juan. I've tried for three years to turn him on to one of my erotic daydreams—in hopes that he'll want to play it out—but he won't go for it, and I don't have the gumption to do it alone.

In my fantasy, Rex comes home one hot afternoon to find my best friend Sharon and me lounging half nude in the living room. Though I'm attracted to her sexuality, I've had the courage only to compliment her on the beauty of her breasts, which are melon-like, while mine are small. But Rex, acting cocky, has the courage to request a feel.

SEX TAPES LETTERS

My younger sister is the object of most of my fantasies, but it's not just a weird sexual interest.

Sharon offers him a tit and a smile, and so he touches it with just a finger, lightly, on her nipple. "Why don't you hold it in your hand?" she asks him. He tries, but her breast is too big for one hand.

Sharon looks at me and laughs, and I'm encouraged enough by her cheerfulness to go to her and kneel down. I lift both hands and touch her, and I feel her nipples go hard against my palms. Rex's cock begins to bulge against his pants, and Sharon teases him with one hand and reaches for me with the other, caressing my neck. "Let's go to the bedroom," Rex says. Sharon and I smile at each other.

We take off one another's clothes. Sharon lies back and I put my mouth to her nipples, stroking her soft thighs. Rex, doing something he's never done, takes me from behind with such force that I fall limply against Sharon, who holds me while I come in tremendous spasms.

For all practical purposes, that's where my fantasy ends, because I use it only to get aroused enough to climax during my sessions with Rex; but I can imagine all sorts of other things. If he would encourage me with a little interest in trying it out, I'd approach Sharon with it. I've been considering talking it over with her anyway—there's always the chance we could seduce him together.

MARCIA D.
Kirkland, Washington

My younger sister is the object of most of my fantasies, but it's not just a weird sexual interest. She's a sweet girl, which makes me want to be gentle and kind and to treat her with the tenderness that her young womanhood deserves. As far as I'm concerned, she's everything a woman should be—and because of that, she's also the sexiest female I've ever met. It's only natural that I should fantasize about making love with her.

S.R.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

This usually gets me off: One night when my husband's gone, there's a knock on the door. I answer it—it's my best friend's husband, a hulking, good-looking guy. He explains that his wife wasn't home when he got there and asks if I've seen her. I say no, that I haven't seen her all day.

He stands in the doorway and stares at me, making me feel uncomfortable, so I wrap my robe tighter around me. In a quick movement, he slips in, kicks the door closed with his foot and pulls me into his arms.

I ask him what the hell he's doing, but he jerks my robe open and rubs his hands against my breasts, saying that he's wanted me every since we met. Then he picks me up and carries me into the bedroom, even though I protest. He shuts me up with kisses, caressing me until I stop arguing and begin begging him to satisfy me. He does.

That's all there is to it. What more do you expect from a housewife?

J.B.
Abilene, Texas

Being part of a *ménage à trois* is one of my favorite sexual fantasies. I've always wanted to watch two women make it with each other, and then have them make it with me. This is the way I imagine it to be:

Two nice-looking girls come to my house and proceed to don sexy outfits and make up their faces. They ignore me and act as if they're getting ready to go out on the town. I sit on the bed and watch. When they're finished, they casually undress me and tell me to lie back on the bed, and then they turn their attention to each other, forgetting about me.

They start with a long French kiss. I begin to stroke myself as they fondle one another's tits and remove their delicate clothing piece by piece. Then, both naked, they stretch out on the bed beside me, but I still don't get to participate. Instead, I have to jerk off wildly to relieve myself as I watch them 69, their pink tongues lapping each other. By this time, I'm literally screaming with a need to join them and, finally, they oblige me. One sits on my face, the other on my throbbing cock—and while I explode with an orgasm, they're calmly kissing and stroking each other's breasts.

HERBERT W.
Livonia, Michigan

My favorite fantasy is to organize a reunion of all the girls who have ever posed for OUI. No one other than me and the ladies is allowed to enter the building where it is being held. On cue, these voluptuous sirens strip themselves nude and gather together for a group portrait to commemorate the event. I am the photographer.

The lovelies demand that I likewise reveal my charms and, not daring to incur their displeasure, I do so. My cock comes out rock hard and meets with a thunderous ovation. Not content with a mere glimpse, the ladies advance upon me, obviously intent on copping a feel. Fearing for the integrity of my member, I make haste for the door, but the mob catches me and begins to suck and grab, despite my complaints.

J.H.
Pomona, California

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI *Sex Tapes*, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

THE HAIR RESTORATIVE CERTIFIED EFFECTIVE BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

Bio-Genesis is a cure for baldness. In one carefully monitored study, 80% of those treated regrew their hair with Bio-Genesis. These were patients with "pattern baldness," not some obscure hair loss disease.

Proof that Bio-Genesis works is provided by the German government. They have recognized Bio-Genesis as a bona fide medical treatment, and have made it eligible for inclusion under the German health insurance plan.

No other treatment for baldness has been as widely recognized and proclaimed as Bio-Genesis.

THE DISCOVERY.

Dr. Kai Setala of the University of Finland in Helsinki discovered Bio-Genesis during his cancer research work. After countless tests on laboratory animals, he and his associates concluded Bio-Genesis was the hair restorative man has searched for since time immemorial.

BIOPSY SAMPLES PROVE IT.

The next step was human testing. Patients were treated in the most controlled environment, operating under the strictest medical testing procedures. Biopsy samples of hair roots were taken from patients before, during, and after treatment. The results?

Eight out of ten patients showed follicle rejuvenation after they had been treated. Hair follicles that had previously been atrophied were now strong and healthy. But Dr. Setala and his associates didn't really need a microscope to see that. Because 80% of those treated had regrown hair. That's right, regrown hair, even in areas that had been bald for over twenty years.

Further studies revealed similar evidence. Patients with so-called pattern baldness had now actually regenerated hair growth. Many cross studies were done to confirm this revelation.

HOW IT WORKS.

Bio-Genesis works on four separate levels to rejuvenate the hair follicles and promote regrowth. First, it cleanses the hair follicle of growth inhibiting debris. Secondly, it helps to loosen the subcutaneous tissue surrounding the follicle, thus facilitating increased blood circulation. As imperative

as these two steps are, it is the final two steps that makes Bio-Genesis as effective as it is.

THE CURSE OF THE HORMONE.

Since the forties, doctors have known that androgens (the male hormones) were somehow linked to baldness. It was later revealed that the accumulation of these hormones in the scalp is the cause of male pattern baldness. It seems a by-product of testosterone, DHT, renders the hair follicle incapable of producing new hair. Thus, hair fallout occurs, leading ultimately to baldness.

Researchers had long sought a solution that would neutralize DHT. But Dr. Setala

had other ideas. He knew that cholesterol is the key ingredient to the synthesis of male hormones. Much of this synthesis takes place in the skin and scalp. Dr. Setala reasoned that by reducing the cholesterol present in the scalp, hormone levels would also decrease. He was right.

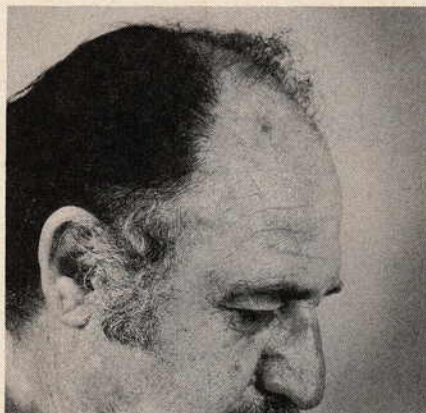
Bio-Genesis is capable of neutralizing cholesterol in the scalp that leads to excessive hormone production. But there's more. Bio-Genesis also breaks down cholesterol found on the cutaneous surface of the hair follicles. This in itself is imperative, because cholesterol inhibits cell division. By removing this block to cellular growth, the hair follicle is more easily able to regrow to its normal state.

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OU12

BIO-GENESIS. A REMEDY FOR MALE PATTERN BALDNESS.

(Continued from page 73)

OUI: Do you believe in a higher being? God?

MOORE: [in a hip voice] Hey, man. I believe we are all God. In the sense that the essence of each person is good enough for me—I don't think anybody has ever said that before, do you?

OUI: No.

MOORE: Can you recall anybody ever saying that? I can't. Totally original thought, but that's me, you know, man. I come to a fuckin' conference room day after fuckin' day, I talked to *Suck 'n' Fuck* the other day and I said, "Listen . . ." [pauses] What did I say?

OUI: Something about the essence . . .

MOORE: Oh. "The essence of man is be-

DUDLEY MOORE

My parents were very puritanical, which is why I've always talked dirty, ever since grammar school

tween his legs." And that told them a thing or two. Put them in their place.

OUI: Did you have a lot of sexual hang-ups before you started this therapy stuff?

MOORE: Before? Before, during and after. Oh yeah, oh God, oh fuck. Let's see . . . I

have to stop fucking doors. I mean, people are getting annoyed.

OUI: When they go to open them . . .

MOORE: When they go to open them and find me on the other end. Can you imagine how embarrassing that is? The Vatican was furious.

OUI: Speaking of infuriating the Vatican, let's talk about the Derek & Clive albums that you did with Peter Cook.

MOORE: I like the first two, *Derek & Clive* and *Come Again*. I'm not mad about the third one, although we did a video of *Ad Nauseam* that's very funny. Peter and I just had the cameras on us during the recording session.

OUI: I heard a rumor that you actually had liquor in the studio while you recorded the Derek & Clive albums.

MOORE: Good Lord! Actually, I don't drink too much. I hate drinking without food, which is a problem. I think for the first album we'd had a couple. But we were far less gone than you might suppose.

OUI: So the sounds of you falling off the stool were simulated?

MOORE: Hmmm, some stuntman was doing that for me. I did fart into the microphone at one point. That was the very least I could do.

OUI: Scatological humor. Why is it that the British public is into that lowbrow, anal-oriented comedy, more so than Americans?

MOORE: I think it would be unfair to label it purely as scatological. I do find myself slightly defending it, in the sense that I feel it's more than the words themselves. Apart from the surface shit-fuck-cunt-piss-knickers-tits-asshole-bollocks type of language, there's another thing underneath. If I can get very boring here, I think there's a sociological humor somewhere . . .

OUI: Sociological in the sense that it reflects the common *angst* of man?

MOORE: I think so. I mean, where have you heard a comedy sketch about cancer before? It's just so raw: "Cancer up the asshole." Here are Peter and I talking about what is probably the worst fear in the world for most people. We're expressing a terror of it, in a way.

OUI: It's not as if you went into the studio with deep sociological . . .

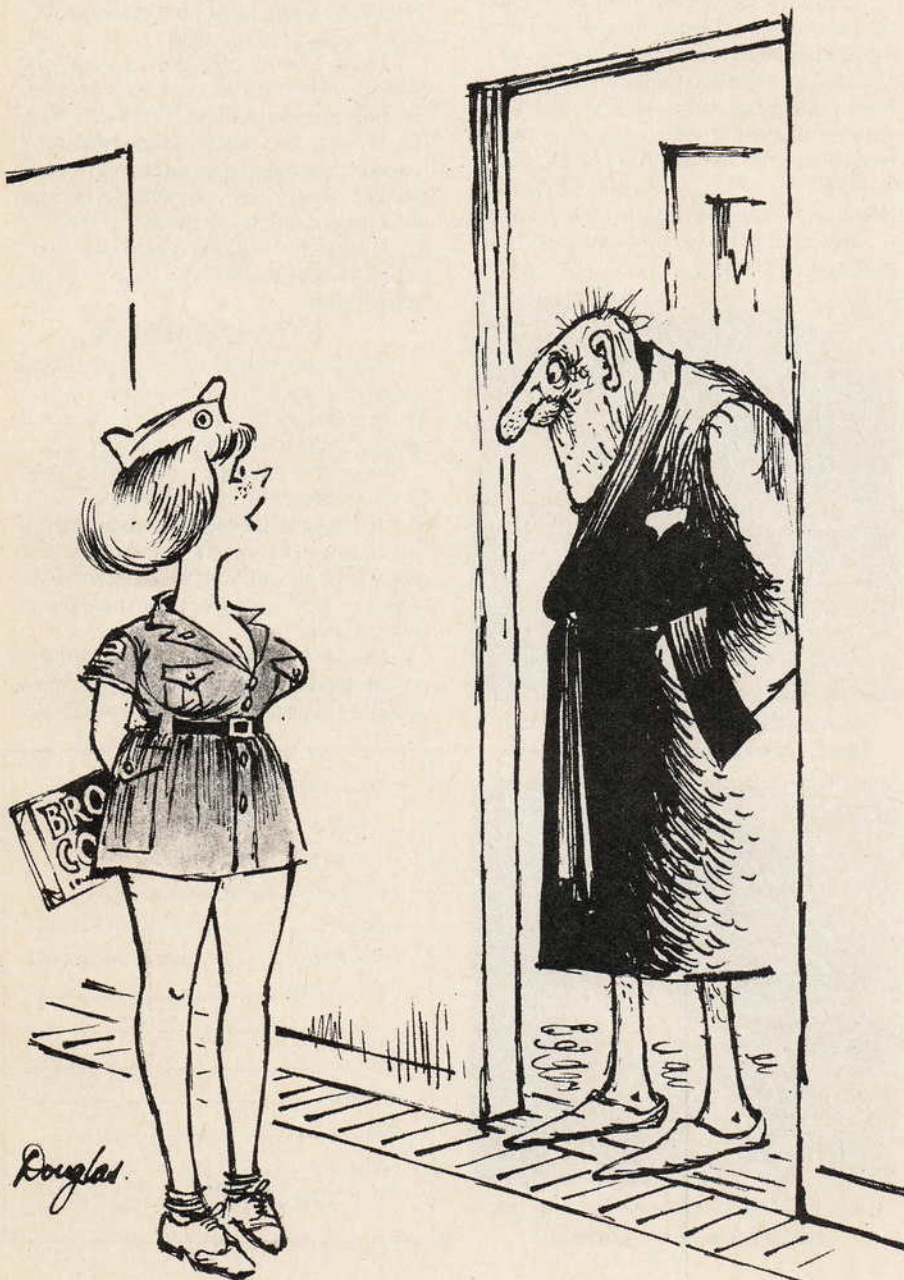
MOORE: No. We do it to be funny.

OUI: But all great humor has sociological import.

MOORE: Nicely put. I'll have to remember you in my book. You know, my mother would drop dead if she heard me say, "Cunt-fuck-tit-asshole."

OUI: So she's never heard those records?

MOORE: She won't have them in the house. My father's dead; I think *he* probably heard them. It may have been a reaction against the extreme puritanical thing in my home. I've always talked dirty, ever since I went to grammar school at the age of eleven. Certainly since I was thirteen—when I was well into fucking and bliming



"Well, including the cookies, that would be \$51.75!"

with the rest of them. It was the delight of mucking about in the shit when you're told to leave it alone.

OUI: Would you agree that Britishers seem to be more amused by...

MOORE: Scatological humor? Yes, but I don't know why. Maybe we're all too potty trained.

OUI: Maybe it's just that the English are more adolescent.

MOORE: Hopefully. Hate to be mature like the fucking Americans. No, I think it's a cultural thing. We find it saucy, you know. The saucy, seaside humor that came up through vaudeville. It's a delight in being smutty, like our tradition of seaside postcards—terrible jokes like big tits on a melon display: "I'll have those two." Some joke like that. It's so basic and awful that it's appealing because it dares to be.

OUI: Another characteristic of the British, it seems to me, is the tendency with comics like the Monty Python troupe, Peter Sellers, Benny Hill—and this probably stems from that same vaudeville thing—the tendency to dress up as women.

MOORE: I thought you'd never ask.

OUI: And you yourself have been observed in female garb.

MOORE: Only as a nun, love. What about Milton Berle, Bob Hope, Paul Lynde, Flip Wilson—even Johnny Carson? All Americans.

OUI: That's true, but in every Monty Python show you see the actors dressed as women. Any excuse to get in girls' clothing.

MOORE: Well, we love it, you know, feeling that plastic underwear close to the skin. Feels very nice. I do a thing in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, where I play Peter Cook's mother.

OUI: That film didn't do very well, did it? Was it misunderstood by the critics?

MOORE: No.

OUI: Just a piece of junk?

MOORE: A piece of fuckin' junk. No, I can't say that—I better not.

OUI: Peter played Sherlock Holmes, and you played the hound, am I right?

MOORE: It was mooted that I played the hound. Some guy trying to spark interest in the movie. Actually, I played Watson, and I played Holmes's mother, so I got into drag there.

OUI: Let's talk about *The Ferret*, where you play a bumbling British espionage agent. The press is already comparing it to the *Pink Panther* films. Another Blake Edwards-scripted-and-directed project and so forth.

MOORE: Comparisons might be inevitable, but they would be inappropriate. It's not like the *Pink Panther* movies at all.

OUI: Aren't you already contemplating sequels, just like the *Panther* flicks?

MOORE: That's about the only similarity.

OUI: And they both star short English comedic actors.

MOORE: Peter Sellers isn't short. He must



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be about . . . normal size.

OUI: What's your height?

MOORE: Most people think I'm six-two. I generally don't disillusion them, because I think it's too cruel.

OUI: On the subject of your height, or lack of same, have you ever had a complex about it?

MOORE: Oh, sure.

OUI: Is that something you ironed out in therapy?

MOORE: [in a cool, hip voice] Oh, hey man, wow. Yes, I think that's all gone.

OUI: How tall is Julie Andrews?

MOORE: She's about five-eight.

OUI: Did you do like Humphrey Bogart in the old movies and stand on a box during your scenes with her?

MOORE: They couldn't afford a box. I used to jump a lot. I'd try and get in about every other frame, and cut out the parts when I'm not in frame.

OUI: That explains the movie's jerky quality.

MOORE: Right. It's an extraordinary effect. Getting back to your last question, about *The Ferret*. In *The Pink Panther*, Inspector Clouseau is a man who thinks he knows everything but is a bungler. As the Ferret, I'm slightly inept at what I'm doing, and I know I'm inept. There's a real difference in character. Mine will be much straighter, but I believe it will be immensely funny. I believe it will be an arse-kicker.

OUI: If it's as popular as *The Pink Panther*, do you foresee yourself attaining the stature, as it were, of Peter Sellers? Will your lifestyle change dramatically?

MOORE: Oh, yes. I'm afraid so. [very pompous] I am going to be a superstar. I've decided. It's my turn. . . . This is going to look fuckin' ridiculous in print. How are you going to get this into print?

OUI: You know, with those parenthetical expressions . . .

MOORE: "With a wry smile . . ."

OUI: Yes, so if the sentiments implicit in your tone . . .

MOORE: Do not sear through the page . . .

OUI: Sear through the page . . .

MOORE: [burps] Then I'll stick a red-hot poker up your ass. Now . . . change in lifestyle, were you saying? No, I'll be the same lowly creature that I've always been. The same charming cunt. You can't eat any more than you already do, can you?

OUI: Is this true, this P.R. hype about you only eating one meal a day?

MOORE: Contemptuous flicking of my bio! How dare you!

OUI: Did you write it yourself?

MOORE: I made a few adjustments.

OUI: So, is it true that your diet consists of seaweed?

MOORE: The seaweed thing is not true. I used to have a mineral condiment—I haven't got it anymore—that was made out of mineral-rich seaweed, so seaweed got brought into it by the fuckin' press. But when I'm doing a film I do eat quite

DUDLEY MOORE

I lost my virginity at twenty-three. Actually, I sort of lost a half-inch of it when I was sixteen.

sensibly. I have a big meal in the morning: fish, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, *mange-tout*, papaya . . .

OUI: *Mange-tout*?

MOORE: Chinese snow peas, as you cunts over here call them. Papaya, figs, nuts, and then I don't have anything else for the rest of the day. It sets me up.

OUI: When you're not working, how would you describe your lifestyle?

MOORE: Oh, I have a pretty quiet life. [makes masturbating gesture] Very quiet, really. I stay at home a lot. I have my little boy with me right now, because my wife, Tuesday Weld, from whom I'm separated, is filming.

OUI: You were married to Tuesday Weld, and your first wife was another beautiful actress, Suzy Kendall. You must go in for the attractive-actress type.

MOORE: Yeah. I don't go in for the attractive-journalist type, that's for sure. I have been known to fuck a toadstool, but I keep well clear of fuckin' journalists.

OUI: Since you've been separated from Tuesday, are you seeing anyone else? I don't mean to pry into your personal . . .

MOORE: Sure you do, you fuckin' cunt! No, I'm not seeing anyone at present.

OUI: I see. So you just wander along, lonely, on the beach?

MOORE: No, not lonely. I'm a very self-contained fellow. I have my music and, uh—an endless supply of watermelon, which is a damn good fuck.

OUI: Is the character you played in *Foul Play*, the frustrated sexual "swinger" with all the dildos and whips and inflatable life-sized women—is that an accurate portrayal of your own sex life?

MOORE: I don't see why I should answer that. It's an assault on my privacy, and you should be ashamed of yourself. But, yes, that was a just and true reflection of my sexual proclivities. Very much so.

OUI: Which is why there was no hesitation on your part to do this interview when you heard it was for OUI. You even offered to do it for free, as if OUI would pay . . .

MOORE: For free, and I was told there'd be four birds comin' round the house tonight.

OUI: I can't imagine what you'd do with four birds. That part was omitted from *Foul Play*.

MOORE: It's in the sequel: *F-o-w-l Play*.

OUI: Let's suppose those four birds do come around to your house tonight. What will you do?

MOORE: I'll say, "Sorry, I'm a person of certain values, so fuck off." That's what I'll say. I have my dog, after all.

OUI: What kind of dog do you have?

MOORE: A toy Pekingese. A little black one. Short. Because anything bigger than that terrifies me. It's a wonderful dog. Gives very good head.

OUI: Bestiality, eh what?

MOORE: Gaw, it's great. Stick your cock right up their asshole, and it comes out their mouth. It's wonderful. An interesting sight.

OUI: Do you talk like this all the time?

MOORE: Oh, yes. I tend to talk dirty most of the day.

OUI: Was Julie Andrews embarrassed?

MOORE: How can anybody be embarrassed by it?

OUI: Some people are from rigid, puritanical backgrounds.

MOORE: Well, she's a good lass.

OUI: Do you read much?

MOORE: No, I don't. I would love to, but I don't seem to have the knack. I have the concentration of a gnat.

OUI: You find your thoughts straying as soon as you open a book?

MOORE: Well, I find my hand on my cock. What can I do?

OUI: What sort of books are you reading?

MOORE: The Bible. The Marina del Rey *Argonaut*. And circulars from the Writers Guild.

OUI: Ah, so you're a member of the Writers Guild?

MOORE: Yeah.

OUI: And the Actors Guild?

MOORE: Yeah.

OUI: And the Musicians Guild?

MOORE: Yeah. I'm very gildy. A very gildy person.

OUI: That's why you've been going to therapy all these years.

MOORE: Yes. Yes. Guild!

OUI: Do you ever read OUI?

MOORE: A few times, if *read* is the appropriate word.

OUI: Hmmm . . . how old were you when you lost your virginity?

MOORE: Twenty-three. Actually, I had sort of lost a half-inch of it when I was sixteen. I withdrew the offending member. I was very nervous. How about you?

OUI: I haven't yet.

MOORE: Hmm, haven't yet—thank God for that. It's nice to know there are still a few. I think you'll find that when your hymen breaks it won't be that painful.

OUI: What do you consider your greatest personal weakness?

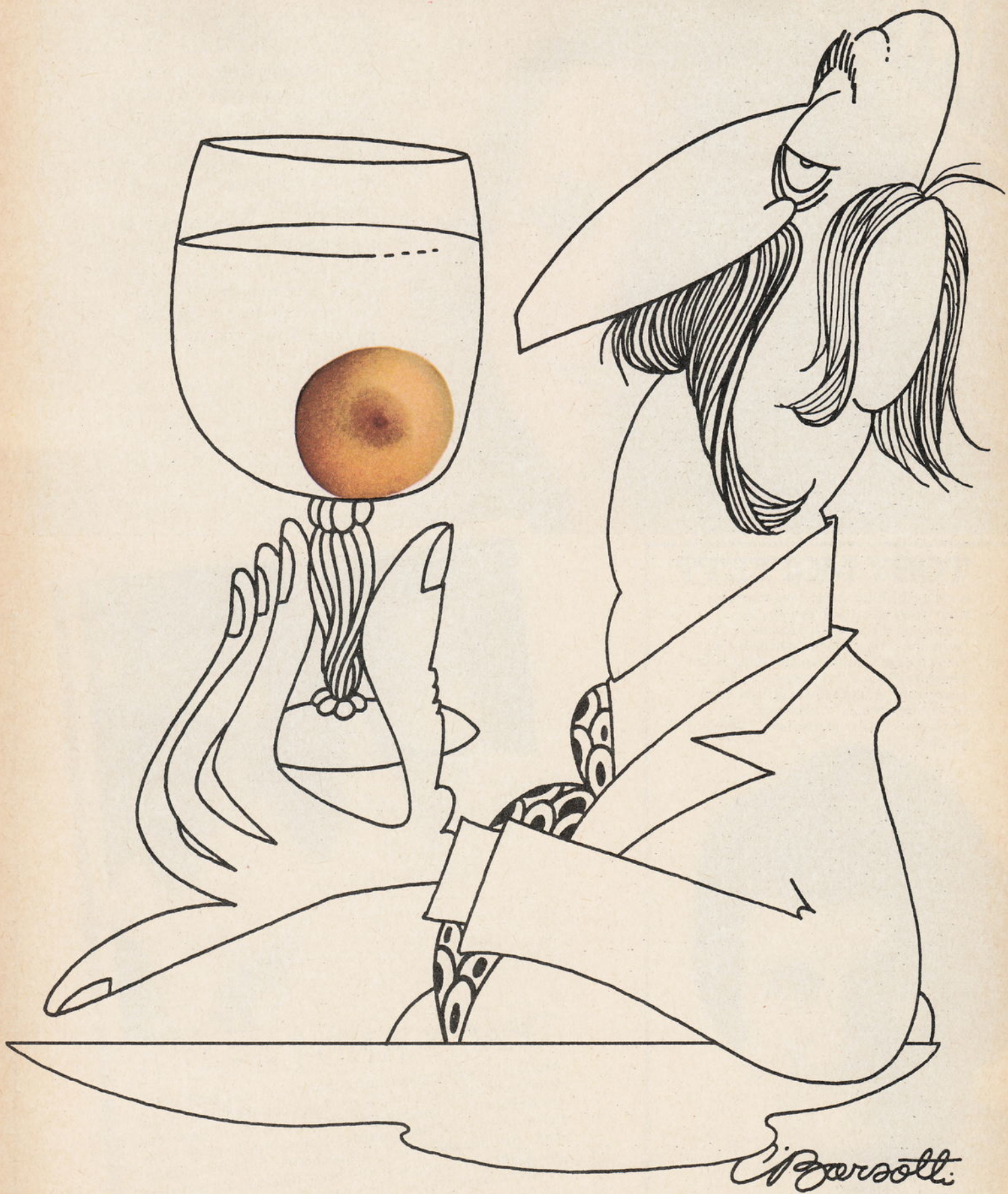
MOORE: A great difficulty in saying no.

OUI: You can't say no?

MOORE: No.

OUI: That would explain a lot of the perverted, decadent things you've done in your life.

MOORE: No, it wouldn't. That would explain the lack of them until now. Things are changing, buster.



Who

CLOSERS



DIANNE KAY

wasn't smiling when she was accidentally set on fire by director Steven Spielberg during the filming of his *1941*. The star of ABC's *Eight Is Enough* was on the set, minding her own business, when a runaway spark ignited her coat. "I didn't even know I was on fire until they put me out." Spielberg also wanted her to do some back flips in the part but, even under hypnosis, Dianne couldn't overcome her fear of flipping. Eventually they changed her part.

MARCIA REED

TOBY MOFFETT

is a popular, three-term congressman from Connecticut who believes in phasing out his own job. He calls it "term limitation," so that young blood can enter the political arena, while those who grow old and complacent can be weeded out. And what would Toby do as an ex-congressman? "My secret ambition is to be a sportscaster." Toby, go long!



TRACY AND LARAINNE

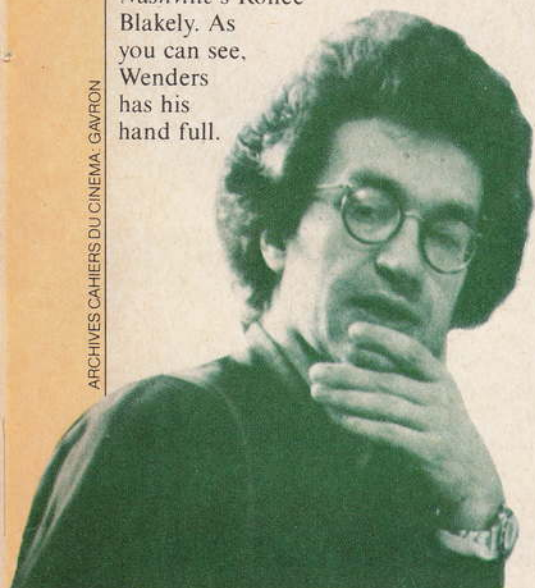
Some successful celebrities might resent it if their sisters tried to break into showbiz on their coattails. Some might try to stifle their careers, put a muzzle on their talents and get in the way of the sibling's success. Not Laraine Newman. Just like the rest of those generous folks from *Saturday Night Live*, Laraine hasn't been inflicted with petty ego problems. Says Tracy, "She's been like a sister to me."

JEFFREY SCALES

WIM WENDERS

Everybody in showbiz is a *wunderkind*, but this guy really lives up to the billing. At 34, Wenders is one of the pioneering directors from Germany's New Cinema. He's been imported by Francis Coppola's American Zoetrope film company in Los Angeles to bring new vigor to *Hammett*. That project's just started, as has his marriage to *Nashville*'s Ronette Blakely. As you can see, Wenders has his hand full.

ARCHIVES CAHIERS DU CINEMA GAVRON



ELLEN FOLEY

was on Merv Griffin's show one night and Merv asked her why she was scratching her nose. "I told him, 'There's no sleeve on this dress,' and he's never asked me back." Foley, who did the hot backup vocals on Meat Loaf's *Bat Out of Hell*, has an LP of her own now. It's called *Nightout*, and the cover is laden with religious imagery. Born again? "I've been going to church lately, but only because I find it so entertaining. Besides, maybe God can sell a few extra copies."



DAVID GAHR

NADINE EXPERT

the 22-year-old daughter of a French trapeze artist, used to be a model but she dropped out: "No freedom." Now she sings songs that are heard even over the Iron Curtain—her *I Wanna*

Be a Rolling Stone was a hit in 22 countries. "I love to sing, and I know I can handle fame," she says, "but right now I'm looking for a Tarzan who can cook." How about a rack of Cheetah on a bed of Rice Burroughs?



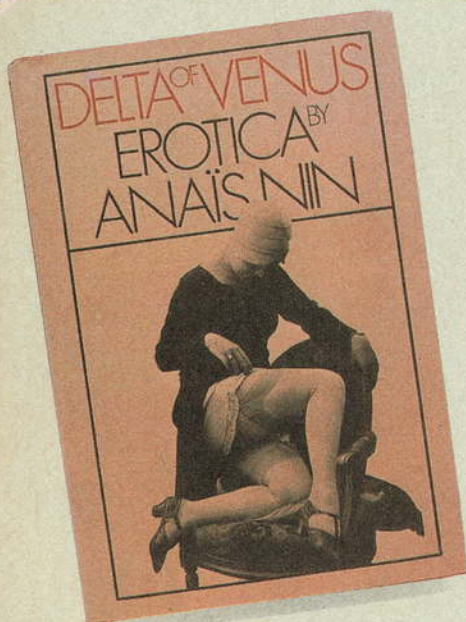
PARIS MATCH / MICHELLE DE ROUVILLE

What

CLOSERS

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Photography by Tom Keller
Coordination by Lisa Arden



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ROSES

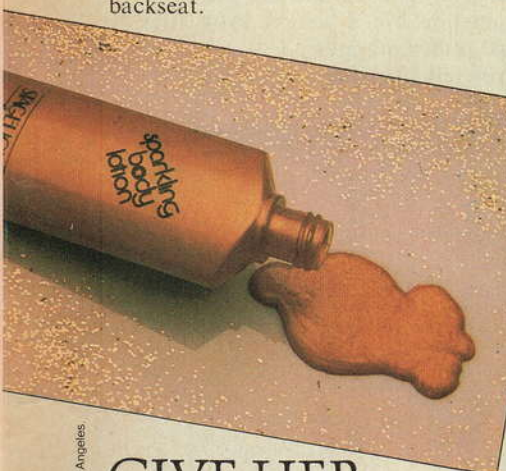
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SPECTACULAR DINNER Not just at home or at a restaurant. Be creative. Reserve a room at your city's best hotel for the night, and have dinner for two waiting there.

SEX IN A MOTEL X-rated motels may not have room service, but so what? Bring your own munchies; then kick back, enjoy the movie, water-bed or whatever, and gorge yourselves. For the adventuresome couple.

SHOTS OF YOU For some reason, ladies love to receive pictures of their men. Sparks fantasies, especially when nicely framed.

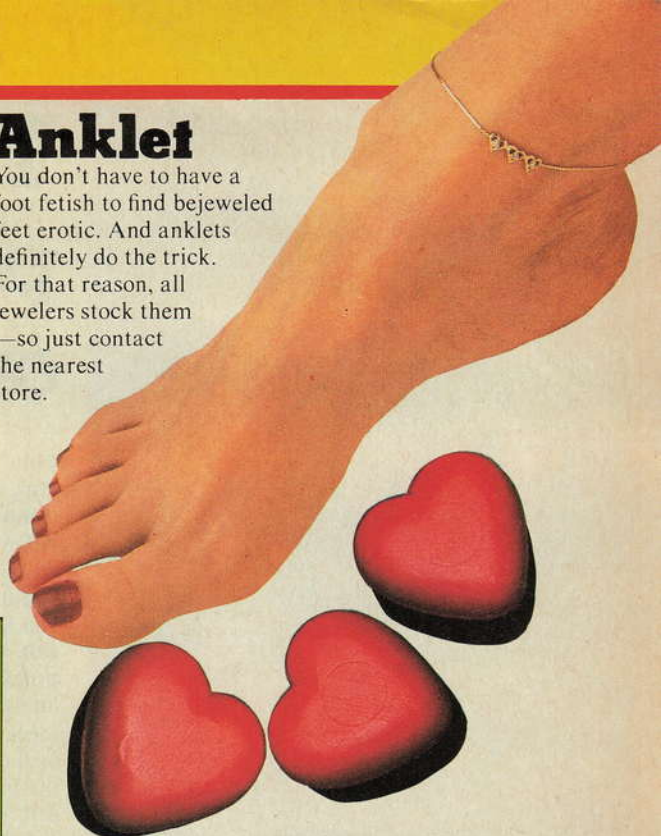
OPIUM

If you can get the real stuff, more power to ya. If not, give her the mind-blowing perfume. By Yves Saint Laurent, a quarter ounce costs \$40, but it's legal—in most major stores.

Anklet

You don't have to have a foot fetish to find bejeweled feet erotic. And anklets definitely do the trick.

For that reason, all jewelers stock them—so just contact the nearest store.



SWEETHEART SOAPS

By Twin Craft for \$4.50 at gift shops.

LINGERIE

She'll not only look sexy... she'll *feel* sexy. This one is from Victoria's Secret, P.O. Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131. Oh, yes... the *pièce* to break down her *résistance*: a pet. You can teach this cockatiel to say naughty things and plant kisses. It costs about \$49 at any good pet shop.



This month, our staff photographer takes us on a centerfold shooting

OUI: You live in both Paris and L.A. How do the two cities compare?

DUNAS: They have a lot in common, believe it or not. For instance, in each city you'll find an incredible number of beautiful women. And half the girls you meet in Paris are really from L.A.

OUI: Really?

DUNAS: No lie. Not only that, but lately, in Los Angeles, half the people I meet are from Paris. I even took a few of them roller-skating—funny to watch the French on wheels.

OUI: Isn't roller-skating getting a bit overdone, Jeff?

DUNAS: No way. Just when you "hip" Californians think a fad is washed up, most people in the rest of the world are climbing on the bandwagon.

OUI: We're not that sophisticated, but thanks.

DUNAS: By the way, the other night I saw a kid skating backwards down the Venice boardwalk—reading OUI!

OUI: Probably looking at your centerfold shots.

DUNAS: Yeah, most likely.

OUI: Our readers are very curious to know exactly how you work. Can you tell us what goes into photo-

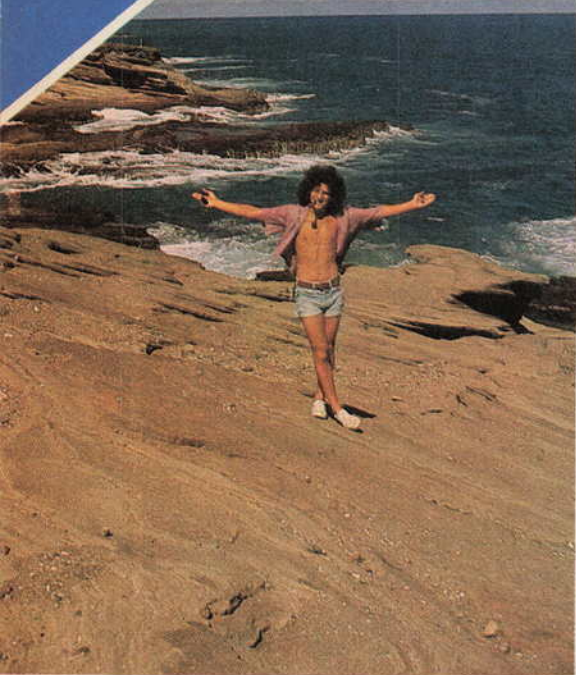
graphing all of these beautiful women for us?

DUNAS: It's very serious business.

OUI: Sure.

DUNAS: You should come along with me sometime. You'd be bored stiff after the first fifteen minutes.

OUI: You're half right.

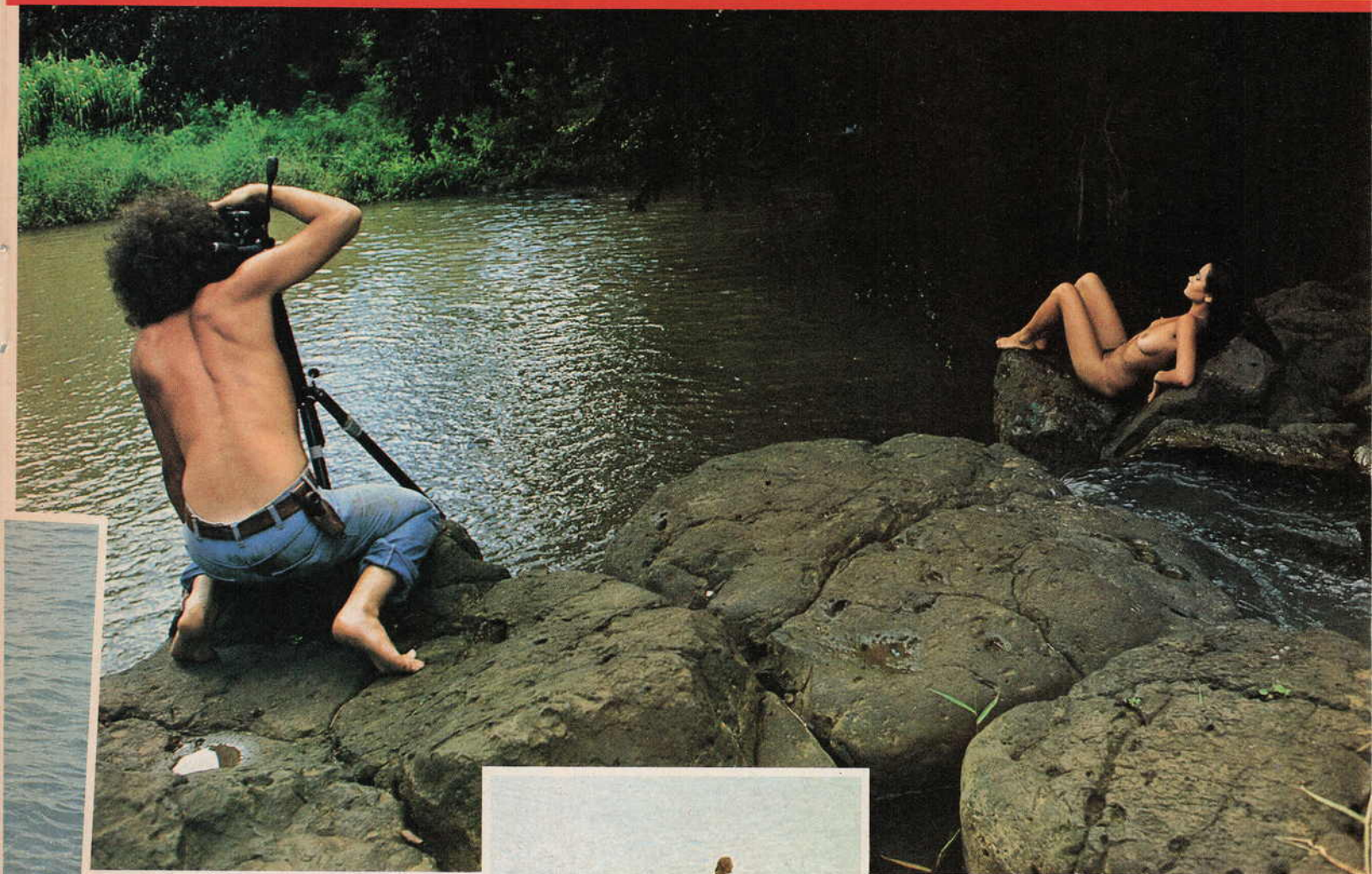


Above: Life of Dunas.

Below: Our contents page photo in the works. Right: Stranded! At least until a rescue by crabmen.



CLOSERS



DUNAS: I would never let anyone watch me work, anyway. I don't like people around me when I'm shooting. Just a stylist and a makeup artist and, of course, the model.

OUI: What's a stylist?

DUNAS: A stylist is the person who picks out all the props for the shooting. The chairs, the paintings, the wall-paper, the clothes.

OUI: You mean it's not actually someone's living room or bedroom that you use?

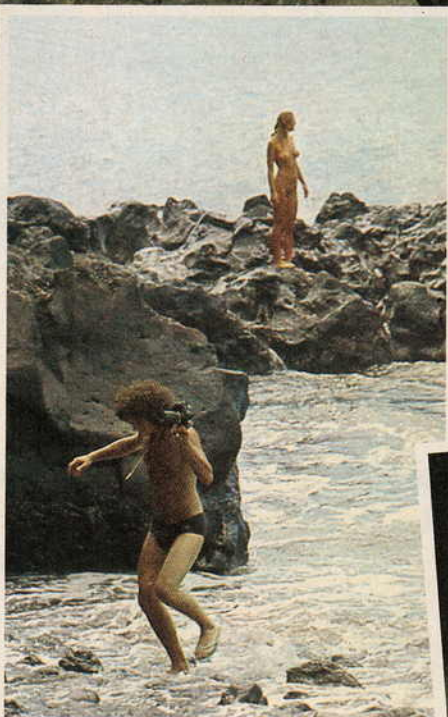
DUNAS: Well, sometimes we go on location. For instance, we just got back from shooting this month's centerfold, Nelia, in Hawaii. What an experience that was!

OUI: How so?

DUNAS: We shot all day on a private little island. You had to wade three hundred yards just to get to it. High water. Then, after four hours, the high tide came up and we were stranded there. Some crab fishermen eventually had to rescue us.

OUI: Being waist-deep in warm, tropical ocean water sounds like real hell.

DUNAS: Look, this job is dangerous! That same night, we were going to see *Star Wars* at the Waikiki Theatre, and suddenly we heard some shots. About

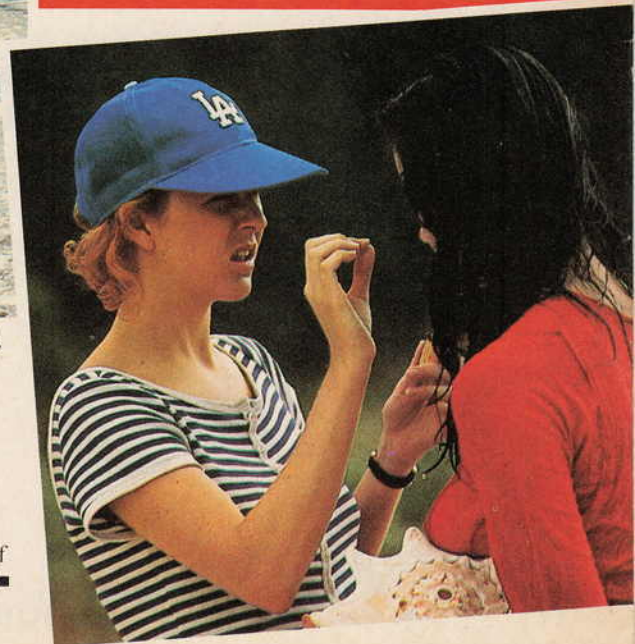


ten cops had blocked off the main street, and there was some sniper from a mental hospital shooting at people. It was like *Hawaii Five-O*. Five cops and seven tourists got shot.

OUI: Naturally, you didn't have your camera . . .

DUNAS: Well, this is *OUI Magazine*, and we only publish the beautiful side of life. ■

Jeff's career on the rocks.
Left: Moving back for a better view. Below: A makeup artist applies her skills.



NEXT



MARCH

THE ART OF KISSING

The way you kiss tells a girl how you handle the rest of the territory. Providing more than just lip service, we give you the opportunity to brush up on your technique.

THE ZERO FACTOR

Every 20 years, since 1840, an elected President has died in office. Read the paranoid reactions of this year's candidates to the Big News.

INTERVIEW: PETE TOWNSHEND

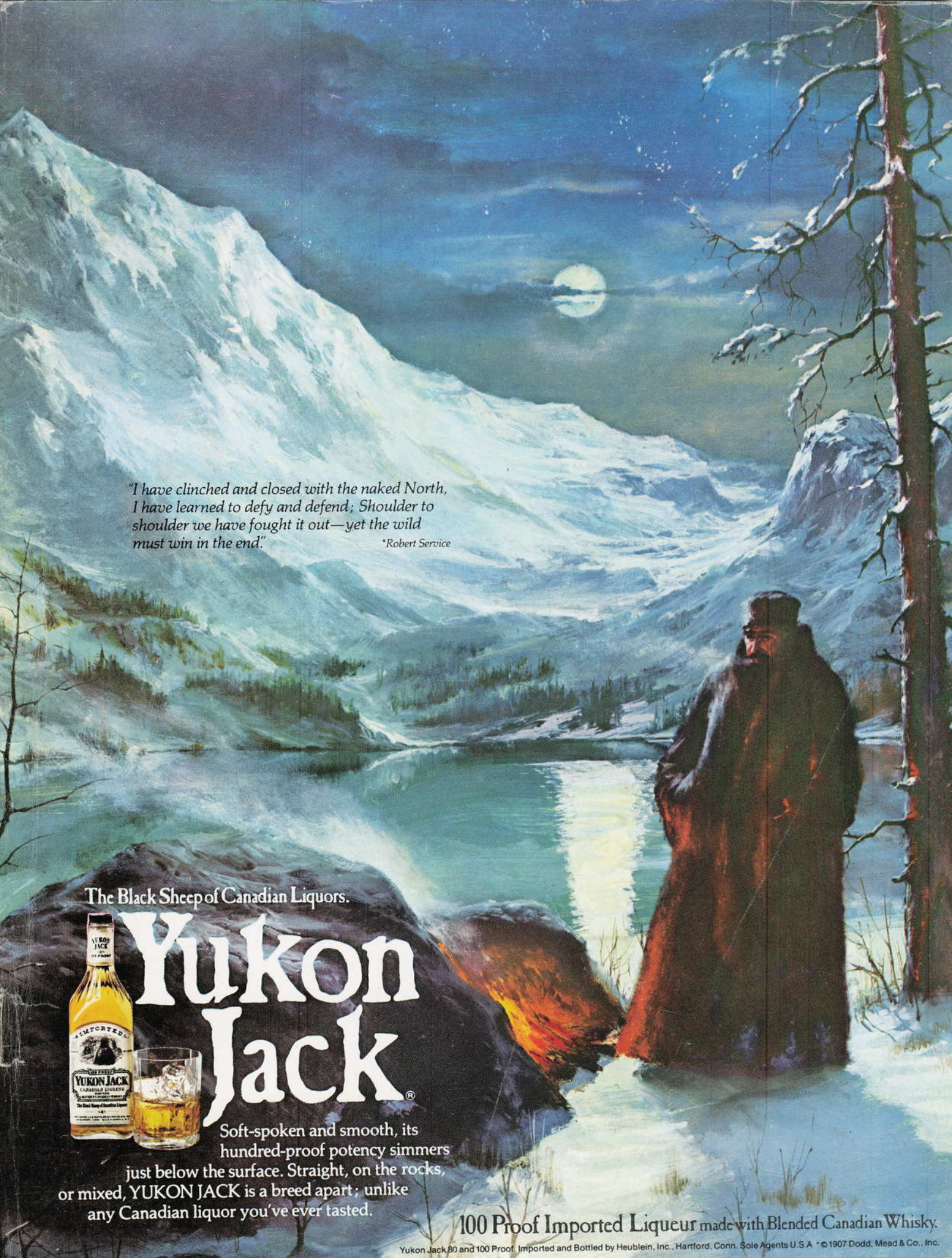
The guy who put the Who in Who's Who talks about *Quadrophenia*, drugs, sex, Keith Moon, and what happened to his g-g-g-generation.

PLUS:

One man's experiences as a male stripper; our own version of the 1980 census; the French Foreign Legion today; the beautiful women of tomorrow; a rating of Sara Lee's goodies; how to buy things without money; and another in our series of knockout California Girls.

oui

At Your Newsstand February 7



*"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."*

**Robert Service*

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now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth,
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LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's:
13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.